Alma College
Monteith Library

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/posies0000geor

GEORGE GASCOIGNE

THE POSIES

EDITED BY

JOHN W. CUNLIFFE, M.A., D.LIT. (LONDON)

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH IN THE UNIVERSITY
OF WISCONSIN, U.S.A.

CAMBRIDGE:

at the University Press

1907

Republished, 1969
Scholarly Press – 560 Cook Road – Grosse Pointe, Michigan 48236

PR
2277
.A25
1969
v. 1

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS WAREHOUSE,
C. F. CLAY, MANAGER.
London: FETTER LANE, E.C.
Glasgow: 50, WELLINGTON STREET.

Leipzig: F. A. BROCKHAUS.
New York: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.
Bombay and Calcutta: MACMILLAN AND CO., LTD.

Library of Congress Catalog Card Number: 7-42099

Paper used in this edition is
a fine acid free, permanent/durable paper
of the type commonly referred to as
"300-year" paper

CAMBRIDGE ENGLISH CLASSICS

The Complete Works of George Gascoigne

In Two Volumes

VOLUME I

ALMA COLLEGE
MONTEITH LIBRARY
ALMA, MICHIGAN

GEORGE GASCOIGNE

Died 1577

CONTENTS.

PAGE

To the reverende Divines 3

To al yong Gentlemen 9

To the Readers generally 15

Commendatory Verses 18

Flowers 35

Dan Bartholmew of Bathe 96

The fruites of Warre 139

Hearbes 185

Supposes 187

Jocasta 244

Weedes 365

The pleasant Fable of Ferdinando Jeronimi and Leonora de Valasco 383

Certayne notes of Instruction concerning the making of verse 465

Appendix 474

Index of Titles 503

Index of First Lines 505

THE POSIES

of George Gascoigne Esquire.

Corrected, perfected, and augmented by the Authour. 1575.

Tam Marti quàm Mercurio.

¶ To the reverende Divines, unto *whom these Posies shall happen to be pre-*sented, George Gascoigne Esquire (professing armes in the defence of Gods truth) wisheth quiet in conscience, and all consolation in Christ Jesus.

RIght reverend: I have thought it my part (before I wade further in publishing of these Posies) to lay open before your grave judgementes, aswell the cause which presently moveth mee to present them, as also the depth and secrets of some conceytes, which (being passed in clowdes and figurative speeches) might percase both be offensive to your gravitie, and perillous to my credite.

It is verie neare two yeares past, since (I beeing in Hollande in service with the vertuous Prince of Orenge) the most parte of these Posies were imprinted, and now at my returne, I find that some of them have not onely bene offensive for sundrie wanton speeches and lascivious phrases, but further I heare that the same have beene doubtfully construed, and (therefore) scandalous.

My reverende and welbeloved: whatsoever my youth hath seemed unto the graver sort, I woulde bee verie loth nowe in my middle age to deserve reproch: more loth to touch the credite of any other, and moste loth to have mine own name become unto you odious. For if I shoulde nowe at this age seeme as carelesse of reproche, as I was in greene youth readie to goe astray, my faultes might quickely growe double, and myne estimation shoulde bee woorthie too remayne but single. I have learned that although there may bee founde in a Gentleman whereby to be reprehended or rebuked, yet ought he not to be woorthie of reproofe or condemnation.

All this I set downe in preamble, too the ende I maye thereby purchase youre pacience. And as I desyre that you wyll not condemne mee wythoute proofe, so am I contented, that if heereafter you finde mee guiltie, youre definitive sentence shall then passe publikelye under the Seale of Severitie.

It were not reason (righte reverende) that I shoulde bee ignoraunt howe generally wee are all *magis proni ad malum quàm ad bonum*. Even so is it requisite that I acknowledge a generall reformation of maners more necessarie to bee taught, than anye Whetstone of Vanities is meete (in these dayes) to bee suffered. And therefore as youre gravitie hathe thought requysite that all ydle Bookes or wanton Pamphlettes shoulde bee forbidden, so might it seeme that I were woorthie of greate reprehension, if I shoulde bee the Aucthour of evill wilfully, or a provoker of vyces wittingly. And yet some there are who have not spared too reporte that I receyved greate summes of money for the first printing of these Posies, whereby (if it were true) I mighte seeme not onely a craftie Broker for the utteraunce of garishe toyes, but a corrupte Merchaunte for the sale of deceyptfull wares.

For answere heereof it is moste true (and I call Heaven and Earth too witnesse) that I never receyved of the Printer, or of anye other, one grote or pennie for the firste Copyes of these Posyes. True it is that I was not unwillinge the same shoulde bee imprinted: And that not of a vaineglorious desyre too bee thought a pleasaunt Poet, neyther yet of a lyghte minde too bee counted a cunning Lover. For though in youth I was often overhardie too put my name in Ballaunce of doubtfull judgementes, yet nowe I am become so bashfull that I coulde rather bee content too leese the prayse of my follyes, than too hazarde the misconceyte of the grave and graye headed Judges. But too confesse a truthe untoo you right reverende (with whome I maye not dissemble in cases whiche so generally doe touche all menne) I was the rather contented too see them imprinted for these sundrie considerations.

First, for that I have seene dyverse Authours, (both learned and well learned) which after they have both reformed their lives, and converted their studies, have not yet disdeyned to reade the Poems which they let passe their pennes in youth. For it seemeth untoo mee that in all ages Poetrie hath beene not

onely permitted, but also it hath beene thought a right good and excellent qualitie.

Next unto this, I have alwayes bene of opinion, that it is not unpossible eyther in Poemes or in Prose too write both compendiously, and perfectly in our Englishe tongue. And therefore although I chalenge not unto my selfe the name of an English Poet, yet may the Reader finde oute in my wrytings, that I have more faulted in keeping the olde English wordes (*quamvis iam obsoleta*) than in borowing of other languages, such Epithetes and Adjectives as smell of the Inkhorne.

Thirdly, as I seeke advauncement by vertue, so was I desirous that there might remaine in publike recorde, some pledge or token of those giftes wherwith it hath pleased the Almightie to endue me: To the ende that thereby the vertuous might bee incouraged to employ my penne in some exercise which might tende both to my preferment, and to the profite of my Countrey. For many a man which may like mine outwarde presence, might yet have doubted whether the qualityes of my minde had bene correspondent to the proportion of my bodie.

Fourthly, bicause I had writtẽ sundry things which coulde not chuse but content the learned and Godlye Reader, therefore I hoped the same should serve as undoubted proofe, that I had layde aside vanities, and delighted to exercise my penne in morall discourses, at least the one passing (cheeke by cheek) with the other, muste of necessitie persuade both the learned, and the light minded, that I coulde aswell sowe good graine, as graynes or draffe. And I thought not meete (beeing intermingled as they were) to cast away a whole bushell of good seede, for two or three graynes of Darnell or Cockle.

Lastly, I persuaded my selfe that as in the better sort of the same I shoulde purchase good lyking with the honourable aged: So even in the worst sorte, I might yet serve as a myrrour for unbrydled youth, to avcyde those perilles which I had passed. For little may he do which hath escaped the rock or the sandes, if he cannot waft with his hande to them that come after him.

These considerations (right reverend) did first move me to consent that these Poemes shoulde passe in print. For recapitulation whereof, and to answere unto the objections that may bee given: I say to the first that I neither take example of wanton

Ovid, doting Nigidius, nor foolish Samocratius. But I delight to thinke that the reverend father Theodore Beza, whose life is worthily become a lanterne to the whole worlde, did not yet disdaine too suffer the continued publication of such Poemes as he wrote in youth. And as he termed them at last *Poëmata castrata*, So shal your reverend judgements beholde in this seconde edition, my Poemes gelded from all filthie phrases, corrected in all erronious places, and beautified with addition of many moral examples.

To the seconde, although I be sometimes constreyned for the cadence of rimes, or *per licentiam Poeticam*, to use an ynke-horne terme, or a straunge word: Yet hope I that it shall be apparant I have rather regarde to make our native language commendable in it selfe, than gay with the feathers of straunge birdes.

To the thirde reason may be objected, that if I were so desirous to have my capacitie knowne, I shoulde have done much better to have travelled in some notorious peece of worke, which might generally have spred my commendation. The which I confesse. But yet is it true that I must take the Foord as I finde it: Sometimes not as I woulde, but as I may. And since the oversight of my youth had brought mee farre behinde hande and indebted unto the world, I thought good in the meane time to pay as much as I had, untill it might please God better to inable me. For commonly the greediest creditor is appeased, if he see his debitor willing to pay whē he hath any thing. And therefore being busied in martiall affayres (whereby also I sought some advauncement) I thought good to notifie unto the worlde before my returne, that I coulde as well persuade with Penne, as pearce with launce or weapon: So that yet some noble minde might be incouraged both to exercise me in time of peace, and to emploie mee in time of service in warre.

To the fourth and last considerations, I had alledged of late by a right reverende father, that although in deede out of everie floure the industrious Bee may gather honie, yet by proofe the Spider thereout also sucks mischeevous poyson. Whereunto I can none otherwise answere, but that he who will throw a stone at everie Dogge which barketh, had neede of a great satchell or pocket. And if the learned judgements

and honest mindes doe both construe my doings aright, and take therein either councell or commoditie, then care I the lesse what the wicked conceyve of my conceytes. For I esteeme more the prayse of one learned Reader, than I regard the curious carping of ten thousande unlettered tattlers.

To conclude (right reverend) as these considerations did specially move me at first to consent to the imprinting of these posies, so nowe have I yet a further consideration which moveth mee most earnestly to sue for this second edition or publishing of the same. And that is this. I understande that sundrie well disposed mindes have taken offence at certaine wanton wordes and sentences passed in the fable of *Ferdinando Jeronimi*, and the Ladie *Elinora de Valasco*, the which in the first edition was termed The adventures of master F. J. And that also therwith some busie conjectures have presumed to thinke that the same was indeed written to the scandalizing of some worthie personages, whom they woulde seeme therby to know. Surely (right reverend) I smile to see the simplicitie of such, who being indeed starke staring blind, would yet seeme to see farre into a milstone. And the rather I scorne their rash judgements, for that in talking with .xx. of them one after another, there have not two agreed in one conjecture. Alas, alas, if I had bene so foolishe as to have passed in recitall a thing so done in deede, yet all the world might thinke me verie simple if I woulde call John, John, or Mary, Mary. But for the better satisfying of all men universally, I doe here protest unto you (reverend) even by the hope of my salvation, that there is no living creature touched or to be noted therby. And for the rest you shall find it now in this second imprinting so turquened and turned, so clensed from all unclenly wordes, and so purged from the humor of inhumanitie, as percase you woulde not judge that it was the same tale. For although I have bin heretofore contented to suffer the publication thereof, only to the ende men might see my Methode and maner of writing: yet am I nowe thus desirous to set it forth eftsoones, to the ende all men might see the reformation of my minde: And that all suspitions may be suppressed and throughly satisfied, by this mine unfeined protestation which I make unto you in that behalfe. Finally, were it not that the same is alreadie extant in such sort as hath moved offence, I should rather be

cõtent to cancel it utterly to oblivion, than thus to returne it in a new patched cote. And for full proofe of mine earnest zeale in Gods service, I require of you (reverende) most instantly, that if hereby my skill seeme sufficient to wade in matters of greater importance, you will then vouchsafe to employ mee accordingly. Surely you shall finde me no lesse readie to undertake a whole yeares travaile in anie worke which you shall thinke me able to overcome, than I have beene willing heretofore to spende three houres in penning of an amorous Sonnet. Even so being desirous that all men generally (and you especially) should conceive of me as I meane, I have thus farre troubled your lerned eies with this plaine Epistle, written for my purgation, in matters whiche (else) might both have offended you, and given great batterie to the ramparts of my poore credite. The God of peace vouchsafe to governe and product you, and me, and all his, in quiet of conscience, and strength of spirit. Amen. From my poore house at Waltamstow in the Forest, this last day of Januarie. 1574.

To al yong Gentlemen, and generally to the youth of *England*, George Gascoigne Esquire by birth, and Souldiour by profession, wisheth increase of knowledge in all vertuous exercises.

GAllant Gentlemen, and lustie youthes of this my native Countrey, I have here (as you see) published in print suche Posies and rymes as I used in my youth, the which for the barbarousnesse of the stile may seeme worthlesse, and yet for the doubtfulnesse of some darke places they have also seemed (heretofore) daũgerous. So that men may justly both condemne me of rashnesse, and wonder at my simplicitie in suffering or procuring the same to be imprinted.

A yong man well borne, tenderly fostered, and delicately accompanied, shall hardly passe over his youth without falling into some snares of the Divell, and temptations of the flesh. But a man of middle yeares, who hath to his cost experimented the vanities of youth, and to his perill passed them: who hath bought repentance deare, and yet gone through with the bargaine: who seeth before his face the tyme past lost, and the rest passing away in post: Such a man had more neede to be well advised in his doings, and resolute in his determinations. For with more ease and greater favour may we answere for tenne madde follies committed in grene youth, than one sober oversight escaped in yeares of discretion. *Lycurgus* the good princely Philosopher, ordeyned that if an olde man perceiving a yong man to commit any dishonestie, did not rebuke but suffer him: the aged shoulde be chastised, and the yong man should be absolved.

All this rehearsed and considered, you may (as I say) growe

in some doubt, whether I were worse occupied in first devising, or at last in publishing these toies & pamphlets: and much the rather, for that it is a thing commonly seene, that (nowe adayes) fewe or no things are so well handled, but they shall bee carped at by curious Readers, nor almost any thing so well ment, but may bee muche misconstrued.

And heerewithall I assure my selfe, that I shall bee generally condemned as a man verie lightly bent, and rather desyrous to continue in the freshe remembraunce of my follyes, than content too cancell them in oblivion by discontinuance: especially since in a house where many yong childrẽ are, it hath bene thought better pollicie quite to quench out the fire, than to leave any loose cole in the imbers, wherewith Babes may play and put the whole edifice in daunger.

But my lustie youthes, and gallant Gentlemen, I had an intent farre contrarie untoo all these supposes, when I fyrst [permitted] the publication heereof. And bycause the greatest offence that hath beene taken thereat, is, least your mindes might heereby become envenomed with vanities, therefore unto you I will addresse my tale, for the better satisfying of common judgements. And unto you I will explane, that which being before mistically covered, and commonly misconstrued, might be no lesse perillous in seducing you, than greevous evidence for to prove mee guiltie of condemnation.

Then to come unto the matter, there are three sortes of men which (beeing wonderfully offended at this booke) have founde therein three maner of matters (say they) verie reprehensible. The men are these: curious Carpers, ignorant Readers, and grave Philosophers. The faults they finde are, *Iudicare* in the Creede: Chalke for Cheese: and the cõmon infection of Love. Of these three sorts of men and matters, I do but very little esteeme the two first. But I deeply regarde the thirde. For of a verie troth, there are one kinde of people nowadayes which will mislyke any thing, being bred (as I thinke) of the spawne of a Crab or Crevish, which in all streames and waters will swimme eyther sideways, or flat backwards: and when they can indeede finde none other fault, will yet thinke *Iudicare* verie untowardlye placed in the Creede. Or (beeing a simple Sowter) will finde fault at the shape of the legge: or if they be not there stopped, they wil not spare to

step up higher, and say, that *Apelles* paynted Dame *Venus* verie deformed or evill favoured.

Of this sort I make small accounte, bycause indeede they seeke a knotte in the Rushe, and woulde seeme to see verie farre in a Mylstone.

There are also certaine others, who (having no skill at all) will yet be verie busie in reading all that may bee read, and thinke it sufficient if (Parrot like) they can rehearse things without booke: when within booke they understande neyther the meaning of the Authour, nor the sense of the figurative speeches, I will forbeare to recyte examples by any of mine owne doings. Since all comparisons are odious, I will not say how much the areignment and divorce of a Lover (being written in jeast) have bene mistaken in sad earnest. It shall suffice that the contentions passed in verse long sithence, betwene maister *Churchyard* and *Camell*, were (by a blockheaded reader) cõstrued to be indeed a quarell betwene two neighbors. Of whom that one having a Camell in keping, and that other having charge of the Churchyard, it was supposed they had grown to debate, bicause the Camell came into the Churchyarde. Laugh not at this (lustie yonkers) since the pleasant dittie of the noble Erle of Surrey (beginning thus: *In winters just returne*) was also construed to be made indeed by a Shepeherd. What shoulde I stande much in rehersall how the *L. Vaux* his dittie (beginning thus: *I loth that I did love*) was thought by some to be made upõ his death bed? and that the Soulknill of M. Edwards was also written in extremitie of sicknesse? Of a truth (my good gallants) there are such as having only lerned to read English, do interpret Latin, Greke, French and Italian phrases or metaphors, evẽ according to their owne motherly conception and childish skill. The which (bicause they take Chalke for Cheese) shall never trouble me, whatsoever fault they finde in my doings.

But the third sort (beeing grave Philosophers, and finding just fault in my doings at the common infection of love) I must needes alledge suche juste excuse as may countervayle their juste complaynts. For else I shoulde remayne woorthie of a severe punishment. They wysely considering that wee are all in youth more apt to delight in harmefull pleasures, than to disgest wholesome and sounde advice, have thought meete to

forbid the publishing of any ryming tryfles which may serve as whetstones to sharpen youth unto vanities.

And for this cause, finding by experience also, how the first Copie of these my Posies hath beene verie much i[n]quired for by the yonger sort: and hearing likewise that (in the same) the greater part hath beene written in pursute of amorous enterpryses, they have justly conceyved that the continuance thereof hath beene more likely to stirre in all yong Readers a venemous desire of vanitie, than to serve as a common myrrour of greene and youthfull imperfections. Whereunto I must confesse, that as the industrious Bee may gather honie out of the most stinking weede, so the malicious Spider may also gather poyson out of the fayrest floure that growes.

And yet in all this discourse I see not proved, that either that Gardener is too blame which planteth his Garden full of fragrant floures: neyther that planter to be dispraysed, which soweth all his beddes with seedes of wholesome herbes: neyther is that Orchard unfruitfull, which (under shew of sundrie weedes) hath medicinable playsters for all infirmities. But if the Chirurgian which should seeke Sorrell to rypen an Ulcer, will take Rewe which may more inflame the Impostume, then is hee more to blame that mistooke his gathering, than the Gardener which planted aright, and presented store and choyse to be taken. Or if the Phisition will gather hote Perceley in stead of cold Endive, shall he not worthily beare the burthen of his owne blame?

To speake English it is your using (my lustie Gallants) or misusing of these Posies that may make me praysed or dispraysed for publishing of the same. For if you (where you may learne to avoyd the subtile sandes of wanton desire) will runne upon the rockes of unlawfull lust, then great is your folly, and greater will growe my rebuke. If you (where you might gather wholesome hearbes to cure your sundrie infirmities) will spende the whole day in gathering of sweete smelling Posies, much will be the time that you shal mispende, and much more the harme that you shall heape upon my heade. Or if you will rather beblister your handes with a Nettle, than comfort your senses by smelling to the pleasant Marjoram, then wanton is your pastime, and small will be your profite.

I have here presented you with three sundrie sortes of

Posies: *Floures*, *Hearbes*, and *Weedes*. In which division I have not ment that onely the Floures are to be smelled unto, nor that onely the Weedes are to be rejected. I terme some Floures, bycause being indeed invented upon a verie light occasion, they have yet in them (in my judgement) some rare invention and Methode before not commonly used. And therefore (beeing more pleasant than profitable) I have named them Floures.

The seconde (being indeede morall discourses, and reformed inventions, and therefore more profitable than pleasant) I have named Hearbes.

The third (being Weedes) might seeme to some judgements, neither pleasant nor yet profitable, and therefore meete to bee cast away. But as many weedes are right medicinable, so may you find in this none so vile or stinking, but that it hath in it some vertue if it be rightly handled. Mary you must take heede how you use thē. For if you delight to put Hemlocke in your fellowes pottage, you may chaunce both to poyson him, and bring your selfe in perill. But if you take example by the harmes of others who have eaten it before you, then may you chaunce to become so warie, that you will looke advisedly on all the Perceley that you gather, least amongst the same one braunch of Hemlock might anoy you.

I assure you, my yong blouds, I have not published the same to the intent that other men hereafter might be infected with my follies forepassed. For though it be a comfort *in miseriis habere consortem*, yet is it small consolation to a fellon, to have a Coyner hanged in his companie. And I assure you (although you will think it straunge) that I have not caused them to bee imprinted for anie vaine delight which I have (my selfe) therein conceyved. For the most of them being written in my madnesse, might have yeelded then more delight to my frantike fansie to see them published, than they now do accumulate cares in my minde to set them forth corrected: and a deformed youth had bene more likely to set them to sale long sithence, than a reformed man can be able now to protect them with simplicitie.

The scope of mine intent, and the marke whereat I shoote is double. I meane grounded upon two sundrie causes: the one that being indebted unto the worlde (at the least five

thousande dayes verie vainly spent) I may yeeld him yet some part of mine account in these Poemes. Wherein as he may finde great diversitie both in stile and sense, so may the good bee incouraged to set mee on worke at last, though it were noone before I sought service. The other reason is, that bicause I have (to mine owne great detriment) mispent my golden time, I may serve as ensample to the youthfull Gentlemen of England, that they runne not upon the rocks which have brought me to shipwracke. Beware therefore, lustie Gallants, howe you smell to these Posies. And learne you to use the talent which I have highly abused. Make me your myrrour. And if hereafter you see me recover mine estate, or reedifie the decayed walls of my youth, then beginne you sooner to builde some foundation which may beautifie your Pallace. If you see me sinke in distresses (notwithstanding that you judge me quick of capacitie) then lerne you to mainteyne your selves swimming in prosperitie, and eschue betymes the whirlepoole of misgovernment.

Finally, I beseech you, and conjure you, that you rather encourage me to accomplish some worthier travaile, by seeing these Posies right smelled unto, than discourage me from attempting other labours, when I shall see these first fruites rejected or misused. I have corrected them from sundrie faultes. Which if they had not brought suspition in the first copie, be you then out of doubt you had never bene troubled with these seconde presents, nor persuaded to flourishe wisely with a two edged swoorde in your naked hands. But as I have ment them well, so I crave of God, that they may both pleasure and profite you for the furtherance of your skill in any commendable enterprise. From my poore house at Waltamstow in the Forest the second of Januarie. 1575.

To the Readers generally a gene-*rall advertisement of the* Authour.

ALl that is written is written for our instruction, as the holy Apostle witnesseth to the Romaines in his .xv. Chapter. And in his ninth Chapter of his first Epistle to the Corinthians, hee glorieth that hee coulde (as it were) transforme himself into all professions, therby to winne all kinde of men to God: saying that with the Jewes he became a Jew: with them that were under the law, he seemed also under the lawe: with the feeble, he shewed himselfe feeble. And to conclude, he became all things to all men, to the ende that hee might thereby winne some to salvation. My Schoolemaster which taught me Grammer, woulde alwayes say that some schollers he woonne to studie by strypes, some other by fayre meanes, some by promises, some other by prayses, some by vainglorie, and some by verie shame. But I never hard him repent him that ever he had persuaded any scholler to become studious, in what sort soever it were that hee woonne him. For whether the brave Gennet be broken with the bitte, or with the snaffle, whither he be brought in awe with a Spurre, or with a wand, all is one if he prove readie and well mouthed.

Thus much I write (gentle Reader) to the ende that myne intent may appeare in publishing of these Posies. Wherein as there are many things morall, so are there also some verses more sauced with wantonnesse than with wisedome. And as there are some ditties which may please and delight the godly and graver sort, so are there some which may allure the yonger sort unto fond attempts. But what for that? Hath *Terence* bene forbidden to be read, bicause his Comedies are rehearsals of many madde prankes played by wanton youthes? No surely.

Paracelsus, and sundrie other Phisitions and Philosophers, declare, that in everie thing naturall there is to be founde Salt, Oyle, and Brimstone. And I am of opinion, that in every thing which is written (the holy scriptures excepted) there are to be founde wisedome, follie, emulation, and detraction. For as I never yet saw any thing so clerkly handled, but that therein might be found some imperfections: So coulde I never yet reade fable so ridiculous but that therein some morallitie might be gathered. And as the good writer shall be sure of some to bee maliced: so the bad shall never escape the byting tongues of slaunderers.

But to returne to my purpose: If in the hardest flint there may be found sparkes of lively fire, and the most knottie peece of Box, may be wrought to a fayre Doogen hafte: let these fewe suffice to persuade thee, that I have not procured the publication heereof to any ende, so much as that the youthful sort might therein take example, and the aged recreation.

Nowe if any (misgoverning their owne wittes) doe fortune to use that for a Spurre, which I had heere appoynted for a Brydle, I can none otherwise lamẽt it, but to say that I am not the first which hath bene misjudged. Truely (gentle Reader) I protest that I have not ment heerein to displease any man, but my desire hath rather bene to cõtent most men: I meane the divine with godly Hymnes and Psalmes, the sober minde with morall discourses, and the wildest will with sufficient warning. The which if it so fall out, then shall I thinke my selfe right happie. And if it fall out otherwise, I shall yet never bee ashamed to become one of their corporation which reape floutes and reprehension for their travayles.

But bicause these Posies growe to a great bundell, and thereof also the number of loving lynes exceedeth in the Superlative, I thought good to advertise thee, that the most part of them were written for other men. And out of all doubt, if ever I wrote lyne for my selfe in causes of love, I have written tenne for other men in layes of lust. For I counte greater difference betweene love and lust, than there is diversitie betweene witte and wisedome: and yet witte and I did (in youth) make such a fray, that I feare his cosen wisedome will never become freendes with me in my age. Well,

though my folly bee greater than my fortune, yet overgreat were mine unconstancie, if (in mine owne behalfe) I shoulde compyle so many sundrie Songs or Sonets. I have heard of an honest plaine meaning Citizen, who (being overcharged with many matters in the lawe, and hearing of a common solicitor of causes in the Citie) came home to comfort his wife, and tolde hir that he had heard of one which dwelt at Billingsgate, that coulde helpe all men. Even so (good Reader) I was a great while the man which dwelt at Billingsgate. For in wanton delightes I helped all men, though in sad earnest I never furthered my selfe any kinde of way. And by that it proceedeth, that I have so often chaunged my Posie or worde. For when I did compile any thing at the request of other men, if I had subscribed the same with mine owne usuall mot or devise, it might have bewrayed the same to have beene of my doing. And I was ever curious in that behalfe, as one that was lothe to bewray the follies of other men. And yet (as you see) I am not verie daungerous to lay my selfe wide open in view of the worlde. I have also sundrie tymes chaunged mine owne worde or devise. And no mervaile: For he that wandereth much in those wildernesses, shall seldome continue long in one minde.

Well, it were follie to bewayle things which are unpossible to be recovered, sithence Had I wist doth seldome serve as a blasone of good understanding. And therefore I will spende no more wordes in this Preface, but I pray thee to smell unto these Posies, as *Floures to comfort*, *Herbes to cure*, and *Weedes to be avoyded*. So have I ment them, and so I beseech thee Reader to accept them.

Farewell.

T.B. In prayse of Gasco[ig]nes Posies.

WE prayse the plough, that makes the fruitelesse soyle
To bring forth corne, (through helpe of heavenly might)
And eke esteeme the simple wretches toyle,
Whose painefull handes doe labour day and night.
We prayse the ground, whereon the herbes do grow,
Which heale or helpe, our greeves and mortall paine,
Yea weedes have worth, wherein we vertue know,
For natures Art, nothing hath made in vaine.
We prayse those floures which please the secrete sense,
And do content, the tast or smell of man,
The Gardners paynes and worke we recompence,
That skilfull is, or aught in cunning can.
But much more prayse to *Gascoignes* penne is due,
Whose learned hande doth here to thee present,
A Posie full of Hearbes, and Flowers newe,
To please all braynes, to wit or learning bent.
Howe much the minde doth passe the sense or smell,
So much these Floures all other do excell.

E.C. In prayse of Gascoignes Posies.

IN gladsome Spring, when sweete and pleasant shoures
Have well renued, what winters wrath hath torne,
And that we see, the wholesome smelling Floures,
Begin to laugh rough winters wracke to scorne:
If then by chaunce, or choyce of owners will,
We roame and walke in place of rare delightes,
And therein finde, what Arte or natures skill
Can well set forth, to feede our hungrie sightes:

Yea more, if then the owner of the soyle,
Doth licence yeelde to use all as our owne,
And gladly thinkes, the fruites of all his toyle,
To our behoofe to be well set and sowne.
It cannot be, but this so great desart
In basest breast doth breede this due regarde,
With worlde of thankes, to prayse this friendly part,
And wish that woorth mought pay a just rewarde.
Good Reader then, beholde what gallant spring
This booke brings forth, of fruites of finest sortes,
Be bolde to take, thy list of everie thing,
For so is ment. And for thy glad disportes
The paine was tane: therefore lo this I crave,
In his behalfe, that wrote this pleasant worke,
With care and cost, (and then most freely gave
His labours great, wherein great treasures lurke:
To thine avayle) let his desartes now binde thee,
In woorde and deede, he may still thankfull finde thee.

M.C. commending the correction of Gascoignes Posies.

THe Beares blinde whelpes, which lacke both nayles and heare,
And lie like lumpes, in filthie farrowed wise,
Do (for a time) most ougly beastes appeare,
Till dammes deare tongue, do cleare their clozed eyes.
The gadde of steele, is likewise blunt and blacke,
Till file and fire, do frame it sharpe and bright:
Yea precious stones, their glorious grace do lacke,
Till curious hand do make them please the sight.
And so these floures, although the grounde were gay,
Whereon they grew, and they of gallant hew,
Yet till the badde were cullde and cast away,
The best became the worse by such a crew.
(For my part) then: I lyked not their smell,
But as they be, I like them pretly well.

R.S. In prayse of Gascoignes Posies.

THe pleasant plot wherein these Posies grew,
May represent *Parnassus* springs indeede.
Where *Pallas* with hir wise and learned crew,
Did plant great store, and sow much cunning seede.
That Goddesse then, on whom the *Muses* wayte,
To garde hir grounde from greedie gatherers spoyle,
Hath here ordeynde, by fine and close conceyte,
A greene knight chiefe, and master of the soyle.
Such badge beares he that beautified this booke
With glorious shew, of sundrie gallant flowers.
But since he first this labor undertooke,
He gleand thereout, (to make the profite ours)
A heape of Hearbes, a sort of fruitfull seedes,
A needefull salve, compound of needlesse weedes.

Appendix.

All these (with more) my freend here freely gives:
Nor naked wordes, nor streyne of straunge devise.
But *Gowers* minde, which now in *Gascoigne* lives,
Yeeldes heere in view, (by judgement of the wise)
His penne, his sworde, himselfe, and all his might,
To *Pallas* schoole, and *Mars* in Princes right.

T.Ch. In prayse of Gascoignes Posies.

THough goodnesse of the gold, needes no mans praise ye know,
(And every coyne is judgde and found, by weight, by stamp, or show)
Yet doth the prayse of men, give gold a double grace,
And makes both pearls and Jewels rich desirde in every place.

The horse full finely formde, whose pace and traine is true,
Is more esteemde for good report, than likte for shape and view.
Yea sure, ech man himselfe, for all his wit and skill,
(If world bestow no lawde on him) may sleepe in silence still.
Fame shewes the value first, of everie precious thing,
And winnes with lyking all the brute, that doth the credit bring.
And fame makes way before, to workes that are unknowne,
And peoples love is caried ther, where fame hir trump hath blown.
A cunning workman fine, in Cloyster close may sit,
And carve or paint a thousand things, and use both art and wit,
Yet wanting worldes renowne, may scape unsought or seene:
It is but fame that outruns all, and gets the goall I weene.
The learned Doctors lawd, that heales where other harmes,
By cõmon prayse of peoples voyce, brings pacients in by swarmes.
A goodly stately house, hath seldome any fame,
Till world behold the buildings through, and people see the same.
The Flowers and Posies sweete, in better price are held,
When those have praysde their vertues rare, that have their odor smeld.
So by these foresayd proofes, I have a pardon free,
To speake, to write, and make discourse, of any worke I see,
That worthie is of prayse: for prayse is all we get.
Present the worlde with labors great, the world is in your det,
It never yeeldes rewarde, nor scarce just prayse will give:
Then studie out to stand on fame, and strive by fame to live.
Our olde forefathers wise, saw long before these dayes,
How sone faint world would fail deserts, and cold would wax our prayse.
And knowing that disdeyne, for toyle did rather rise,
Than right renowne (whose goldẽ buds, growes up to starry skies)
Betooke their labors long, and every act they did,
Unto the Gods, from whose deepe sight, no secret can be hid.
And these good gracious Gods, sent downe from heavens hie,
(For noble minds) an endlesse fame, that throw the world doth flie.
Which fame is due to those, that seeke by new device,
To honor learning every way, and Vertue bring in price.

From Knowledge gardeyn gay, where science sowes hir seedes,
A pretie Posie gathered is, of *Flowers*, *Hearbes*, and *Weedes*.
The Flowers by smel are found, the hearbs their goodnes showes,
The Weedes amid both hearbs & flowers, in decẽt order growes.
The soft and tender nose, that can no weedes abide,
May make his choise of holesome hearbes, whose vertues well are tride.
The fine and flowing wittes, that feede on straunge delites,
May tast (for seasning daintie mouthes) the bitter weede that bites:
The well disposed minde, and honest meaning man,
Shall finde (in floures) proude Peacoks plumes, and feathers of the Swan.
The curst and crabbed Carle, that Posies flings away,
By this (perhaps) may find some cause, with prettie floures to play.
The kinde and loving worme, that woulde his ladie please,
M[a]y light on some such medcin here, shal do them both much ease.
The Lad that lykes the schoole, and will good warning take:
May snatch some rules oute of this booke, that may him doctor make.
The hastie travayling head, that flies to foreyne place,
May wey by this what home is woorth, and stay his roving race.
The manly courage stoute, that seeketh fame full farre,
Shall find by this how sweete is peace, and see how soure is warre.
This Posie is so pickt, and choysely sorted throw,
There is no Flower, Herbe, nor Weede, but serves some purpose now.
Then since it freely comes, to you for little cost,
Take well in worth these paynes of him, that thinkes no labor lost:
To do his countrie good, as many others have,
Who for their toyles a good report, of worlde did onely crave.
Grudge not to yeeld some fame, for fruites that you receyve,
Make some exchaunge for franke good will, some signe or token leave,

To shew your thankfull harts. For if you love to take,
And have a conscience growne so great, you can no gift forsake,
And cannot give againe, that men deserve to reape,
Adieu we leave you in the hedge, and ore the stile we leape.
And yet some stile or verse, we after shape in ryme,
That may by arte shewe you a Glasse, to see your selves in tyme.
Thus wish I men their right: and you that judge amisse,
To mend your minds, or frame your Muse, to make the like of this.

G.W. In prayse of Gascoigne, and his Posies.

REader rewarde nought else, but onely good report,
For all these pleasant Posies here, bound up in sundrie sort.
The flowers fayre and fresh, were set with painefull toyle,
Of late in *Gascoignes* Garden plot, a passing pleasant soyle.
Now weedes of little worth, are culde from out the rest,
Which he with double paine, did work, to gleane the bad frõ best.
The state is very straunge, and fortune rare in use,
Whose heavie happe he neither helpes, nor blazeth their abuse.
In thundring verse he wrayes, where highest mindes be thrall,
Where mischeefe seekes to rayse it selfe, by force of others fall.
He pluckes the visour of, from maskes of peevish pride,
And wrayes what sowre (in sweet pretẽce) the coustly corts cã hide.
In everie gallant flower, he setteth forth to show,
Of *Venus* thralles, the hap, the harme, the want, the weale, the woe.
He finely findes their faultes, whose welth doth foster wrong,

Who toucheth sinne (without offence) must plainly sing his song.
His loftie vaine in verse, his stately stile in prose,
Foretelles that *Pallas* ment by him, for to defende hir foes.
Wherwith to *Mars* his might, his lustie limmes are knit,
(A sight most rare) that *Hectors* mind, should match with *Pallas* wit.
By proofe of late appeared (how so reportes here ran)
That he in field was formost still, in spoyle the hynmost man.
No backward blastes could bruse the valour of his thought,
Although slie hap, forestoode his hope, in that he credite sought.
In fortunes spight he strave, by vertues to aspire,
Resolvde when due deserts might mount, then he should have his hire.
Thus late with *Mars* in field, a lustie Souldiour shewde,
And now with peace in *Pallas* schoole, he freendly hath bestowde,
On thee this heape of flowers, the fruites of all his toyle,
Whereof if some but simple seeme, consider well the soyle.
They grew not all at home, some came from forreyne fieldes,
The which (percase) set here againe, no pleasant savour yeeldes.
Yet who mislyketh most, the worst will hardly mend,
And he were best not write at all, which no man will offend.

P.B. to such as have heretofore found fault with Gascoignes Posies.

GAynst good deserts, both pride and envie swell,
As neede repines, to see his neighbour ritche:
And slaunder chafes, where vertues prosper well,
As sicke men thinke, all others health to mitch:
Such filthie faultes, mens harts ofttymes inflame,
That spight presumes, to stayne the worthies name.

Are brutall things, transferred so to men?
Or men become more savage than the beast?
We see the dogge, that kenelles in his den,
(For onely foode) obeyes his Lordes behest:
Yea more than that, remembers so reliefe,
As (in his kinde) he mournes at masters griefe.

If thou perceyve, whereto my tale intendes,
Then (slaunder) cease to wrong a frendly wight,
Who for his countreys good, his travayle spendes,
Sometime where blowes are given in bloudie fight:
And other tymes he frames with skilfull pen,
Such verse, as may content eche moulde of men.

As nowe beholde, he here presentes to thee,
The blossoms fayre, of three well sorted seedes.
The first he feynes, fresh Flowers for to bee:
The second Herbes, the last he termeth Weedes.
All these, the soyle of his well fallowed brayne,
(With *Pallas* droppes bedewde) yeeldes for thy gaine.

The Hearbes to grave conceyt, and skilfull age,
The fragrant Flowers to sent of yonger smell:
The worthlesse Weedes, to rule the wanton rage
Of recklesse heades, he gives: then use them well:
And gather (friend) but neyther spight nor spoyle,
These Posies made, by his long painfull toyle.

A.W. In commendation of Gascoigne and his Posies.

I Praysed once a booke (whereby I purchast blame)
And venturde for to write a verse, before I knewe the same.
So that I was deceyvde, for when it came to light,
The booke deserved no such worde, as I therein did wright.

Thus lept I ere I lookt, and wandred ere I wist,
Which gives (me haggard) warning since, to trust no falkners fist.
And yet the booke was good, (by hap and not my skill)
But not a Booke of such contentes, as might my wordes fulfill.
Well now I neede not feare, these Posies here to prayse,
Bicause I knew them every flower, and where they grew alwayes.
And sure for my conceyt, even when they bloomed first,
Me thought they smelt not much amisse, no not the very worst.
Perhappes some daintie nose, no Batchlers button lykes,
And some at Pimpernell and Pinkes, a slender quarell pykes.
Some thinke that Gillyflowers, do yeeld a gelous smell,
And some (which like none herbe but Sage) say Finkell tastes not well.
Yet Finkell is of force, and Gillyflowers are good,
And Pinks please some, and Pimpernell doth serve to steynch the blood:
And Batchlers buttons be, the bravest to beholde,
But sure that flower were best not grow, which can abide no colde.
For slaunder blowes so shrill, with easterne envious windes,
And frosts of frumps so nip the rootes, of vertuous meaning minds
That few good flowers can thrive, unlesse they be protected,
Or garded from suspitious blastes, or with some proppes erected.
So seemeth by the wight, which gardened this grounde,
And set such flowers on every bed, that Posies here abounde.
Yet some tongues cannot well, affoorde him worthie prayse,
And by our Lorde they do him wrong, for I have sene his wayes,
And marked all his moodes, and have had proofe likewise,
That he can do as well in field, as pen can here devise.
Not many Monthes yet past, I saw his doughtie deedes,
And since (to heare what slaunder sayes) my heavie hart it bleedes.
Yet Reader graunt but this, to trie before thou trust,
So shalt thou find his flowers and him, both gallant, good and just.

I.B. In commendation of Gascoignes Posies.

THe saverie sappes in *Gascoignes* Flowers that are,
Which strayned were by loftie learnings lore:
Could not content the surly for their share,
Ne cause them once, to yeeld him thankes therefore:
Such was his hap, when first in hande he tooke,
By labor long, to bring to light this Booke.

Yet hath he not (for all this) seemde to cease,
Those Flowers fresh againe in ground to set,
And yeeld them earth to bring forth their increase,
With other slippes from forraine soyle yfet.
Which he hath gaynde by hazarde of his life,
In bloudie broyles, where pouldred shot was rife.

This endlesse toyle, contented well his minde,
Hope helde the helme, his Fame on shore to set:
His deepe desire, was friendship for to finde,
At readers handes, he nought else sought to get:
Wherefore (doubtlesse) they did him double wrong,
Which F. and J. mysconstrued have so long.

Yet least I should passe from the golden ground,
Of *Gascoignes* plat, wherein those Posies grew,
I list to tell what Flowers there I found,
And paint by penne, the honour to him dew:
Since that his toyle doth well deserve the same,
And sacred skill hath so advaunst his name.

First did I finde the Flower of Fetters frute,
Whereof my selfe have tasted to my paine:
Then might I see the Greene knight touch the Lute,
Whose cordes were coucht on frettes of deepe disdaine:
And likewise there, I might perceyve full well,
That fragrant Flower which Fansie bad farewell.

In fine I found the flowre that *Bellum* hight,
Sweete unto those, of sillie simple sense,
Yet sharpe and sowre, to those that do delight
In martiall martes, for gaine of pevish pense.
Such buddes full brave, good *Gascoignes* Garden gave
To all estates, which list the same to have.

Wherefore (good friend) flie envies yrkesome yre,
And tred the trace, which Reasons rule hath wrought,
Yeeld not disdeyne to *Gascoigne* for his hyre,
Whose brused braine for thee these flowers hath sought.
Least if thou do, the blame on thee do light,
Such friendly paynes to recompence with spight.

I.D. In prayse of Gascoigne and his Posies.

IF *Virgill* how to till the Earth, to every man doth tell,
And *Galen* he in Phisicks arte doth many men excell,
If Poets olde deserven prayse, by paynting out aright,
The frutes of vice, as *Ovid* doth, and many mo that wright,
By learned skill of many things: If such exalt their name,
And for their hyre, deserved prayse by trumpe of Ladie Fame:
Why should the Authour of this booke then leese his due desart,
Sith he so freendly here to us, hath shewed his skilfull arte?
The healthsome herbs and flowers sweet, frō weedes he hath divided,
The fruits of Gives in prison strōg he hath right wel decided.
Of warres also, and warriours to, even like a Martiall knight,
He hath discourst, and shewed the lottes, that thereupon do light:
Virgill is dead, and *Galen* gone, with Poets many more:
Yet workes of theirs be still alive, and with us kept in store.
This Authour lives, and *Gascoigne* hights, yet once to die most sure,
Alas the while that worthie wightes may not alwayes endure,
But workes of his among the best, for ever more shall rest,
When he in heaven shall take a place prepared for the blest.

The Printer in commendation of Gascoigne and his workes.

CHawcer by writing purchast fame,
And *Gower* got a worthie name:
Sweete *Surrey*, suckt *Pernassus* springs,
And *Wiat* wrote of wondrous things:
Olde *Rochfort* clambe the stately Throne,
Which *Muses* holde, in *Hellicone*.
Then thither let, good *Gascoigne* go,
For sure his verse, deserveth so.

M.A. Perugino, a i lettori.

COnciosia la cosa che a'l bono vino, non ci bisogna la ghirlanda niente di meno l'opere virtuose meritano sempremai ogni laude, honore, & mercede. Tanto per essersi (nella natura loro, & di se stesse) piacevole, grate, & piene d'ogni contento, come per dare stimoli ad altrui d'imitar' i loro vestigii. In tanto Io stimo l'opera presente un'essempio chiaro & raro della gloria Ing[l]ese. Quando vi si truovano non solamẽte Sonetti, Rime, Canzoni, & altre cose infinitamẽte piacevole, ma con cio non vi mancano discorse tragiche, moderne, & phylosophichæ, della Guerra, delli stati, & della vera Sapienza. Tutte procedute d'un tal I[n]chiostro, che Io (sendo forastiero) lo truovo un' Immitatore di Petrarcha, Amico d'Ariosto, & Parangon di Bocaccio, Arctino, & ogni altro Poẽta quanto sia piu famoso & eccellente dell' etá nostra.

I. de B. aux lecteurs.

CEux qui voiront les Rymes de Gascoigne,
(Estants François) se plaindront nuicts & jours
Que la Beauté & l'odeur de ces flœurs,
A cest heur (de France) par Gascoign, tant s'esloigne.

H.M. In Poemata Gascoigni
Carmen.

SI iam vena viris eadem, quæ vatibus olim,
Ingenioq́ pari possunt disponere partas
Materias, pedibus si incedunt Carmina certis,
Clauduntuŕq́ suis numeris: Si turba sororum
Supplicibus potis est priscos inflare furores,
Sed si quod magis est, nostri sua themata texant,
Consona scripturis sacris, nec dissona rectis
Moribus: amænos sed quæ cognoscere flores
Virtutis, quæ docent dulces colligere fructus:
Si fictas fabulas, falsiq́ Cupidinis artes
Cum Venere excludunt, (ut docta indigna poesi)
Cur non censemus celebrandos iure Coronis
Æquales virtute viros æqualibus esse?
O ingrata tuis non reddere tanta peritis
Præmia, quanta suis dignarunt prima Poetis
Sæcula. num laudes tantas licet addere lingu[ae]
Romanæ primum, (quæ nil tamen attulit ultra
Utile) germanas ut fas sit spernere gemmas?
Sed vitium hoc patriæ est & peculiariter Anglis
Convenit, externis quæcunq́ feruntur ab oris,
Anteferre suis. Age si sic sapitis, Ecce,
Anglia quos profert flores Gasconia pressit.

B.C. In Poemata Gasconi
Carmen.

MEns generosa solet generosos edere flores
Incassumq́ suos non sinit ire dies:
Hæc tua Gasconi laus est, mercede remota
Hac, friget virtus, hæc tibi sufficiat.
Hæc tibi (seu Belgas repetas, Martemq́ ferocem,
Seu patriam & Musas) inviolata Comes.

K.D. In eundem, Carmen.

VIderat huius: [F]. I. Titulum nomenq́ Poæta,
Lætaq́ vix potuit dic[e]re lingua, bene est:
Mox ubi quæ voluit, libro non vidit in illo,
Magnaq́ quæ fuerat, pars ibi parva fuit,
Quàm male, ait, socio Martem secrevit [A]more!
Qui bene amat pugnat, qui bene pugnat amat.

Eiusdem de eodem.

QUi quondam grave Martis opus, sub gente nefanda,
Militiamq́ tuli, non uno nomine duram,
Arma quibus lætabar Ego, Tritonia Pallas,
Pallas, ego trado arma tibi, & nunc per iuga Cynthi
Per sacrum te Hellicona tuus, per Thessala Tempe
Insequor, æternumq́ sequar, dum sydera mundum,
Dum deus æternos certo moderamine Cœlos
Dirigat, æthereasq́ animas & sydera Cœli.
O quæ felices cœlesti nectare mentes
Perfundis, Divûmq́ doces nos dicere Cantus,
Quales Aonias inter cel[e]berrima turbas
Calliopæa canit, vel gestis Clio loquendis
Nata, (Novenarum pars ingens Clio sororum,)
Da, Regina, tuis adytis antrisq́ recepto
Cantari vates inter diciq́ Britannos.

P.W. In Gascoignum, Carmen.

SUnt quorum mentes tenebræ Caligoq́ turpis
Infuscant, vates qui tetigisse timent.
Tu pete florentem, facunde Poëta, Corollam,
Exultis pateat versibus iste locus.

G.H. pro eodem.

QUisquis es hac nostri qui gaudes parte laboris,
Iudicio nobis, ca[u]tus adesto precor.
Perlege scripta prius, quàm pergas scripta probare,
Et bene perlectis, inde videbis opus.
Nam nihil in titulum iuvat inspexisse libelli,
Si vis materiæ sit tibi nota minus.
Non etenim primò veniunt fundamina rerum,
Sed sunt in variis inspicienda locis.
Perge igitur quo sit pergendum, fine reperto,
In tenebris tum quæ d[e]lituêre proba.

E.H. in poëmata Gascoigni, Carmen.

SI quam Romani laudem m[e]ruêre Poëtæ
Sig fuit Graiis debitus ullus honos,
Græcia si quondam vatem suspexit Homerum,
Si domitrix magni Roma Maronis opus,
Cur non Gasconii facunda poëmata laudat
Anglia? & ad cœli sydera summa ferat?
Carmina nam cum re sic consentire videntur,
Egregium & præstans ut videatur opus.
Dixerit has aliquis Musas nimis esse iocosas,
Et iuvenum facile posse nocere animis.
Non ita, ni forsan velit iisdem lector abuti:
Non obsunt, pura si modò mente legas.

The opinion of the auctthor himself after all these commendations.

WHat neede I speake my self, since other say so much?
Who seme to praise these poesies so, as if ther wer none such?
But sure my silly self, do find therein no smell,
Which may deserve such passing prayse, or seeme to taste so well.
This boone I onely crave, that Readers yet will deigne
(If any weede herein do seeme, his fellow flowres to stayne)
Then reade but others workes, and marke if that they finde,
No toyes therein which may dislike, some modest readers minde?
Reade *Virgills Pryapus*, or *Ovids* wanton verse,
Which he about *Corinnaes* couche, so clerkly can rehearse.
Reade *Faustoes* filthy tale, in *Ariostoes* ryme,
And let not *Marots Alyx* passe, without impeach of crime.
These things considred well, I trust they will excuse
This muze of mine, although she seem, such toyes somtimes to use.
Beleeve me Lordings all, it is a Poetes parte,
To handle eche thing in his kinde, for therein lieth his arte:
Lucillius ledde the daunce, and *Horace* made the lawe,
That poetes by Auctthoritie, may call (A dawe) *A Dawe*,
And eke (a hore) *A Hore*, but yet in cleanly wordes,
So that the vice may be rebukt, as though it were in bourdes:
This phrase sometimes I use, which (if it be a faute)
Condempne not all the rest therfore, that here in verse is taught,
Smell every poesie right, and you therein shall finde,
Fresh flowres, good hearbes, & holsome weedes, to please a skilfull minde.

FINIS. *Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.*

His ultimum vale to Amorous verse.

KInde *Erato*, and wanton *Thalia*,
(Whose name my muze, devoutly did invoke)
Adieu deare dames, *Caliope* sings *alia*,
Which are more worth, and smell not of the smoke.
And if blinde *Cupide*, chaunce to stryke a stroke,
I vowe my verse, *Apocrypha* shalbe,
In silence shutte, that none (but you) may see.

FINIS.

Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.

FLOWERS.

Tam Marti quàm Mercurio.

¶ In this division are conteyned :

The Anotamie of a Lover. i.
The areignemente of a Lover. Fol. ii.
The passions of a Lover. iii.
The divorce of a Lover. vii.
The Lullabie of a lover. viii.
The lamentation of a Lover. x.
The lookes of a Lover enamored. xi.
The lookes of a Lover forsaken. xvii.
The recãtatiõ of a lover. xvii.
Praise of Lady Sands. xviii.
Praise of the Lady Grey. xx.
Praise of the Authors mistresse. xx.
Gascoigns good morow. xxi.
Gascoigns good night. xxiiii.
Gascoigns *De profundis*. xxvi.
Gascoig. memories. xxxiii.
An Epitaph upon Captaine *Bourcher*. xli.
A devise of a Maske. xliii.
The refusall of a Lover. lv.
Pryde in Court. lvi.
Despised things mai live. 58
In trust is treason. lix.
The constancie of a Lover. Fol. lx.
The frute of Foes. lxi.
A Lover once warned and twice taken. lxi.
A Lover encoraged by former examples. lxiii.
The Historie of Dan Bartholmewe of Bathe. lxv.
The frutes of Warre. cxiii.

Faultes escaped in the Weedes:

Fol.	Line.	Faultes.	Correction.
204	13	allgiance	allegeaunce
211	17	like I hope	I like hope
214	24	contation	contentation
216	28	merrye	married
Ibid.	31	flattring	flitting
218	4	had shewed	had to plainely shewed
Ibid.	7	called	calling
Ibid.	30	disdaned	distayned
220	14	had	and
222	30	in	of
223	7	And	So
224	7	cape	cappe
Ibid.	8	Crowe	Crowne
229	16	still	foyle
232	34	braunce	braunche
235	19	possessed	professed
238	11	that	other
240	5	*Elaminia*	*Flaminia*
242	11	and	an
Ibid.	30	zoreactes	Zoroastes
Ibid.	20	doe	did
249	13	builded	blinded
Ibid.	16	pricke	pricke such
258	5	gentelman	gentlewoman
[2]61	6	quibbes	quippes
271	31	*la mano*	*las manos*
275	2	swell	aswell
276	4	*Fraunces china*	*Frauncischina*
Ibid.	8	occurments	occurrentes
278	6	that I	I that
284	8	But	that
285	14	this	those

The Anatomye of a Lover.

TO make a Lover knowne, by plaine Anatomie,
You lovers all that list beware, loe here behold you me.
Who though mine onely lookes, your pittie wel might move,
Yet every part shall playe his part, to paint the panges of love.
If first my feeble head, have so much matter left,
If fansies raging force have not, his feeble skill bereft.
These lockes that hang unkempt, these hollowe dazled eyes,
These chattering teeth, this trẽbling tongue, well tewed with carefull cries.
These wan and wrinkled cheekes, wel washt with waves of woe,
Maye stand for patterne of a ghost, where so this carkasse goe.
These shoulders they sustaine, the yoake of heavy care,
And on my brused broken backe, the burden must I beare.
These armes quite braunfalne are, with beating on my brest,
This right hand weary is to write, this left hand craveth rest:
These sides enclose the forge, where sorrowe playes the smith,
And hote desire, hath kindled fire, to worke this mettall with.
The Anvile is my heart, my thoughtes they strike the stroake,
My lights and lunges like bellowes blow, & sighes ascend for smoake.
My secreete partes are so with secreete sorrowe soken,
As for the secreete shame thereof, deserves not to be spoken,
My thighes, my knees, my legges, and last of all my feete,
To serve a lovers turne, are so unable and unmeete,
That scarce they sustaine up, this restlesse body well,
Unlesse it be to see the boure, wherein my love doth dwell,
And there by sight eftsoone, to feede my gazing eye,
And so content my hungrie corps, tyll dollours doe me dye:
Yet for a just reward of love so dearely bought,
I pray you saye, loe this was he, whome love had worne to nought.

Ever or never.

¶ *The arraig[n]ment of a Lover.*

AT Beautyes barre as I dyd stande,
When false suspect accused mee,
George (quod the Judge) holde up thy hande,
Thou art arraignde of Flatterye:
Tell therefore howe thou wylt bee tryde?
Whose judgement here wylt thou abyde?

My Lorde (quod I) this Lady here,
Whome I esteeme above the rest,
Doth knowe my guilte if any were:
Wherefore hir doome shall please me best,
Let hir bee Judge and Jurour boathe,
To trye mee guiltlesse by myne oathe.

Wyll is dame bewties chiefe Justice of Oyre and terminer.

Quod Beautie, no, it fitteth not,
A Prince hir selfe to judge the cause:
Wyll is our Justice well you wot,
Appointed to discusse our Lawes:
If you wyll guiltlesse seeme to goe,
God and your countrey quitte you so.

Then crafte the cryer cal'd a quest,
Of whome was falshoode formost feere,
A packe of pickethankes were the rest,
Which came false witnesse for to beare,
The Jurye suche, the Judge unjust,
Sentence was sayde I should be trust.

Jelous the Jayler bound mee fast,
To heare the verdite of the byll,
George (quod the Judge) nowe thou art cast,
Thou must goe hence to heavie hill,
And there be hangde all but the head,
God rest thy soule when thou art dead.

Downe fell I then upon my knee,
All flatte before Dame Beauties face,
And cryed, good Ladye pardon mee,
Which here appeale unto your grace,
You knowe if I have beene untrue,
It was in too much praysing you.

And though this Judge doe make suche haste,
To shead with shame my guiltlesse blood:
Yet let your pittie first bee plaste,
To save the man that meant you good,
So shall you shewe your selfe a Queene,
And I maye bee your servaunt seene.

(Quod Beautie) well: bicause I guesse,
What thou dost meane hencefoorth to bee,
Although thy faultes deserve no lesse,
Than Justice here hath judged thee,
Wylt thou be bounde to stynt all strife,
And be true prisoner all thy lyfe?

Yea Madame (quod I) that I shall, Common Bayll.
Loe fayth and trueth my suerties:
Why then (quod shee) come when I call,
I aske no better warrantise.
Thus am I Beauties bounden thrall,
At hir commaunde when shee doth call.

Ever or never.

The passion of a Lover.

I Smyle sometimes although my griefe be great,
To heare and see these lovers paint their paine,
And how they can in pleasaunt rimes repeate,
The passing pangs, which they in fancies faine.
But if I had such skyll to frame a verse,
I could more paine than all their panges rehearse.

Some saye they finde nor peace, nor power to fight,
Which seemeth strange: but stranger is my state:
I dwell in dole, yet sojorne with delight,
Reposde in rest, yet weryed with debate.
For flatte repulse, might well appease my wyll,
But fancie fightes, to trye my fortune styll.

Some other saye they hope, yet live in dread,
They friese, they flame, they flie aloft, they fall,
But I nor hope with happe to rayse my head,
Nor feare to stoupe, for why my gate is small.
Nor can I friese, with cold to kyll my heart,
Nor yet so flame, as might consume my smart.

How live I then, which thus drawe foorth my dayes?
Or tell me howe, I found this fever first?
What fits I feele? what distance? what delayes?
What griefe? what ease? what lyke I best? what worst?
These thinges they tell, which seeke redresse of paine,
And so wyll I, although I coumpt it vaine.

I live in love, even so I love to live,
(Oh happie state, twise happie he that findes it)
But love to life this cognisance doth geve,
This badge this marke, to every man that mindes it,
Love lendeth life, which (dying) cannot dye,
Nor lyving live: and such a life leade I.

The Sunny dayes which gladde the saddest wightes,
Yet never shine to cleare my misty moone:
No quiet sleepe, amidde the mooneshine nightes,
Can close mine eyes, when I am woe begone.
Into such shades my peevishe sorrowe shrowdes,
That Sunne and Moone, are styll to me in clowdes.

And feverlike I feede my fancie styll,
With such repast, as most empaires my health,
Which fever first I caught by wanton wyll,
When coles of kind dyd stirre my blood by stealth:
And gazing eyes, in bewtie put such trust,
That love enflamd my liver al with lust.

My fits are lyke the fever Ectick fits,
Which one daye quakes within and burnes without,
The next day heate within the boosoms sits,
And shiviring colde the body goes about.
So is my heart most hote when hope is colde,
And quaketh most when I most heate behold.

There is in deede suche a kinde of fever.

Tormented thus without delayes I stand,
All wayes in one and evermore shalbe,
In greatest griefe when helpe is nearest hand,
And best at ease if death might make me free:
Delighting most in that which hurtes my heart,
And hating change which might relieve my smart.

Yet you deare dame: to whome this cure pertaines,
Devise by times some drammes for my disease,
A noble name shall be your greatest gaines,
Whereof be sure, if you wyll worke mine ease.
And though fond fooles set forth their fittes as fast,
Yet graunt with me that my straunge passion past.

Lenvoye.

Ever or never.

¶ *A straunge passion of a Lover.*

AMid my Bale I bath in blisse,
I swim in heaven, I sinke in hell:
I find amends for every misse,
And yet my moane no tongue can tell.
I live and love, what wold you more:
As never lover liv'd before.

I laugh sometimes with little lust,
So jest I oft and feele no joye:
Myne ease is builded all on trust:
And yit mistrust breedes myne anoye.
I live and lacke, I lacke and have:
I have and misse the thing I crave.

These things seeme strange, yet are they trew,
Beleeve me sweete my state is such,
One pleasure which I wold eschew,
Both slakes my grief and breedes my grutch.
So doth one paine which I would shoon,
Renew my joyes where grief begoon.

Then like the larke that past the night.
In heavy sleepe with cares opprest:
Yit when shee spies the pleasaunt light,
She sends sweete notes from out hir brest.
So sing I now because I thinke
How joyes approch, when sorrowes shrinke.

And as fayre *Philomene* againe,
Can watch and singe when other sleepe:
And taketh pleasure in hir payne,
To wray the woo that makes hir weepe.
So sing I now for to bewray
The lothsome life I lead alway.

The which to thee (deare wenche) I write,
That know'st my mirth, but not my moane:
I praye God graunt thee deepe delight,
To live in joyes when I am gone.
I cannot live, it wyll not bee:
I dye to thinke to part from thee.

Eerendo Natura.

¶ The Divorce of a Lover.

DIvorce me nowe good death, from love and lingring life,
That one hath bene my concubine, that other was my wife.
In youth I lived with love, she had my lustye dayes,
In age I thought with lingering life to stay my wãdering wais,
But now abusde by both, I come for to complaine,
To thee good death, in whom my helpe doth wholy now remain,

FLOWERS

My libell loe behold: wherein I doe protest,
The processe of my plaint is true, in which my griefe doth rest.
First love my concubine (whome I have kept so trimme,
Even she for whome I seemd of yore, in seas of joy to swimme:
To whome I dare avowe, that I have served as well,
And played my part as gallantly, as he that beares the bell)
She cast me of long since, and holdes me in disdaine,
I cannot pranke to please hir nowe, my vaunting is but vaine.
My writhled cheekes bewraye, that pride of heate is past,
My stagring steppes eke tell the trueth, that nature fadeth fast,
My quaking crooked joyntes, are combred with the crampe,
The boxe of oyle is wasted wel, which once dyd feede my lampe.
The greenesse of my yeares, doth wyther now so sore,
That lusty love leapes quite awaye, and lyketh me no more,
And love my lemman gone, what lyking can I take?
In lothsome lyfe that croked croane, although she be my make?
Shee cloyes me with the cough, hir comfort is but cold,
She bids me give mine age for almes, wher first my youth was sold.
No day can passe my head, but she beginnes to brall,
No mery thoughts conceived so fast, but she confounds them al.
When I pretend to please, she overthwarts me still,
When I wou[l]d faynest part with hir, she overwayes my will.
Be judge then gentle death, and take my cause in hand,
Consider every circumstaunce, marke how the case doth stand.
Percase thou wilte aledge, that cause thou canst none see,
But that I like not of that one, that other likes not me:
Yes gentle judge give eare, and thou shalt see me prove,
My concubine incontinent, a common whore is love.
And in my wyfe I find, such discord and debate,
As no man living can endure the tormentes of my state.
Wherefore thy sentence say, devorce me from them both,
Since only thou mayst right my wronges, good death nowe be not loath.
But cast thy pearcing dart, into my panting brest,
That I may leave both love and life, & thereby purchase rest.

Such a sect there is that desire no longer lyfe thē whiles they are in love.

Haud iſtus sapio.

¶ The Lullabie of a Lover.

SIng lullaby, as women doe,
Wherewith they bring their babes to rest,
And lullaby can I sing to,
As womanly as can the best.
With lullaby they still the childe,
And if I be not much beguild,
Full many wanton babes have I,
Which must be stild with lullabie.

First lullaby my youthfull yeares,
It is nowe time to go to bed,
For croocked age and hoary heares,
Have wone the haven [within] my head:
With Lullaby then youth be still,
With Lullaby content thy will,
Since courage quayles, and commes behind,
Go sleepe, and so beguile thy minde.

Next Lullaby my gazing eyes,
Which wonted were to glaunce apace.
For every Glasse maye nowe suffise,
To shewe the furrowes in my face:
With Lullabye then winke awhile,
With Lullabye your lookes beguile:
Lette no fayre face, nor beautie brighte,
Entice you efte with vayne delighte.

And Lullaby my wanton will,
Lette reasons rule, nowe reigne thy thought,
Since all to late I finde by skyll,
Howe deare I have thy fansies bought:
With Lullaby nowe tak thyne ease,
With Lullaby thy doubtes appease:
For trust to this, if thou be styll,
My body shall obey thy will.

Eke Lullaby my loving boye,
My little Robyn take thy rest,
Since age is colde, and nothing coye,
Keepe close thy coyne, for so is best:

With Lulla[b]y be thou content,
With Lullaby thy lustes relente,
Lette others pay which hath mo pence,
Thou art to pore for such expence.

Thus Lullabye my youth, myne eyes,
My will, my ware, and all that was,
I can no mo delayes devise,
But welcome payne, let pleasure passe:
With Lullaby now take your leave,
With Lullaby your dreames deceive,
And when you rise with waking eye,
Remember then this Lullabye.

Ever or Never.

The lamentation of a lover.

NOw have I found the waie, to weepe & wayle my fill,
Now can I ende my dolfull dayes, & so content my will.
The way to weepe inough, for such as list to wayle,
Is this: to go abord ye ship, where pleasure beareth sayle.
And there to marke the jestes, of every joyfull wight,
And with what winde and wave they fleet, to nourish their delight.
For as the striken Deare, that seeth his fellowes feede,
Amid the lustie [heard] (unhurt), & feeles himselfe to bleede
Or as the seely byrd, that with the Bolte is brusd,
And lieth aloofe among the leaves, of al hir pheares refusd,
And heares them sing full shrill, yet cannot she rejoyce,
Nor frame one warbling note to passe, out of hir mournfull voyce.
Even so I finde by proofe, that pleasure dubleth payne,
Unto a wretched wounded hart, which doth in woe, remaine.
I passe where pleasure is, I heare some sing for joye,
I see som laugh, som other daũce, in spight of darke anoy.
But out alas my mind, amends not by their myrth,
I deeme al pleasurs to be paine, that dwell above ye earth.
Such heavy humors feede, ye bloud that lendes me breath,
As mery medcins cannot serve, to keepe my corps from death.

Spræta tamen vivunt.

Certaine verses written to a Gentlewoman whome hee liked very wel, and yet had never any oportunity to discover his affection, being alwayes bridled by jelouse lookes which attended them both, and therefore gessing by hir lokes, that she partly also liked him: he wrote in a booke of hirs as foloweth, being termed with the rest that follow the lokes of a lover enamoured.

THou with thy lookes on whom I loke full ofte,
And find there in great cause of deepe delight:
Thy face is fayre, thy skin is smoth and softe,
Thy lippes are sweet, thine eyes are cleere and bright,
And every part seemes pleasant in my sight.
Yet wote thou well, those lokes have wrought my wo,
Bicause I love to looke upon them so.

For first those lookes allurd mine eye to loke,
And strayght mine eye stird up my hart to love:
And cruell love with deepe deceitfull hooke,
Chokt up my mind whom fancie cannot move,
Nor hope releeve, nor other helpe behove:
But still to loke, and though I loke to much,
Needes must I loke bicause I see none such.

Thus in thy lookes my love and life have hold,
And with such life my death drawes on a pace:
And for such death no medcine can be told,
But loking still upon thy lovely face,
Wherin are painted pitie, peace, and grace,
Then though thy lokes should cause me for to dye,
Needes must I looke, bicause I live therby.

Since then thy lookes my lyfe have so in thrall,
As I can like none other lookes but thine:
Lo here I yeelde my lyfe, my love, and all
Into thy hands, and all things else resigne,
But libertie to gaze upon thyne eyen.
Which when I doe, then think it were thy part,
To looke again, and linke with me in hart.

Si fortunatus [*infœlix*].

With these verses you shall judge the quicke capacitie of the Lady: for she wrote thereunder this short aunswere.

Looke as long as you lyst, but surely if I take you looking, I will looke with you.

¶ *And for a further proofe of this Dames quicke understan*ding, you shall now understande, that sone after this aunswere of hirs, the same Aućthour chansed to be at a supper in hir company, where were also hir brother, hir husband, and an old lover of hirs by whom shee had bene long suspećted. Nowe, although there wanted no delicate viandes to content them, yet their chiefe repast was by entreglancing of lokes. For the Aućthour being stong with hotte affećtion, coulde none otherwyse relieve his passion but by gazing. And the Dame of a curteous enclination deigned (nowe and then) to requite the same with glancing at him. Hir olde lover occupied his eyes with watching: and her brother perceiving all this coulde not abstaine from winking, whereby hee might putte his Syster in remembraunce, least she shoulde too much forget hir selfe. But most of all her husbande beholding the first, and being evyll pleased with the seconde, scarce contented with the thirde, and misconstruing the fourth, was constrayned to playe the fifth part in frowarde frowning. This royall banquet thus passed over, the Aućthor knowing that after supper they should passe the tyme in propounding of Ryddles, and making of purposes: contrived all this conceipt in a Riddle as followeth. The which was no soner pronoũced, but shee coulde perfećtly perceive his intent, and drave out one nayle with another, as also enseweth.

His Ryddle.

I Cast mine eye and sawe ten eyes at once,
All seemelye set uppon one lovely face:
Twoo gaz'd, twoo glanc'd, twoo watched for the nonce,
Twoo winked wiles, twoo fround with froward grace.
Thus everye eye was pitched in his place.

And everye eye which wrought eche others wo,
Saide to it selfe, alas why lookt I so?
And everye eye for jelousie did pine,
And sigh'd and sayde, I would that eye were mine.

Si fortunatus infœlix.

¶ *In all this lovelie company was not one that coulde and* would expound the meaning hereof. At last the Dame hir selfe aunswered on this wise. Syr, quod she, because your darke speach is much to curious for this simple company, I wyl bee so bolde as to quit one question with another. And when you have aunswered mine, it maye fall out peradventure, that I shall somewhat the better judge of yours.

Hir Question.

WHat thing is that which swimmes in blisse,
And yet consumes in burning griefe:
Which being plaste where pleasure is,
Can yet recover no reliefe.
Which sees to sighe, and sighes to see,
All this is one, what maye it bee?

¶ *He held him selfe herewith contented: and afterwardes* when they were better acquainted, he chaunsed once (groping in hir pocket) to find a letter of hir olde lovers: and thynking it were better to wincke than utterlye to put out his eyes, seemed not to understande this first offence: but soone after finding a lemman (the which he thought he sawe hir olde lemman put there) he devised therof thus, and delivered it unto hir in writing.

I Grooped in thy pocket pretty peate,
And found a Lemman which I looked not:
So founde I once (which nowe I must repeate)
Both leaves and letters which I lyked not.
Such hap have I to finde and seeke it not,
But since I see no faster meanes to bind them,
I wyll (hencefoorth) take Lemmans as I finde them.

The Dame within verie short space dyd aunswere it thus.

A Lymone (but no Lemmane) Syr you found,
For Lemmans beare their name to broade before:
The which since it hath given you such a wound,
That you seeme now offended very sore:
Content your selfe you shall find (there) no more.
But take your Lemmans henceforth where you lust,
For I wyll shewe my letters where I trust.

¶ *The lookes of a lover forsaken: written by a gentlewoman who* passed by him with hir armes set bragging by hir sides, and lefte it unfinished as followeth.

WEre my hart set on hoygh as thine is bent,
Or in my brest so brave and stout a will:
Then (long ere this) I coulde have bene content,
With sharpe reveng thy carelesse corpes to kill.
For why thou knowest (although thou know not all)
What rule, what raygne, what power, what segnory,
Thy melting minde did yeeld to me (as thrall)
When first I pleasd thy wandring fantisie.
What lingring lookes bewray'd thyne inward thought,
What panges were publisht by perplexcitie,
Such reakes the rage of love in thee had wrought
And no gramercie for thy curtesie.
I list not vaunt, but yet I dare avowe
(Had bene my harmelesse hart as harde as thine)
I coulde have bounde thee then for starting nowe,
In bondes of bale, in pangs of deadly pyne.
For why by profe the field is eath to win,
Where as the chiefteynes yeeld them selves in chaynes:
The port or passage plaine to enter in,
Where porters list to leave the key for gaynes.
But did I then devise with crueltie,
(As tyrants do) to kill the yeelding pray?
Or did I bragge and boast triumphauntly,
As who should saye the field were mine that daye?

Did I retire my selfe out of thy sight
To beat afresh the bulwarkes of thy brest?
Or did my mind in choyce of change delight,
And render thee as reffuse with the rest?
No Tygre no, the lyon is not lewd,
He shewes no force on seely wounded sheepe, &c.

Whiles he sat at the dore of his lodging, devising these verses above rehersed, the same Gentlewoman passed by againe, and cast a longe looke towardes him, whereby he left his former invention and wrote thus.

HOwe long she lookt that lookt at me of late,
As who would say, hir lookes were all for love:
When God he knowes they came from deadly hate,
To pinch me yit with pangs which I must prove.
But since my lokes hir liking maye not move,
Looke where she likes, for lo this looke was cast,
Not for my love, but even to see my last.

Si fortunatus infœlix.

An other Sonet written by the same Gentlewoman,
uppon the same occasion.

ILookt of late and sawe thee loke askance,
Upon my dore, to see if I satte there.
As who should say: If he be there by chance,
Yet maye he thinke I loke him every where,
No cruell, no, thou knowest and I can tell,
How for thy love I layd my lokes a side:
Though thou (par case) hast lookt and liked wel,
Some newe founde lookes amide this world so wide.
But since thy lookes my love have so in chaynd
That to my lokes, thy liking now is past:
Loke where thou likest, and let thy hands be staynd,
In true loves bloud, which thou shalt lack at last,
So looke, so lack, for in these toyes thus tost,
My lookes thy love, thy lookes my life have lost.

Si fortunatus infœl[i]x.

¶ *To the same gentlewoman because she challenged the* Auĉthour for holding downe his head alwaies, and for that hee looked not uppon hir in wonted manner.

YOu must not wonder though you thinke it straunge,
To see me holde my lowring head so lowe:
And that myne eyes take no delyght to raunge,
About the gleames which on your face doe growe.
The mouse which once hath broken out of trappe,
Is sildome tysed with the trustlesse bayte,
But lyes aloofe for feare of more mishappe,
And feedeth styll in doubte of deepe deceipte.
The skorched flye which once hath scapt the flame,
Wyll hardlye come to playe againe with fyre.
Whereby I learne that greevous is the game,
Which followes fansie dazled by desire.
So that I wynke or else holde downe my head,
Because your blazing eyes my bale have bred.

Si fortunatus infœlix.

The Recantacion of a Lover.

NOw must I needes recant the wordes which once I spoke,
Fond fansie fumes so nie my noose, I nedes must smel ye smoke:
And better were to beare a Faggot from the fire,
Than wylfully to burne and blaze, in flames of vaine desire.
You Judges then give eare, you people marke me well,
I saye, both heaven and earth record the tale which I shall tell
And knowe that dread of death, nor hope of better hap,
Have forced or perswaded me to take my turning cap,
But even that mightye *Jove*, of his great clemencie,
Hath given me grace at last to judge, the trueth from heresie:
I saye then and professe, with free and faithfull heart,
That womẽs vowes are nothing els, but snares of secret smart:

Their beauties blaze are baites which seeme of pleasant taste,
But who devoures the hidden hooke, eates poyson for repast:
Their smyling is deceipt, their faire wordes traines of treason,
Their wit alwaies so full of wyles, it skorneth rules of reason.
Percase some present here, have heard my selfe of yore,
Both teach & preach the contrary, my fault was then the more:
I graunt my workes were these, first one *Anatomie*,
Wherein I painted every pang of [loves] perplexitye:
Next that I was araignde, with *George* holde up thy hand,
Wherein I yeelded Bewties thrall, at hir commaund to stand:
Myne eyes so blinded were, (good people marke my tale)
That once I song, I *Bathe in Blisse*, amidde my weary *Bale:*
And many a frantike verse, then from my penne dyd passe,
In waves of wicked heresie, so deepe I drowned was.
All which I now recant, and here before you burne
Those trifling bookes, from whose lewde lore my tippet here I turne.
And hencefoorth wyl I write, howe mad is that mans minde,
Which is entist by any traine to trust in womankind.

Astolf being the goodliest person in the worlde founde a dwarfe lying with his wife

I spare not wedlocke I, who lyst that state advance,
Aske *Astolfe* king of *Lumbardie*, howe trim his dwarfe coulde daunce.
Wherefore fayre Ladies you, that heare me what I saye,
If you hereafter see me slippe, or seeme to goe astraye:
Or if my tongue revolte from that which nowe it sayth,
Then plague me thus, *Beleeve it not*, for this is nowe my faith.

Haud ictus sapio.

¶ In prayse of *Bridges*, nowe Lady *Sandes.*

IN Court who so demaundes what Dame doth most excell,
For my conceyt I must needes say, faire *Bridges* beares ye bell:
Upon whose lively cheeke, to proove my judgement true,
The Rose and Lillie seeme to strive for equall change of hewe:
And therewithall so well her graces all agree,
No frowning cheere dare once presume in hir sweete face to bee.

Although some lavishe lippes, which like some other best,
Wyll saye the blemishe on hir browe disgraceth all the rest.
Thereto I thus replie, God wotte they litle know,
The hidden cause of that mishap, nor how the harme dyd grow.
For when Dame nature first had framde hir heavenly face,
And thoroughly bedecked it, with goodly gleames of grace:
It lyked hir so well: Lo here (quod shee) a peece,
For perfect shape that passeth all *Apelles* worke in *Greece.*
This bayte may chaunce to catche the greatest God of love,
Or mighty thundring *Jove* himself that rules the roast above.
But out, alas, those wordes were vaunted all in vaine,
And some unsene were present there (poore *Bridges*) to thy pain.
For *Cupide* craftie boye, close in a corner stoode,
Not blyndfold then, to gaze on hir, I gesse it dyd him good.
Yet when he felt the flame gan kindle in his brest,
And hard dame nature boast by hir, to breake him of his rest,
His hote newe chosen love, he chaunged into hate,
And sodainly with mighty mace, gan rap hir on the pate.
It grieved Nature much to see the cruell deede:
Me seemes I see hir how she wept, to see hir dearling blede.
Well yet (quod she) this hurt shall have some helpe I trowe,
And quicke with skin she covered it, that whiter is than snowe.
Wherewith *Dan Cupid* fled, for feare of further flame,
Whẽ angel like he saw hir shine, whom he had smit with shame.
Lo thus was *Bridges* hurt, in cradel of hir kind,
The coward *Cupid* brake hir brow, to wreke his woũded mind,
The skar styll there remaines, no force, there let it be,
There is no clowde that can eclipse, so bright a sunne as she.

Ever or never.

¶ In prayse of *Zouche* late the Lady Greye of Wilton whome the auctor found in a homely house.

THese rustie walles whome cankred yeares deface,
The comely corps of seemely *Zouche* enclose,
Whose auncient stocke derivde from worthy race,
Procures hir praise, where so the carkas goes:

Hir aungels face declares hyr modest minde,
Hyr lovely lokes the gazing eyes allure,
Hyr deedes deserve some endlesse prayse to finde,
To blaze suche brute as ever might endure.
Wherfore my penne in trembling feare shall staye,
To write the thing that doth surmount my skill,
And I will wish of God both night and daye,
Some worthier place to guide hir worthy will.
Where princes peeres hir due desertes maye see,
And I content hir servaunt there to bee.

Ever or Never.

Gascoignes praise of his mistres.

THe hap which *Paris* had, as due for his desert,
Who favord *Venus* for hir face, & skornde *Menervas* art:
May serve to warne the wise that they no more esteme,
The glistering glosse of bewties blaze, than reason should it deme.
Dan *Priams* yonger son, found out ye fairest dame,
That ever trode on *Troyane* mold, what folowed of ye same?
I list not brut hir bale, let others spread it forth,
But for his parte to speake my minde his choice was little worth,
My meaning is but this, who markes the outward shewe,
And never grops for graftes of grace which in ye mind should grow:
May chance upon such choise as trusty *Troilus* had,
And dwel in dole as *Paris* did, when he would faine be glad.
How happie then am I whose happe hath bene to finde,
A mistresse first that doth excell in vertues of the mind.
And yet therewith hath joynd, such favoure and suche grace,
As *Pandars* niece (if she wer here) would quickly give hir place.
With in whose worthy brest, Dame Bounty seekes to dwel,
And saith to beawty, yeeld to me, since I doe thee excell.
Betwene whose heavenly eyes, doth right remorse appeare,
And pitie placed by the same, doth muche amende hir cheere.

Who in my daungers deepe, dyd deigne to doe mee good,
Who did relieve my heavy heart, and sought to save my blood.
Who first encreast my friendes, and overthrew my fooes,
Who loved al them that wisht me wel, & liked none but those.
O Ladies give me leave, I prayse not hir to farre,
Since she doth pas you al, as much, as *Titan* staines a starre.
You hold such servauntes deare, as able are to serve.
She held me deare, when I poore soule, could no good thing deserve.
You set by them that swim in all prosperitie,
She set by me when as I was in great calamitie.
You best esteeme the brave, and let the poorest passe,
Shee best esteemde my poore good wyll, all naked as it was.
But whether am I went? what humor guides my braine?
I seeke to wey ye woolsack down, with one poore pepper grain.
I seeme to penne hir praise, that doth surpasse my skill,
I strive to rowe against the tide, I hoppe against the hill.
Then let these fewe suffise, shee *Helene* staines for hewe,
Dydo for grace, *Cressyde* for cheere, and is as *Thisbye* true.
Yet if you furder crave, to have hir name displaide,
Dame *Favor* is my mistres name, dame *Fortune* is hir maid.

Attamen ad solitum.

Gascoignes good morrow.

YOu that have spent the silent night,
In sleepe and quiet rest,
And joye to see the cheerefull lyght
That ryseth in the East:
Now cleare your voyce, now chere your hart,
Come helpe me nowe to sing:
Eche willing wight come beare a part,
To prayse the heavenly King.

And you whome care in prison keepes,
Or sickenes doth suppresse,
Or secret sorowe breakes your sleepes,
Or dolours doe distresse:

Yet beare a parte in dolfull wise,
Yea thinke it good accorde,
And [ac]ceptable sacrifice,
Eche sprite to prayse the lorde.

The dreadfull night with darkesomnesse,
Had over spread the light,
And sluggish sleepe with drowsynesse,
Had over prest our might:
A glasse wherin you may beholde,
Eche storme that stopes our breath,
Our bed the grave, our clothes lyke molde,
And sleepe like dreadfull death.

Yet as this deadly night did laste,
But for a little space,
And heavenly daye nowe night is past,
Doth shewe his pleasaunt face:
So must we hope to see Gods face,
At last in heaven on hie,
When we have chang'd this mortall place,
For Immortalitie.

And of such happes and heavenly joyes,
As then we hope to holde,
All earthly sightes and wor[l]dly toyes,
Are tokens to beholde.
The daye is like the daye of doome,
The sunne, the Sonne of man,
The skyes the heavens, the earth the tombe
Wherein we rest till than.

The Rainbowe bending in the skye,
Bedeckte with sundrye hewes,
Is like the seate of God on hye,
And seemes to tell these newes:
That as thereby he promised,
To drowne the world no more,
So by the bloud which Christ hath shead,
He will our helth restore.

The mistie cloudes that fall somtime,
And overcast the skyes,
Are like to troubles of our time,
Which do but dymme our eyes:
But as suche dewes are dryed up quite,
When *Phœbus* shewes his face,
So are such fansies put to flighte,
Where God doth guide by grace.

The caryon Crowe, that lothsome beast,
Which cryes agaynst the rayne,
Both for hir hewe and for the rest,
The Devill resembleth playne:
And as with gonnes we kill the Crowe,
For spoyling our releefe,
The Devill so must we overthrowe,
With gonshote of beleefe.

The little byrde[s] which sing so swete,
Are like the angelles voyce,
Which render God his prayses meete,
And teache us to rejoyce:
And as they more esteeme that myrth,
Than dread the nights anoy,
So mu[ste] we deeme our days on earth,
But hell to heavenly joye.

Unto which Joyes for to attayne
God graunt us all his grace,
And sende us after worldly payne,
In heaven to have a place.
Where wee maye still enjoy that light,
Which never shall decaye:
Lorde for thy mercy lend us might,
To see that joyfull daye.

Haud ictus sapio.

Gascoygnes good night.

WHen thou hast spent the lingring day in pleasure and delight,
Or after toyle and wearie waye, dost seeke to rest at nighte:
Unto thy paynes or pleasures past, adde this one labour yet,
Ere sleepe close up thyne eye to fast, do not thy God forget,
But searche within thy secret thoughts, what deeds did thee befal:
And if thou find amisse in ought, to God for mercy call.
Yea though thou find nothing amisse, which thou canst cal to mind,
Yet ever more remember this, there is the more behind:
And thinke how well so ever it be, that thou hast spent the daye,
It came of God, and not of thee, so to direct thy waye.
Thus if thou trie thy dayly deedes, and pleasure in this payne,
Thy life shall clense thy corne from weeds, & thine shal be ye gaine:
But if thy sinfull sluggishe eye, will venter for to winke,
Before thy wading will may trye, how far thy soule maye sinke,
Beware and wake, for else thy bed, which soft & smoth is made,
May heape more harm upõ thy head, than blowes of enmies blade.
Thus if this paine procure thine ease, in bed as thou doest lye,
Perhaps it shall not God displease, to sing thus soberly:
I see that sleepe is lent me here, to ease my wearye bones,
As death at laste shall eke appeere, to ease my greevous grones.
My dayly sportes, my panch full fed, have causde my drousie eye,
As carelesse life in quiet led, might cause my soule to dye:
The stretching armes, ye yauning breath, which I to bedward use,
Are patternes of the pangs of death, when life will me refuse:
And of my bed eche sundrye part in shaddowes doth resemble,
The sũdry shapes of deth, whose dart shal make my flesh to trẽble.

My bed it selfe is like the grave, my sheetes the winding sheete,
My clothes the mould which I must have, to cover me most meete:
The hungry fleas which friske so freshe, to wormes I can cõpare,
Which greedily shall gnaw my fleshe, & leave the bones ful bare:
The waking Cock that early crowes to weare the night awaye,
Puts in my minde the trumpe that blowes before the latter day.
And as I ryse up lustily, when sluggish sleepe is past,
So hope I to rise joyfully, to Judgement at the last.
Thus wyll I wake, thus wyll I sleepe, thus wyl I hope to ryse,
Thus wyll I neither waile nor weepe, but sing in godly wyse.
My bones shall in this bed remaine, my soule in God shall trust,
By whome I hope to ryse againe from death and earthly dust.

Haud ictus sapio.

The introduction to the Psalme of De profundis.

THe Skies gan scowle, orecast with misty clowdes,
When (as I rode alone by London waye,
Cloakelesse, unclad) thus did I sing and say:
Behold quoth I, bright *Titan* how he shroudes
His head abacke, and yelds the raine his reach,
Till in his wrath, *Dan Jove* have soust the soile,
And washt me wretch which in his travaile toile.
But holla (here) doth rudenesse me appeach,
Since *Jove* is Lord and king of mighty power,
Which can commaund the Sunne to shewe his face,
And (when him lyst) to give the raine his place.
Why doe not I my wery muses frame,
(Although I bee well soused in this showre,)
To write some verse in honour of his name?

Gascoignes De profundis.

FRom depth of doole wherein my soule doth dwell,
From heavy heart which harbours in my brest,
From troubled sprite which sildome taketh rest.
From hope of heaven, from dreade of darkesome hell.
O gracious God, to thee I crye and yell.
My God, my Lorde, my lovely Lord aloane,
To thee I call, to thee I make my moane.
And thou (good God) vouchsafe in gree to take,
This woefull plaint,
Wherein I faint.
Oh heare me then for thy great mercies sake.

Oh bende thine eares attentively to heare,
Oh turne thine eyes, behold me how I wayle,
O hearken Lord, give eare for mine availe,
O marke in minde the burdens that I beare:
See howe I sinke in sorrowes everye where.
Beholde and see what dollors I endure,
Give eare and marke what plaintes I put in ure.
Bende wylling eare: and pittie therewithall,
My wayling voyce,
Which hath no choyce.
But evermore upon thy name to call.

If thou good Lorde shouldest take thy rod in hande,
If thou regard what sinnes are daylye done,
If thou take holde where wee our workes begone,
If thou decree in Judgement for to stande,
And be extreame to see our scuses skande,
If thou take note of every thing amysse,
And wryte in rowles howe frayle our nature is,
O gloryous God, O King, O Prince of power,
What mortall wight,
Maye then have lyght,
To feele thy frowne, if thou have lyst to lowre?

But thou art good, and hast of mercye store,
Thou not delygh[t]st to see a sinner fall,
Thou hearknest first, before we come to call.
Thine eares are set wyde open evermore,
Before we knocke thou commest to the doore.
Thou art more prest to heare a sinner crye,
Then he is quicke to climbe to thee on hye.
Thy mighty name bee praysed then alwaye,
Let fayth and feare,
True witnesse beare.
Howe fast they stand which on thy mercy staye.

I looke for thee (my lovelye Lord) therefore.
For thee I wayte for thee I tarrye styll,
Myne eyes doe long to gaze on thee my fyll.
For thee I watche, for thee I prye and pore.
My Soule for thee attendeth evermore.
My Soule doth thyrst to take of thee a taste,
My Soule desires with thee for to bee plaste.
And to thy worde (which can no man deceyve)
Myne onely trust,
My love and lust
In co[n]fidence contin[u]allye shall cleave.

Before the breake or dawning of the daye,
Before the lyght be seene in loftye Skyes,
Before the Sunne appeare in pleasaunt wyse,
Before the watche (before the watche I saye)
Before the warde that waytes therefore alwaye:
My soule, my sense, my secreete thought, my sprite,
My wyll, my wishe, my joye, and my delight:
Unto the Lord that sittes in heaven on highe,
With hastye wing,
From me doeth fling,
And stryveth styll, unto the Lorde to flye.

O Israell, O housholde of the Lorde,
O *Abrahams* Brattes, O broode of blessed seede,
O chosen sheepe that love the Lord in deede:
O hungrye heartes, feede styll upon his worde,
And put your trust in him with one accorde.

For he hath mercye evermore at hande,
His fountaines flowe, his springes doe never stande.
And plenteouslye hee loveth to redeeme,
Such sinners all,
As on him call,
And faithfully his mercies most esteeme.

Hee wyll redeeme our deadly drowping state,
He wyll bring home the sheepe that goe astraye,
He wyll helpe them that hope in him alwaye:
He wyll appease our discorde and debate,
He wyll soone save, though we repent us late.
He wyll be ours if we continewe his,
He wyll bring bale to joye and perfect blisse.
He wyll redeeme the flocke of his electe,
From all that is,
Or was amisse.
Since *Abrahams* heyres dyd first his Lawes reject.

Ever or never.

¶ *Gascoignes Memories, written upon this occasion.* Hee had (in myddest of his youth) determined to abandone all vaine delightes and to returne unto Greyes Inne, there to undertake againe the studdie of the common Lawes. And being required by five sundry Gentlemen to write in verse somewhat worthye to bee remembred, before he entered into their fellowshippe, hee compiled these five sundrie sortes of metre uppon five sundrye theames, whiche they delivered unto him, and the first was at request of Frauncis Kinwelmarshe who delivered him this theame . *Audaces fortuna juvat* . And thereuppon hee wrote this Sonnette following.

IF yelding feare, or cancred villanie,
In *Cæsars* haughtie heart had tane the charge,
The walles of *Rome* had not bene rearde so hye,
Nor yet the mightye Empire left so large.
If *Menelaus* could have ruld his wyll,
With fowle reproche to loose his faire delight,

Then had the stately towres of *Troy* stoode styll,
And *Greekes* with grudge had dronke their owne despight.
If dread of drenching waves or feare of fire,
Had stayde the wandring Prince amydde his race,
Ascanius then, the fruite of his desire,
In *Lavine* Lande had not possessed place.
But true it is, where lottes doe lyght by chaunce,
There Fortune helpes the boldest to advaunce.

Sic tuli.

The nexte was at request of *Antony Kinwelmarshe*, who delivered him this theame, *Satis sufficit*, and thereupon he wrote as foloweth.

THe vaine excesse of flattering fortunes giftes,
Envenometh the minde with vanitye,
And beates the restelesse braine with endlesse driftes,
To staye the staffe of worldly dignitie:
The begger standes in like extremitie.
Wherfore to lacke the moste, and leave the least,
I coumpt enough as good as any feast.

By too too much *Dan Cræsus* caught his death,
And bought with bloud the price of glittering gold,
By too too litle many one lackes breath
And sterves in stretes a mirroure to beholde:
So pride for heate, and povertye pynes for colde.
Wherefore to lacke the most, and leave the least
I coumpt enough as good as any feast.

Store makes no sore: loe this seemes contrarye,
And mo the merier is a Proverbe eke,
But store of sores maye make a maladye,
And one to many maketh some to seeke,
When two be mette that bankette with a leeke:
Wherfore to lacke the most and leave the least,
I coumpt enough as good as any feast.

The rych man surfetteth by glottony,
Which feedeth still, and never standes content,
The poore agayne he pines for penurye,
Which lives with lacke when all and more is spente:
So to much and to little bothe bee shente.
Wherefore to lacke the moste, and leave the least,
I coumpt enough as good as any feast.

The conquerour with uncontented swaye,
Doth rayse up rebelles by his avarice,
The recreaunt dothe yeeld himselfe a praye,
To forraine spoyle by slouth and cowardyce:
So too much and to little both be vyce.
Wherefore to lacke the most, and leave the least,
I coumpt enough as good as any feast.

If so thy wife be too too fayre of face:
It drawes one gest too many to thine inne:
If she be fowle, and foyled with disgrace,
In other pillowes prickst thou many a pinne:
So fowle [prove] fooles, and fayrer fall to sinne.
Wherfore to lacke the moste, and leave the least
I coumpt enough as good as any feast.

And of enough, enough, and nowe no more,
Bycause my braynes no better can devise,
When thinges be badde, a small summe maketn store,
So of suche verse a fewe maye soone suffice:
Yet still to this my weary penne replyes.
That I sayde last, and though you like it least,
It is enough and as good as a feast.

Sic tuli.

John Vaughan delivered him this theame. *Magnum vectigal parcimonia*, where uppon he wrote thus.

THe common speech is, spend and God will send,
But what sendes he? a bottell and a bagge,
A staffe a wallet and a wofull ende,
For such as list in bravery so to bragge.

Then if thou covet coyne enough to spend,
Learne first to spare thy budget at the brinke,
So shall the bottome be the faster bound:
But he that list with lavish hand to linke,
(In like expence) a pennye with a pound,
May chaunce at last to sitte a side and shrinke
His harbraind head with out dame dainties dore.
Hick, [H]obbe, and Dick, with clouts upon their knee,
Have many times more goonhole grotes in store
And change of crownes more quicke at cal then he,
Which let their lease and take their rent before.
For he that rappes a royall on his cappe,
Before he put one penny in his pursse,
Had neede turne quicke and broch a better tappe,
Or els his drinke may chance go downe the wursse.
I not denie but some men have good hap,
To climbe a lofte by scales of courtly grace,
And winne the world with liberalitye:
Yet he that yerks old angells out apace,
And hath no newe to purchase dignitye,
When orders fall, may chaunce to lacke his grace.
For haggard hawkes mislike an emptie hand:
So stiffely some sticke to the mercers stall,
Till sutes of silke have swet out all their land.
So ofte thy neighbours banquet in thy hall,
Till Davie *Debet* in thy parler stand,
And bids the welcome to thine owne decay.
I like a Lions lookes not worth a leeke
When every Foxe beguiles him of his praye:
What sauce but sorrow serveth him a weeke,
Which all his cates consumeth in one daye?
First use thy stomacke to a stand of ale,
Before thy Malmesey come in Marchantes bookes,
And rather were (for shifte) thy shirte of male,
Than teare thy silken sleves with teynter hokes,
Put feathers in thy pillowes great and small,
Let them be princkt with plumes, that gape for plummes,
Heape up bothe golde and silver safe in hooches,
Catche, snatche, and scratche for scrapings and for crommes
Before thou decke thy hatte (on high) with brooches.

Lette first thyne one hand hold faste all that commes,
Before that other learne his letting flie:
Remember still that soft fire makes sweet malte,
No haste but good (who meanes to multiplye:)
Bought witte is deare, and drest with sower salte,
Repentaunce commes to late, and then saye I,
Who spares the first and keepes the last unspent,
Shall finde that sparing yeeldes a goodly rent.

Sic tuli.

Alexander Nevile delivered him this theame, *Sat cito, si sat bene*, whereupon hee compiled these seven Sonets in seq[u]ence, therin bewraying his owne *Nimis cito*: and therwith his *Vix bene*, as foloweth.

IN haste poste haste, when first my wandring minde,
Behelde the glistring Courte with gazing eye,
Suche deepe delightes I seemde therin to finde,
As might beguile a graver guest than I.
The stately pompe of Princes and their peeres,
Did seeme to swimme in flouddes of beaten goulde,
The wanton world of yong delightfull yeeres,
Was not unlyke a heaven for to behoulde.
Wherin dyd swarme (for every saint) a Dame,
So faire of hue, so freshe of their attire,
As might excell dame *Cinthia* for Fame,
Or conquer *Cupid* with his owne desire.
These and suche lyke were baytes that blazed still
Before myne eye to feede my greedy will.

2. Before mine eye to feede my greedy will,
Gan muster eke mine olde acquainted mates,
Who helpt the dish (of vayne delighte) to fill
My empty mouth with dayntye delicates:
And folishe boldenesse toke the whippe in hande,
To lashe my life into this trustlesse trace,
Til all in haste I leapte a loofe from lande,
And hoyste up soyle to catche a Courtly grace:

Eche lingring daye did seeme a world of wo,
Till in that haplesse haven my head was brought:
Waves of wanhope so tost me to and fro,
In deepe dispayre to drowne my dreadfull thought:
Eche houre a day eche day a yeare did seeme,
And every yeare a worlde my will did deeme.

3. And every yeare a worlde my will did deeme,
Till lo, at last, to Court nowe am I come,
A seemely swayne, that might the place beseeme,
A gladsome guest embraste of all and some:
Not there contente with common dignitie,
My wandring eye in haste, (yea poste poste haste)
Behelde the blazing badge of braverie,
For wante wherof, I thought my selfe disgraste:
Then peevishe pride puffte up my swelling harte,
To further foorth so hotte an enterprise:
And comely cost beganne to playe his parte,
In praysing patternes of mine owne devise.
Thus all was good that might be got in haste,
To princke me up, and make me higher plaste.

4. To prinke me up and make me higher plaste,
All came to late that taryed any time,
Pilles of provision pleased not my taste,
They made my heeles to heavie for to clime:
Mee thought it best that boughes of boystrous oake,
Should first be shread to make my feathers gaye.
Tyll at the last a deadly dinting stroake,
Brought downe the bulke with edgetooles of decaye:
Of every farme I then let flye a lease,
To feede the purse that payde for peevishnesse,
Till rente and all were falne in suche disease,
As scarse coulde serve to mayntayne cleanlynesse:
They bought, the bodie, fine, ferme, lease, and lande,
All were to little for the merchauntes hande.

5. All were to little for the merchauntes hande,
And yet my braverye bigger than his booke:
But when this hotte accompte was coldly scande,
I thought highe time about me for to looke:

With heavie cheare I caste my head abacke,
To see the fountaine of my furious race.
Comparde my losse, my living, and my lacke,
In equall balance with my jolye grace.
And sawe expences grating on the grounde
Like lumpes of lead to presse my pursse full ofte,
When light rewarde and recompence were founde,
Fleeting like feathers in the winde alofte:
These thus comparde, I left the Courte at large,
For why? the gaines doth seeldome quitte the charge.

6. For why? the gaines doth seldome quitte ye charge,
And so saye I, by proofe too dearely bought,
My haste mad wast, my brave and brainsicke barge,
Did float to fast, to catch a thing of nought:
With leasure, measure, meane, and many mo,
I mought have kept a chayre of quiet state,
But hastie heads can not bee setled so,
Till croked Fortune give a crabbed mate:
As busie braynes muste beate on tickle toyes,
As rashe invention breedes a rawe devise,
So sodayne falles doe hinder hastie joyes,
And as swifte baytes doe fleetest fyshe entice.
So haste makes waste, and therefore nowe I saye,
No haste but good, where wisdome makes the waye.

7. *No haste but good*, where wisdome makes the waye,
For profe whereof, behold the simple snayle,
(Who sees the souldiers carcasse caste a waye,
With hotte assaulte the Castle to assayle,)
By line and leysure clymes the loftye wall,
And winnes the turrettes toppe more conningly,
Than doughtye Dick, who loste his life and all,
With hoysting up his head to hastilye.
The swiftest bitche brings foorth the blyndest whelpes,
The hottest Fevers coldest crampes ensue,
The nakedst neede hathe over latest helpes:
With *Nevyle* then I finde this proverbe true,
That *haste makes waste*, and therefore still I saye,
No haste but good, where wisdome makes the waye.

Sic tuli.

Richarde Courtop (the last of the five) gave him this theame, *Durum æneum & miserabile ævum*, and thereupon hee wrote in this wise.

WHen peerelesse Princes courtes were free from flatterie,
The Justice from unequal doome, the quest from perjurie,
The pillers of the state, from proude presumption,
The clearkes from heresie, the commones from rebellion:
Then right rewardes were given, by swaye of dewe desarte,
Then vertues derlinges might be plaste aloft to play their part:
Then might they coumpt it true, that hath beene sayde of olde,
The children of those happie dayes, were borne in beds of golde,
And swadled in the same: the Nurse that gave them sucke,
Was wife to liberallitie, and lemman to good lucke.
When *Cæsar* woon the fielde, his captaines caught the Townes,
And every painful souldiours purse was crammed ful of crownes.
Licurgus for good Lawes, lost his owne libertie,
And thought it better to preferre common commoditie.
But nowe the times are turnde, it is not as it was,
The golde is gone, the silver sunke, and nothing left but brasse.
To see a King encroache, what wonder should it seeme,
When commons cannot be content, with countrie *Dyadeeme*?
The Prince maye dye a babe, trust up by trecherie,
Where vaine ambition doth move trustlesse nobillitye.
Errours in pulpit preache, where faith in priesthood failes,
Promotion (not devotion) is cause why cleargie quailes.
Thus is the stage stakt out, where all these partes be plaide,
And I the prologue should pronounce, but that I am afraide.
First *Cayphas* playes the Priest, and *Herode* sits as king,
Pylate the Judge, *Judas* the Jurour verdict in doth bring,
Vaine tatling plaies the vice, well cladde in ritche aray,
And poore Tom Trooth is laught to skorn, with garments nothing gay.
The woman wantonnesse, shee commes with ticing traine,
Pride in hir pocket plaies bo peepe, and bawdry in hir braine.
Hir handmaides be deceipte, daunger, and dalliaunce,
Riot and Revell follow hir, they be of hir alliaunce:
Next these commes in Sim Swashe, to see what sturre they keepe.
Clim of the Clough then takes his heeles, tis time for him to creepe:

To packe the pageaunt up, commes Sorrow with a song,
He say[s] these jestes can get no grotes, & al this geare goth wrong:
Fyrst pride without cause why, he singes the treble parte,
The meane hee mumbles out of tune, for lacke of life and hart:
Cost lost, the counter Tenor chanteth on apace,
Thus all in discords stands the cliffe, and beggrie singes the base.
The players loose their paines, where so fewe pence are sturring,
Their garmẽts weare for lacke of gains, & fret for lack of furring.
When all is done and past, was no part plaide but one,
For everye player plaide the foole, tyll all be spent and gone.
And thus this foolishe jest, I put in dogrell rime,
Because a crosier staffe is best, for such a crooked time.

Sic tuli.

¶ And thus an ende of these five Theames, admounting to the number of .CCLVIII. verses, devised ryding by the way, writing none of them untill he came at the ende of his Journey, the which was no longer than one day in ryding, one daye in tarying with his friend, and the thirde in returning to Greyes Inne: and therefore called Gascoignes memories.

¶ A gloze upon this text, *Dominus iis opus habet.*

MY recklesse race is runne, greene youth and pride be past,
My riper mellowed yeeres beginne to follow on as fast.
My glancing lookes are gone, which wonted were to prie,
In everie gorgious garishe glasse, that glistred in mine eie.
My sight is now so dimme, it can behold none such,
No mirrour but the merrie meane, can please my fansie much.
And in that noble glasse, I take delight to vewe,
The fashions of the wonted world, compared by the newe.
For marke who lyst to looke, eche man is for him selfe.
And beates his braine to hord & heape, this trashe & worldly pelfe.

Our handes are closed up, great giftes go not abroade,
Fewe men wyll lende a locke of heye, but for to gaine a loade.
Give Gave is a good man, what neede we lashe it out,
The world is wondrous feareful now, for danger bids men doubt.
And aske how chaunceth this? or what meanes all this meede?
Forsoothe the common aunswere is, because *the Lord hath neede.*
A noble jest by gisse, I finde it in my glasse,
The same freeholde our saviour Christ, conveyed to his asse.
A texte to trie the trueth, and for this time full fitte,
Fo[r] where should we our lessons learne, but out of holy writte?
First marke our onely God, which ruleth all the rost,
He sets a side all pompe and pride, wherin fond wordlings boast.
His trayne is not so great, as filthy Sathans band,
A smaller heard maye serve to feede, at our great masters hand.
Next marke the heathens Gods, and by them shall we see,
They be not now so good fellowes, as they were wonte to be.
Jove, *Mars*, and *Mercurie*, Dame *Venus* and the rest,
They bãquet not as they were wont, they know it were not best.
So kinges and princes both, have left their halles at large,
Their privie chambers cost enough, they cut off every charge.
And when an office falles, as chaunce somtimes maye bee,
First kepe it close a yere or twayne, then geld it by the fee.
And give it out at last, but yet with this proviso,
(A bridle for a brainsicke Jade) *durante bene placito.*
Some thinke these ladders low, to climbe alofte with speede:
Well let them creepe at leisure thẽ, for sure *the Lord hath neede.*
Dukes Earles and Barons bold, have learnt like lesson nowe,
They breake up house & come to courte, they live not by ye plowe.
Percase their roomes be skant, not like their stately boure,
A field bed in a corner coucht, a pallad on the floure.
But what for that? no force, they make thereof no boast,
They feede them selves with delycates, and at the princes cost.
And as for all their men, their pages and their swaynes,
They choke thẽ up with chynes of beefe, to multiply their gaines.
Themselves lie neere to looke, when any leafe doth fall,
Such cromes were wont to feede pore gromes, but nowe ye Lords licke al.

And why? oh sir, because, both dukes & lords have neede,
I mocke not I, my text is true, beleeve it as your creede.
Our Prelates and our Priests, can tell this text with mee,
They can hold fast their fattest fermes, and let no lease go free.
They have both wife and childe, which maye not be forgot,
The scriptures say *the Lord hath neede*, and therfore blame them not.
Then come a little lower, unto the contrye knight,
The squire and the gentleman, they leave the countrye quite,
Their Halles were all to large, their tables were to long,
The clouted shoes came in so faste, they kepte to great a throng,
And at the porters lodge, where lubbers wonte to feede,
The porter learnes to answere now, hence hence *the Lord hath neede*.
His gestes came in to thicke, their diet was to great,
Their horses eate up all the hey, which should have fed his neate:
Their teeth were farre to fine, to feede on porke and souse,
Fyve flocks of sheepe could scarce maintaine good mutten for his house.
And when this count was cast, it was no biding here,
Unto the good towne is he gonne, to make his frends good cheere.
And welcome there that will, but shall I tell you howe:
At his owne dish he feedeth them, that is the fashion nowe,
Side bords be layed aside, the tables ende is gonne,
His cooke shall make you noble cheere,-but hostler hath he none.
The chargers now be changde, wherin he wont to eate,
An olde frutedish is bigge ynough to hold a joynte of meate.
A sallad or a sauce, to tast your cates with all,
Som strãg devise to feede mẽs eies, mẽs stomacks now be small.
And when the tenauntes come to paie their quarters rent,
They bringe some fowle at Midsommer, a dish of Fish in Lent,
At Christmasse a capon, at Mighelmasse a goose:
And somewhat else at Newyeres tide, for feare their lease flie loose.
Good reason by my troth, when Gentlemen lacke groates,
Let Plowmen pinche it out for pence, & patch their russet coates:
For better Fermers fast, than Manner houses fall,

The Lord hath neede, than says the text, bring old Asse colt & all.
Well lowest nowe at last, let see the contrye loute,
And marke how he doth swink & sweat, to bring this geare about:
His feastinges be but fewe, cast whipstockes clout his shoone,
The wheaten loafe is locked up as sone as dinners doone:
And where he wonte to kepe a lubber, two or three,
Now hath he learnd to kepe no more, but Sim his sonne and he,
His wife and Mawde his mayd, a boye to pitch the carte,
And turne him up at Hollontide, to feele the winter smarte:
Dame Alyson his wife doth knowe the price of meale,
Hir bride cakes be not halfe so bigge as she was wont to steale:
She weares no silver hookes, she is content with worsse,
Hir pendantes and hir silver pinnes she putteth in hir pursse.
Thus learne I by my glasse, that merrie meane is best,
And he most wise that finds the meane, to keepe himselfe at rest.
Perchaunce some open mouth will mutter now and than,
And at the market tell his mate, our landlordes a zore man:
He racketh up our rentes, and keepes the best in hand,
He makes a wõdrous deale of good out of his own measne land:
Yea let suche pelters prate, saint *Needam* be their speede,
We neede no text to answer them, but this, *The Lord hath nede.*

Ever or never.

An Epitaph upon Captaine *Bourcher* late slaine in the warres in *Zelande*, the which hath bene termed the tale of a stone as foloweth.

FYe Captaines fie, your tongues are tyed to close,
Your Souldiours eke by silence purchase shame:
Can no man penne in meetre nor in prose,
The lyfe, the death, the valliaunt actes, the fame,
The birth, behaviour, nor the noble name,
Of such a feere as you in fight have lost:
Alas such paines would quickly quite the cost.

Bourcher is dead, whome eche of you dyd knowe,
Yet no man writes one worde to paint his praise,
His sprite on highe, his carkasse here belowe,
Doth both condemne your doting ydle dayes:
Yet ceasse they not to sounde his worthy wayes,
Who lived to dye, and dyed againe to live,
With death deere bought, he dyd his death forgive.

Hee might for byrth have boasted noble race,
Yet were his manners meeke and alwayes milde,
Who gave a gesse by gazing on his face,
And judgde thereby, might quickly be beguilde,
In fielde a Lion, and in Towne a Childe,
Fierce to his foe, but courteouse to his friende.
Alas the while, his life so soone should ende?

To serve his Prince his life was ever prest,
To serve his God, his death he thought but dew,
In all attempts as foreward as the best,
And all to forewardes, which we all may rew,
His life so shewed, his death eke tried it true:
For where his foes in thickest prease dyd stande,
Bourcher caught bane with bloodie sworde in hande.

And marke the courage of a noble heart,
When he in bed laye wounded wondrous sore,
And heard allarme, he soone forgot his smart,
And calde for armes to shewe his service more:
I wyll to fielde (quod he) and God before.
Which sayde, he sailde into more quiet coast,
Styll praysing God, and so gave up the ghost.

Nowe muze not reader though we stones can speake,
Or write sometimes the deedes of worthy ones,
I could not holde although my heart should breake,
(Because here by me buryed are his bones,)
But I must tell this tale thus for the nones
When men crye mumme and keepe such silence long,
Then stones must speake, els dead men shall have wrong.

Finis quod Marmaduke Marblestone.

¶ *A devise of a Maske for the right honorable Viscount Mountacute*, written upon this occasion, when the sayde L. had prepared to solemnize twoo marriages betweene his sonne and heyre, and the Daughter of syr William Dormer Knight, and betweene the sonne and heyre of syr William Dormer, and the Daughter of the said L. Mountacute: there were eight Gentlemen (all of blood or alliaunce to the sayd L. Mountacute) which had determined to present a Maske at the daye appointed for the sayd marriages, and so farre they had proceeded therein, that they had alreadye bought furniture of Silkes, &c, and had caused their garmentes to bee cut of the Venetian fashion. Nowe then they began to imagine that (without some speciall demonstration) it would seeme somewhat obscure to have Venetians presented rather than other countrey men. Whereupon they entreated the Auĉthour to devise some verses to bee uttered by an Aĉtor wherein might be some discourse convenient to render a good cause of the Venetians presence. The Auĉthour calling to minde that there is a noble house of the Mountacutes in Italie, and therwithall that the L. Mountacute here doth quarter the coate of an auncient English Gentleman called Mountherner, and hath the inheritaunce of the sayde house, dyd thereupon devise to bring in a Boye of the age of twelve or .xiiii. yeeres, who should faine that he was a Mountherner by the fathers side, and a Mountacute by the mothers side, and that his father being slaine at the last warres against the Turke, and he there taken, hee was recovered by the Venetians in their last viĉtorie, and with them sayling towardes Venice, they were driven by tempest upon these coastes, and so came to the marriage upon report as followeth, and the sayde Boye pronounced the devise in this sort.

WHat wõder you my Lords? why gaze you gentlemen?
And wherefore marvaile you *Mez Dames*, I praye you tell mee then?
Is it so rare a sight, or yet so straunge a toye,
Amongst so many nooble peeres, to see one *Pouer Boye*?

Why? boyes have bene allowed in everye kinde of age,
As *Ganymede* that pretye boye, in Heaven is *Jove* his page.
Cupid that mighty God although his force be fearse,
Yet is he but a naked Boye, as Poets doe rehearse.
And many a preetye boye a mightye man hath proved,
And served his Prince at all assayes deserving to bee loved.
Percase my strange attire my glittering golden gite,
Doth eyther make you marvaile thus, or move you with delite.
Yet wonder not my Lordes for if your honours please,
But even to give me eare a while, I wyll your doubtes appease.
And you shall knowe the cause, wherefore these roabes are worne,
And why I goe outlandishe lyke, yet being Englishe borne.
And why I thus presume to presse into this place,
And why I (simple boye) am bolde to looke such men in face.
Fyrst then you must perstande, I am no straunger I,
But English boye, in England borne, and bred but even hereby.
My father was a Knight, *Mount Hermer* was his name,
My mother of the *Mountacutes*, a house of worthy fame.
My father from his youth was trained up in field,
And alwayes toke his chiefe delight, in helmet speare and shielde.
Soldado for his life, and in his happie dayes,
Soldado like hath lost his life, to his immortall prayse.
The thundering fame which blewe about the worlde so wyde,
Howe that the Christian enemye, the Turke that Prince of pride,
Addressed had his power, to swarme uppon the Seas,
With Gallies, foists, and such lik[e] ships, well armde at al assaies.
And that he made his vaunt, the greedy fishe to glut,
With gobs of Christian carkasses, in cruell peeces cut.
These newes of this report, did pearce my fathers eares,
But never touched his noble heart, with any sparke of feares.
For well he knewe the trade of all the *Turkishe* warres,
And had amongst them shed his blood, at many cruell jarres.
In *Rhodes* his race begonne, a slender tal[l] yong man,
Where he by many martiall feats, his spurres of knighthood wan.
Yea though the peece was lost, yet won he honour styll,
And evermore against the *Turkes* he warred by his wyll.
At *Chios* many knowe, how hardily he fought,
And howe with streames of stryving blood, his honoure deare hee bought.

At length enforst to yeeld with many captaines mo,
He bought his libertie with Landes, and let his goodes ago.
*Zechines** of glistering golde, two thousand was his price,
The which to paye his landes must leape, for else he were unwise.
Beleeve me nowe my Lordes although the losse be mine,
Yet I confesse them better solde, than lyke a slave to pine.
"For landes maye come againe, but lybertie once lost,
"Can never finde such recompence, as countervailes the cost.
My selfe now know the case, who lyke my fathers lot,
Was lyke of late for to have lost my libertie God wot.
My father (as I saye) enforste to leave his lande,
In mortgage to my mothers kinne, for ready coyne in hande,
Gan nowe upon these newes, which earst I dyd rehearse,]
Prepare himselfe to save his pawne, or else to leese his phearce.
And first his raunsome payde, with that which dyd remaine,
He rigged up a proper *Barke*, was called *Leffort Brittaine*.
And lyke a venturer (besides him seemely selfe)
Determined for to venture me and all his worldly pelfe.
Perhappes some hope of gaine perswaded so his minde,
For sure his hauty heart was bent, some greate exploite to finde.
Howe so it were, the windes nowe hoysted up our sailes,
Wee furrowing in the foming flooddes, to take our best availes.
Now hearken to my wordes, and marke you well the same,
For nowe I wyll declare the cause, wherefore I hyther came.
My father (as I saye) had set up all his rest,
And tost on seas both daye and night, disdayning ydle rest,
We left our forelandes ende, we past the coast of *Fraunce*,
We reacht the cape of *Finis Terre* our course for to advaunce.
We past *Marrocchus* streightes, and at the last descried,
The fertile coastes of *Cyprus* soile, which I my selfe first spyed.
My selfe (a foreward boye) on highest top was plast,
And there I saw the *Cyprian* shoare, whereto we sayld in haste.
Which when I had declared unto the masters mate,
He lepte for joye and thanked God, of that our happy state.
"But what remaines to man, that can continue long?
"What sunne can shine so cleare & bright but cloudes may ryse among?
Which sentence soone was proved, by our unhappy hap,
We thought our selves full neere our friendes, & light in enemies lap.

* A peece of golde like the Crusado.

* The chiefe Cittie in Cyprus.

The *Turke* y^t^ Tirant he, with siege had girte the walles,
Of famous *Famagosta** then and sought to make them thralles.
And as he laye by lande, in strong and stately trenche,
So was his power prest by Sea, his Christian foes to drenche.
Upon the waltring waves, his Foistes and Gallies fleete,
More forrest like than orderly, for such a man most meete.
This heavy sight once seene, we turnde our course apace,
And set up al our sailes in haste, to give suche furie place.
But out alas, our willes, and windes were contrarie,
For raging blastes did blowe us still uppon our enimie.
My father seeing then, whereto he needes must go,
And that the mighty hand of God, had it appointed so,
Most like a worthy knight (though certaine of his death)
Gan cleane forget all wayling wordes, as lavishe of his breath.
And to his Christian crewe, this (too shorte) tale he told,
To comfort them which seemde to faint, & make the coward bold,
"Fellowes in armes, quod hee, although I beare the charge,
"And take upon mee chieftaines name, of this unhappy barge,
"Yet are you all my pheares, and as one companie,
"Wee must like true companions, togeather live and die,
"You see quod hee our foes, with furious force at hand,
"And in whose handes our handfull heere, unable is to stand,
"What resteth then to doe, should we unto them yeeld?
"And wi[l]fully receive that yoke, which Christians cannot weld.
"No sure, hereof be sure, our lives were so unsure,
"And though we live, yet so to live, as better death endure.
"To heare those hellishe fiendes in raging blasphemie,
"Defye our onely Saviour, were this no miserie?
"To see the fowle abuse of boyes in tender yeeres,
"The which I knowe must needes abhorre all honest Christians eares.
"To see maides ravished, Wives, Women forst by feare,
"And much more mischiefe than this time can let me utter here.
"Alas, quod he, I tell not all, my tongue is tyde,
"But all the slaveries on the earth, we should with them abide.
"How much were better than, to dye in worthy wise,
"And so to make our carkasses, a wylling Sacrifice?
"So shall we paye the debt, which unto God is due,

"So shall you die in his defence, who deind to die for you.
"And who with hardy hand, most Turkish tikes can quell,
"Let him accompt in conscience, to please his maker well.
"You see, quod he, my sonne, wherewith hee lookt on mee,
"Whome but a babe, yet have I brought, my partner here to bee.
"For him, I must confesse, my heart is pensive nowe,
"To leave him lyving thus in youth, to die I know not how.
"But since it pleaseth God, I may not murmure I,
"If God had pleased we both should live, and as God wyll we dye.
Thus with a braying sigh, his noble tongue he stayde,
Commaunding all the ordinaunce, in order to be laide.
And placing all his men in order for to fight,
Fell groveling styll upon his face, before them all in sight.
And when in secreete so, he whispered had a while,
He raisde his head with cheerefull looke, his sorrowes to beguile:
And with the rest he prayde, to God in heaven on hie,
Which ended thus, *Thou onely Lord, canst helpe in miserie.*
This sayd (behold) the *Turkes* enclosde us round about,
And seemde to wonder that we durst resist so great a rout.
Wherat they doubt not long, for though our power was slender,
We sent them signes by Canon shot, that we ment not to render.
Then might we see them chafe, then might we heare them rage,
And all at once they bent their force, about our silly cage.
Our ordinaunce bestowed, our men them selves defend,
On every side so thicke beset, they might not long contend.
But as their captaine wilde, eche man his force did strayne,
To send a Turke (some two or three) unto the hellishe trayne,
And he himselfe which sawe, he might no more abide,
Did thrust amide the thickest throng, and so with honour died.
With him there dyed like wise, his best aproved men,
The rest did yeeld as men amazd, they had no courage then.
Amongest the which my selfe, was tane by Turkes alas,
And with the Turkes a turkish life, in *Turkie* must I passe.
I was not done to death for so I often cravde,
But like a slave before the Gattes, of *Famagosta* savde.
That peece once put to sacke, I thither was conveyed,

And under savegard evermore, I silly boye was stayed.
There dyd I see such sightes, as yet my heart do pricke,
I sawe the noble **Bragadine*, when he was fleyd quicke.
First like a slave enforst to beare to every breach,
Two baskets laden full with earth **Mustaffa* dyd him teach.
By whome he might not passe before he kyst the grounde,
These cruell tormentes (yet with mo) that worthy souldior found.
His eares cut from his head, they set him in a chayre,
And from a maine yard hoisted him aloft into the ayre,
That so he might be shewed with crueltie and spight,
Unto us all, whose weeping eyes dyd much abhorre the sight.
Alas why do I thus with woefull wordes rehearse,
These werye newes which all our heartes with pittie needes must pearce?
Well then to tell you forth, I styll a slave remaind,
To one, which *Prelybassa* hight, who held me styll enchaind.
With him I went to Seas into the gulfe of *Pant*,
With many christians captives mo, which dyd their freedom wãt.
There with the Turkishe traine we were enforst to staye,
With waltring styll upon the waves, dyd waite for furder praye.
For why? they had advise, that the *Venetian* fleete,
Dyd floote in *Argostilly* then, with whome they hopte to meete.
And as they waltered thus with tides and billowes tost,
Their hope had hap, for at the last they met them to their cost.
As in *October* last uppon the seventh daye,
They found the force of christian knightes addrest in good aray.
And shall I trie my tong to tell the whole discourse,
And howe they did encounter first, and howe they joynd in force?
Then harken nowe my lords, for sure my memorye,
Doth yet recorde the very plot of all this victorye,
The christian crew came on, in forme of battayle pight,
And like a cressent cast them selves preparing for to fight.
On other side the Turkes, which trusted power to much,
Disorderly did spread their force, the will of God was such.
Well at the last they met, and first with cannones thunder,
Eache other sought with furious force to slit their ships in sunder.

* The governour of Famagosta.

* The generall of the Turkes.

The barkes are battered sore, the gallies gald with shot,
The hulks are hit, and every man must stand unto his lot.
The powder sendes his smoke into the cruddy skies,
The smoulder stops our nose with stench, the fume offends our eies.
The pots of lime unsleakt, from highest top are cast,
The parched pease are not for got to make them slip as fast.
The wilde fire works are wrought and cast in foemens face,
The grappling hooks are stretched foorth, ye pikes are pusht a pace.
The halbert[s] hewe on hed, the browne billes bruse the bones,
The harquebush doth spit his spight, with prety persing stones.
The drummes crie dub a dub, the braying trumpets blow,
The whistling fifes are seldom herd, these sounds do drowne thē so.
The voyce of warlike wights, to comfort them that faynt,
The pitious plaints of golden harts, which were with feares attaint.
The groning of such ghosts as gasped nowe for breath,
The praiers of the better sort, prepared unto death.
And to be short, eache griefe which on the earth maye growe,
Was eath and easie to be found, upon these floudes to flowe.
If any sight on earth, maye unto hell resemble,
Then sure this was a hellishe sighte, it makes me yet to tremble:
And in this bloudie fight, when halfe the daye was spent,
It pleazed God to helpe his flocke, which thus in poūd was pent.
The generall of *Spayne*, gan gald that galley sore,
Where in my *Prely Bassa* was, and grievde it more and more:
Upon that other side, with force of sworde and flame,
The good *Venetian* Generall dyd charge upon the same.
At leength they came aboorde, and in his raging pride,
Stroke of this Turkish captains head, which blasphemd as it dide:
Oh howe I feele the bloud now trickle in my brest,
To thinke what joye then pierst my heart, and how I thought me blest.
To see that cruell Turke which held me as his slave,
By happie hand of Christians, his paiment thus to have:

His head from shoulders cut, upon a Pike dyd stand,
The which *Don John* of *Austrye*, helde in his triumphant hand.
The boldest *Bassa* then, that dyd in life remaine,
Gan tremble at the sight hereof, for privy griefe and paine.
Thus when these fierce had fought, from morning untyl night,
Christ gave his flocke the victory, and put his foes to flight:
And of the Turkishe traine, were eyght score Galleys tane,
Fifteene sunke, five and twenty burnt, & brought unto their bane,
Of Christians set at large were foureteene thousand soules,
Turkes twentie thousand registred in *Belzebub* his rolles.
Thus have you nowe my Lordes, the summe of all their fight,
And trust it all for true I tell, for I was styll in sight:
But when the Seas were calme, and skies began to cleare,
When foes were all or dead or fled, and victors dyd appeare.
Then every Christian sought amongst us for his friende,
His kinsman or companion, some succour them to lende:
And as they ransakte so, loe God his wyll it was,
A noble wise *Venetian*, by me dyd chaunce to passe:
Who gazing on my face, dyd seeme to lyke me well,
And what my name, and whence I was, commaunded me to tel:
I now which waxed bolde, as one that scaped had,
From deepest hell to highest heaven, began for to be glad:
And with a lively sprite, began to pleade my case,
And hid not from this worthy man, myne auntient worthy race:
And tolde my fathers name, and howe I dyd descende,
From *Mountacutes* by Mothers side, nor there my tale dyd ende.
But furthermore I tolde my Fathers late exployte,
And how he left [landes,] goodes & life, to pay *son Dieu son droit.*
Nor of my selfe I craved so credited to bee,
For lo there were remaining yet, *These foure whom here you see.*
Which all were Englishe borne, and knewe I had not lyed,
And were my Fathers souldiors eke, and sawe him how he dyed.

The foure torche bearers, that came in with the Actor.

This grave *Venetian* who heard the famous name,
Of *Mountacutes* rehersed there, which long had bene of fame
In *Italy*, and he of selfe same worthy race,

Gan straight with many curteous words, in arms me to imbrace.
And kyssed me on cheeke, and bad me make good cheere,
And thank the mighty hand of God, for that which hapned there,
Confessing that he was him selfe a *Mountacute*,
And bare the selfe same armes that I dyd quarter in my scute:
And for a further proofe, he shewed in his hat,
This token which the *Mountacutes* dyd beare alwaies, for that
They covet to be knowne from *Capels* where they passe,
For auncient grutch which lõg ago, twene these two houses was.
Then tooke me by the hand, and ledde me so aboorde,
His Galley: where there were yfeere, full many a comely Lorde:
Of whome eyght *Mountacutes* dyd sitte in highest place,
To whom this first declared first my name, and then my race:
Lo Lordings here (quod he) a babe of our owne bloods,
Whõ *Turks* had tane, his father slaine, with losse of lands & goods:
See how God favours us, that I should find him nowe,
I straunge to him, he straunge to mee, we met I know not howe.
But sure when I him saw, and gazed in his face,
Me thought he was a *Mountacute*, I chose him by his grace.
Herewith he dyd rehearse my Fathers valiaunt deede,
For losse of whome eche *Mountacute*, did seeme in heart to bleede.
They all embrast me then, and straight as you may see,
In comely garments trimde me up, as brave as brave may bee:
I was in sackcloath I, nowe am I cladde in Golde,
And weare such roabes, as I my selfe take pleasure to beholde.
Amongst their other giftes, *this token they me gave*,
And bad me lyke a *Mountacute*, my selfe alway behave.
Nowe hearken then my Lordes, I staying on the Seas
In consort of these lovely Lordes, with comfort and with ease,
Determined with them in *Italie* to dwell,
And there by traine of youthfull yeeres in knowledge to excell.
That so I might at last reedifye the walles,
Which my good father had decaide by tossing fortunes balles.
And while they slice the Seas to their desired shore,

The Actor had a token in his cap like to the Mountacutes of Italie.

The token that he dyd weare in his cappe. The Montacutes and capels in Italye do were tokens in their cappes to be knowen one from another.

Beholde a lytle gale began, encreasing more and more.
At last with raging blast, which from Southeast dyd blowe,
Gan sende our sailes upon these shores, which I ful wel did know.
I spyed the Chalkie Clyves upon the Kentishe coast,
Whereby our Lande hight *Albyon*, as *Brutus* once dyd boast.
Which I no sooner sawe, but to the rest I sayde,
Siate di buona voglia, My Lordes be well apaide:
I see by certaine signes these Tempestes have us cast,
Upon my native countrey coastes with happy hap at last:
And if your honours please this honour me to doo,
In Englishe havens to harbour you, and see our Cities too:
Lo *London* is not farre, whereas my friendes would bee,
Right glad, with favour to requite your favour shewed to mee:
Vouchsafe my Lordes (quod I) to stay upon this strand,
And whiles your Barks be rigged new, remaine with me on land.
Who though I bee a Boye, my Father dead and slaine,
Yet shall you see I have some friendes which wyll you entertaine.
These Noble men which are, the flowre of curtesie,
Dyd not disdaine this my request, but tooke it thankfullie.
And from their battered Barkes commaunded to be cast,
Some **Gondalaes*, wherin upon our pleasant streames they past.
Into the mo[u]th of *Thames*, thus dyd I them transport,
And to *London* at the last, whereas I heard report,
Even as we landed first, of this twise happie day,
To thinke whereon I leapt for joye, as I both must and may.
And to these lovely Lordes, which are *Magnificoes*,
I dyd declare the whole discourse in order as it rose:
That you my Lorde who are the chiefest *Mountacute*,
And he whome Englishe *Mountacutes* their onely staye impute,
Had found the meanes this daye to match your sonne and heire,
In marriage with a worthy dame, which is both fresh and faire,
And (as reportes are spread) of goodly quallyties,
A virgin trayned from hir youth in godly exercise,
Whose brother had like wise your daughter tane to wife,
And so by double lynkes enchaynde themselves in lovers life:
These noble *Mountacutes* which were from *Venice* droven,
By tempest (as I tolde before) wherewith they long had stroven,

* Venetian botes.

Gan nowe give thankes to God which so did them convay,
To see such honours of their kinne in such a happie day.
And straight they mee intreat, whom they might wel commaund,
That I should come to you my Lord, first them to recommaund,
And then this boone to crave, that under your protection,
They might be bolde to enter here, devoyd of all suspection,
And so in friendly wise for to conselebrate,
This happie match solemnized, according to your state.
Lo this is all they crave, the which I can not doubt,
But that your Lordship soone will graunt, with more, if more ye mought:
Yea were it for no more, but for the Curtesie,
Which as I saye they shewde to me in greate extremitye:
They are *Venetians*, and though from *Venice* reft,
They come in such *Venecian* robes, as they on seas had left:
And since they be your friendes, and kinsmen too by blood,
I trust your entretainement will be to them right good:
They will not tarry long, lo nowe I heare their drumme,
Behold, lo nowe I see them here, in order howe they come,
Receive them well my lord, so shall I praye all wayes,
That God vouchsafe to blesse this house with many happie days.

After the maske was done, the Actor tooke master Tho. Bro. by the hand an[d] brought him to the Venetians, with these words:

Guardate Signori my lovely Lords behold,
This is another *Mountacute*, hereof you may bee bold.
Of such our patrone here, *The viscont Mountacute*,
Hath many comely sequences, well sorted all in sute.
But as I spied him first, I could not let him passe,
I tooke the carde that likt me best, in order as it was.
And here to you my lords, I do present the same,
Make much of him, I pray you then, for he is of your name.
For whome I dare advante, he may your Trounchman bee,
Your herald and ambassadour, let him play all for me.

Then the Venetians embraced and received the same maister Tho. Browne, and after they had a while whispered with him, he torned to the Bridegroomes and Brides, saying thus.

BRother, these noblemen to you nowe have me sent,
As for their Trounchman to expound the effect of their intent.
They bid me tell you then, they like your worthy choyce,
And that they cannot choose therin but triumph and rejoyce.
As farre as gesse may give, they seeme to praise it well,
They saye betweene your Ladyes eyes, doth *Gentilezza* dwell.
I terme it as they doo, their english is but weake,
And I (God knowes) am al to yong, beyond sea speach to speake.
And you my sister eke they seeme for to commend,
With such good wor[d]es as may beseeme a cosin and a friend.
They lyke your chosen pheare, so praye they for your sake,
That he maye alwayes be to you, a faythfull loving make.
This in effect is all, but that they crave a boone,
That you will give them licence yet, to come and see you soone.
Then will they speake them selves, such english as they can,
I feare much better then I speake, that am an english man.
Lo nowe they take their leaves of you and of your dames,
Here after shal you see their face and knowe them by their nam[e]s.

Then when they had taken their leaves the Actor did make an ende thus.

And I your *Servidore*, *vi bascio le mani*,
These wordes I learnt amongst them yet, although I learnt not many.

Haud ictus sapio.

The refusal of a lover, writen to a gentlewoman who had refused him and chosen a husband (as he thought) much inferior to himselfe, both in knowledge, birth, and parsonage, wherin he bewraieth both their names in clowdes, and how she was won from him with swete gloves, and broken ringes.

I Cannot wish thy griefe, although thou worke my wooe,
Since I profest to be thy friend, I cannot be thy foe:
But if thinges done and past, might well be cald agayne,
Then would I wishe the wasted wordes, which I have spent in vayne:
Were yet untold to thee, in earnest or in game,
And that my doubtfull musing mind, had never thought ye same.
For whiles I thee beheld, in carefull thoughtes I spent,
My liking lust, my luckelesse love which ever truely ment.
And whiles I sought a meane, by pittie to procure,
Too latte I found that gorged haukes, do not esteme the lure.
This vauntage hast thou then, thou mayest wel brag and boast.
Thou mightest have had a lustye lad of stature with the most,
And eke of noble mind: his vertues nothing base,
Do well declare that he desends, of auncient worthy race.
Save that I *not his name, and though I could it tell,
My friendly pen shall let it passe, bicause I love him well.
And thou hast chosen one of meaner parentage,
Of stature smale and therewithall, unequall for thine age.
His *thewes unlike the first, yet hast thou hote desire,
To play thee in his flitting flames, God graunt they prove not fire.
Him holdest thou as deare, and he thy Lord shall bee,
(Too late alas) thou lovest him, that never loved thee.
And for just profe hereof, marke what I tell is true,
Some dismold daye shall chaunge his minde, and make him seeke a new.
Then wylt thou much repent, thy bargaine made in haste,
And much lament those perfumd Gloves, which yeeld such sower taste,
And eke the falsed faith, which lurkes in broken ringes,

* Know not

* Good qualities.

Though hand in hand say otherwise, yet do I know such thinges.
Then shalt thou sing and saye, farewell my trusty Squyer,
Would God my mind had yeelded once, unto thy just desire.
Thus shalt thou wayle my want, and I thy great unrest,
Which cruel *Cupid* kindled hath, within thy broken brest.
Thus shalt thou find it griefe, which earst thou thoughtest game,
And I shall heare the wearie newes, by true reporting fame.
Lamenting thy mishap, in source of swelling teares,
Harding my heart with cruell care, which frosen fansie beares.
And though my just desert, thy pittie could not move,
Yet wyl I washe in wayling wordes, thy careles childishe love.
And saye as *Troylus* sayde, since that I can no more,
Thy wanton wyll dyd waver once, and woe is me therefore.

Si fortunatus infœlix.

¶ Pride in Court written by a Gentlewoman in Court, who (when shee was there placed) seemed to disdaine him, contrarie to a former profession.

WHen daunger keepes the doore, of Ladye bewties bowre,
Whẽ jelouse toyes have chased Trust out of hir strõgest towre.
Then faith and trooth maye flye, then falshood winnes the field,
Then feeble naked fautlesse heartes, for lacke of fence must yeeld.
And then prevailes as much to hoppe against the hyll,
As seeke by suite for to appease a froward Ladies wyll.
For oathes and solempne vowes, are wasted then in vaine,
And truth is compted but a toye, when such fond fancies raigne.
The sentence sone is sayde, when will it selfe is Judge,
And quickly is the quarrell pickt, when Ladies list to grudge.
This sing I for my selfe, (which wroate this weary song)
Who justly may complaine my case, if ever man had wrong.
A Lady have I serv'd, a Lady have I lov'd,
A Ladies good wyll once I had, hir yll wyll late I prov'd.
In countrey first I knewe hir, in countrey first I caught hir,
And out of countrey nowe in Court, to my cost have I sought hir.

In Court where Princes raigne, hir place is nowe assignde,
And well were worthy for the roome, if she were not unkinde.
There I (in wonted wise) dyd shewe my selfe of late,
And found that as the soile was chang'd, so love was turnd to hate.
But why? God knowes, not I: save as I sayde before,
Pitie is put from porters place, and daunger keepes the dore.
If courting then have skill, to chaunge good Ladies so,
God send eche wilful Dame in Court, some wound of my like wo.
That with a troubled head, she may both turne and tosse,
In restlesse bed when she should sleepe and feele of love the losse.
And I (since porters put me from my wonted place)
And deepe deceipte hath wrought a wyle to wrest me out of grace:
Wyll home againe to cart, as fitter were for mee,
Then thus in court to serve and starve, where such proude porters bee.

Si fortunatus infœlix.

¶ This question being propounded by a Dame unto the Auĉthour, to witte, why he should write Spreta tamen vivunt, he aunswereth thus.

DEspysed things may live, although they pine in payne:
And things ofte trodden under foote, may once yet rise againe.
The stone that lieth full lowe, may clime at last full hye:
And stand a loft on stately towr's, in sight of every eye.
The cruell Axe which felles the tree that grew full straight:
Is worne with rust, when it renewes, and springeth up on height.
The rootes of rotten Reedes in swelling seas are seene:
And when eche tide hath tost his worst, they grow againe ful greene.
Thus much to please my selfe, unpleasauntly I sing.
And shrich to ease my morning minde, in spite of envies sting.

I am nowe set full light, who earst was dearely lov'd:
Som new foũd choise is more estemd, than y^t^ which wel was prov'd.
Some *Diomede* is crept into Dame *Cressides* hart:
And trustie *Troylus* nowe is taught in vaine to playne his part.
What resteth then for me? but thus to wade in wo:
And hang in hope of better chaunce, when chaunge appointeth so.
I see no sight on earth, but it to Chaunge enclines:
As litle clowdes oft overcast, the brightest Sunne that shines.
No Flower is so freshe, but frost can it deface:
No man so sure in any seate, but he maye leese his place.
So that I stand content (though much against my mind)
To take in worth this lothsome lot, which luck to me assynd,
And trust to see the time, when they that nowe are up:
May feele the whirle of fortunes wheele, and tast of sorrowes cup.
God knoweth I wishe it not, it had bene bet for mee:
Styll to have kept my quiet chayre in hap of high degree.
But since without recure, Dame Chaunge in love must raigne:
I now wish chaunge that sought no chaũge, but constãt did remaine.
And if suche chaunge do chaunce, I vowe to clap my hands,
And laugh at them which laught at me: lo thus my fansie standes.

Spreta tamen vivunt.

¶ In trust is Treason, written by a Lover, leaning onelye to his Ladies promises, and finding them to fayle.

THe straightest Tree that growes upon one onely roote:
If that roote fayle, wyll quickly fade, no props can do it boote.
I am that fading plant, which on thy grace dyd growe,
Thy grace is gone wherefore I mone, and wither all in woe.
The tallest ship that sailes, if shee too Ancors trust:
When Ancors slip & Cables breake, her helpe lyes in the dust.
I am the ship my selfe, mine Ancor was thy faith:

Which now is fled, thy promise broke, & I am driven to death.
Who climeth oft on hie, and trusts the rotten bowe:
If that bow breake may catch a fall, such state stand I in now.
Me thought I was a loft, and yet my seate full sure:
Thy heart dyd seeme to me a rock which ever might endure.
And see, it was but sand, whome seas of subtiltie:
Have soked so with wanton waves, that faith was forst to flye.
The flooddes of ficklenesse have undermined so,
The first foundation of my joy, that myrth is ebb'd to wo.
Yet at lowe water markes, I lye and wayte my time:
To mend the breach, but all in vaine, it cannot passe the prime.
For when the prime flood comes, which all this rage begoon:
Then waves of wyll do worke so fast, my piles are over roon.
Dutie and dilligence which are my workmen there,
Are glad to take up tooles in haste, and run away for feare.
For fansie hath such force, it overfloweth all,
And whispring tales do blow the blasts, that make it ryse & fall.
Thus in these tempests tost, my restles life doth stand:
Because I builded on thy wo[rd]es, as I was borne in hand.
Thou weart that only stake, wereby I ment to stay:
Alas, alas, thou stoodst so weake, the hedge is borne away.
By thee I thought to live, by thee now must I dye:
I made thee my Phisicion, thou art my mallady.
For thee I longde to live, for thee nowe welcome death:
And welcome be that happie pang, that stops my gasping breath.
Twise happie were that axe, would cut my rotes downe right:
And sacred were that swelling sea, which would consume me quight.
Blest were that bowe would breake to bring downe climing youth,
Which craks aloft, and quakes full oft, for feare of thine untruth.

Ferenda Natura.

The constancie of a lover hath thus sometimes bene briefly declared.

THat selfe same tonge which first did thee entreat
To linke thy liking with my lucky love:
That trustie tonge must nowe these wordes repeate,
I love thee still, my fancie cannot move.
That dreadlesse hart which durst attempt the thought
To win thy will with mine for to consent,
Maintaines that vow which love in me first wrought,
I love thee still, and never shall repent.
That happie hande which hardely did touch,
Thy tender body to my deepe delight:
Shall serve with sword to prove my passion such
As loves thee still, much more than it can write.
Thus love I still with tongue, hand, hart and all,
And when I chaunge, let vengeance on me fall.

Ferenda Natura.

¶ The fruite of foes written to a Gentlewoman, who blamed him for writing his friendly advise in verse unto another lover of hyrs.

THe cruell hate which boyles within thy burning brest,
And seekes to shape a sharpe revenge, on them y^t^ love thee best:
May warne all faithfull friendes, in case of jeopardie,
Howe they shall put their harmelesse hands, betweene the barck & tree.
And I among the rest, which wrote this weary song,
Must nedes alledge in my defence, that thou hast done me wrong.
For if in simple verse, I chaunc'd to touch thy name,
And toucht the same without reproch, was I therefore to blame?
And if (of great good will) I gave my best advise,
Then thus to blame without cause why, me thinkes thou art not wise.

FLOWERS

Amongst olde written tales, this one I beare in mind,
A simple soule much like my selfe, dyd once a serpent find.
Which (almost dead for colde) lay moyling in the myre,
When he for pittie tooke it up, and bro[u]ght it to the fyre.
No sooner was the Snake, recured of hir griefe,
But straight shee sought to hurt the man, that lent hir such reliefe.
Such Serpent seemest thou, such simple soule am I,
That for the weight of my good wil, am blam'd without cause why.
But as it best beseemes, the harmelesse gentle hart,
Rather to take an open wrong, than for to plaine his part:
I must and will endure, thy spite without repent,
The blame is mine, the triumph thine, and I am well content.

Meritum petere, grave.

A Lover often warned, and once againe droven into fantasticall flames by the chase of company, doth thus bewayle his misfortunes.

I That my race of youthfull yeeres had roon,
Alwayes untyed, and not (but once) in thrall,
Even I which had the fieldes of freedome woon,
And liv'd at large, and playde with pleasurs ball:
Lo nowe at last am tane agayne and taught,
To tast such sorowes, as I never sought.

I love, I love, alas I love indeede,
I crie alas but no man pityes me:
My woundes are wide, yet seme they not to bleed,
And hidden woundes are hardly heald we see.
Such is my lucke to catch a sodain clappe,
Of great mischaunce in seeking my good happe.

My morning minde which dwelt and dyed in dole,
Sought company for solace of the same:
My cares were cold, and craved comforts coale,
To warme my will with flakes of friendly flame.
I sought and found, I crav'd and did obtaine,
I woon my wish, and yet I got no gaine.

For whiles I sought the cheare of company,
Fayre fellowship did wonted woes revive:
And craving medcine for my maladie,
Dame pleasures plasters prov'd a corosive.
So that by myrth, I reapt no fruite but mone,
Much worse I fere, than when I was alone.

The cause is this, my lot did light to late,
The Byrdes were flowen before I found the nest:
The steede was stollen before I shut the gate,
The cates consumd, before I smelt the feast.
And I fond foole with emptie hand must call,
The gorged Hauke, which likes no lure at all.

Thus still I toyle, to till the barraine land,
And grope for grappes among the bramble briers:
I strive to saile and yet I sticke on sand,
I deeme to live, yet drowne in deepe desires.
These lottes of love, are fitte for wanton will,
Which findes too much, yet must be seeking still.

Meritum petere grave.

The lover encouraged by former examples, determineth to make vertue of necessitie.

WHen I record with in my musing mind,
The noble names of wightes bewicht in love:
Such solace for my selfe therin I finde,
As nothing maye my fixed fansie move:
But paciently I will endure my wo,
Because I see the heavens ordayne it so.

For whiles I read and ryfle their estates,
In every tale I note mine owne anoye:
But whiles I marke the meanings of their mates,
I seeme to swime in such a sugred joye,
As did (parcase) entise them to delight,
Though turnd at last, to drugges of sower despite.

Peruse (who list) *Dan Davids* perfect deedes,
There shall he find the blot of *Bersabe*,
Wheron to thinke, my heavy hart it bleedes,
When I compare my love like hir to be:
Urias wife before mine eyes that shines,
And *David* I, from dutie that declines.

Then *Salomon* this princely Prophetes sonne,
Did *Pharaos* daughter make him fall or no?
Yes, yes, perdie his wisdome coulde not shoone,
Hir subtill snares, nor from hir counsell go.
I nam* (as hee) the wisest wight of all,
But well I wot, a woman holdes me thrall.

* Am not.

So am I lyke the proude *Assirian* Knight,
Which blasphem'd God, and all the world defied:
Yet could a woman overcome his might,
And daunt his force in all his Pompe and Pride.
I *Holiferne*, am dronken brought to bead,
My love lyke *Judith*, cutting of my head.

If I were strong, as some have made accompt,
Whose force is like to that which *Sampson* had?
If I be bolde, whose courage can surmount,
The heart of *Hercules*, which nothing drad?
Yet *Dalila*, and *Deyanyraes* love,
Dyd teach them both, such panges as I must prove.

Well let these passe, and thinke on *Nasoes* name,
Whose skilfull verse dyd flowe in learned style:
Dyd hee (thinke you) not dote upon his Dame?
Corinna fayre, dyd shee not him beguile?
Yes God he knowes, for verse nor pleasaunt rymes,
Can constant keepe, the key of *Cressides* crimes.

So that to ende my tale as I began,
I see the good, the wise, the stoute, the bolde:
The strongest champion and the learnedst man,
Have bene and bee, by lust of love controlde.
Which when [I] thinke, I hold me well content,
To live in love, and never to repent.

Meritum petere, grave.

The delectable history of sundry

adventures passed by Dan Bartholmew of Bathe.

The Reporter.

TO tell a tale without authoritye,
Or fayne a Fable by invencion,
That one proceedes of quicke capacitye,
That other proves but small discretion,
Yet have both one and other oft bene done.
And if I were a Poet as some be,
You might perhappes here some such tale of me.

But far I fynde my feeble skyll to faynt,
To faine in figurs as the learned can,
And yet my tongue is tyde by due constraint,
To tell nothing but trueth of every man:
I will assay even as I first began,
To tell you nowe a tale and that of truth,
Which I my selfe sawe proved in my youth.

I neede not seeke so farre in costes abrode,
As some men do, which write strange historyes,
For whiles at home I made my cheife abode
And sawe our lovers plaie their Tragedyes,
I found enough which seemed to suffice,
To set on worke farre finer wittes than mine,
In paynting out the pangs which make them pine.

Amongst the rest I most remember one
Which was to me a deere familyar friend,
Whose doting dayes since they be paste and gone,
And his annoye (neare) come unto an ende,
Although he some his angry brow to bend,
I wyll be bold (by his leave) for to tell,
The restlesse state wherein he long dyd dwell.

Learned he was, and that became him best,
For though by birth he came of worthy race,
Yet beutie, byrth, brave personage, and the rest,
In every choyce, must needes give learning place:
And as for him he had so hard a grace,
That by aspect he seemde a simple man,
And yet by learning much renowne he wan.

His name I hide, and yet for this discourse,
Let call his name *Dan Bartholmew of Bathe*,
Since in the ende he thither had recourse,
And (as he sayd) dyd skamble there in skathe:
In deede the rage which wrong him there, was rathe,
As by this tale I thinke your selfe will gesse,
And then (with me) his lothsome lyfe confesse.

For though he had in all his learned lore,
Both redde good rules to bridle fantasie,
And all good authours taugh[t] him evermore,
To love the meane, and leave extremitie,
Yet kind hath lent him such a qualitie,
That at the last he quite forgat his bookes,
And fastned fansie with the fairest lookes.

For proofe, when greene youth lept out of his eye,
And left him now a man of middle age,
His happe was yet with wandring lookes to spie,
A fayre yong impe of proper personage,
Eke borne (as he) of honest parentage:
And truth to tell, my skill it cannot serve,
To praise hir bewtie as it dyd deserve.

First for hir head, the heeres were not of Gold,
But of some other metall farre more fine,
Whereof eache crinet seemed to behold,
Like glistring wiers against the Sunne that shine,
And therewithall the blazing of hir eyne,
Was like the beames of *Titan*, truth to tell,
Which glads us all that in this world do dwell.

Upon hir cheekes the Lillie and the Rose,
Did entremeete, with equall change of hewe,
And in hir giftes no lacke I can suppose,
But that at last (alas) she was untrue,
Which flinging fault, bicause it is not new,
Nor seldome seene in kits of *Cressides* kind,
I marvaile not, nor beare it much in mind.

Dame Natures fruits, wherewith hir face was fraught,
Were so frost bitten with the cold of craft,
That all (save such as *Cupides* snares had caught)
Might soone espie the fethers of his shaft:
But *Bartholmew* his wits had so bedaft,
That all seemd good which might of hir be gotten,
Although it provde no sooner ripe than rotten.

That mouth of hirs which seemde to flowe with mell,
In speeche, in voice, in tender touch, in tast,
That dympled chin wherein delight dyd dwell,
That ruddy lippe wherein was pleasure plast,
Those well shapt hands, fine armes and slender wast,
With al the giftes which gave hir any grace,
Were smiling baites which caught fond fooles apace.

Why strive I then to paint hir name with praise?
Since forme and fruites were found so farre unlyke,
Since of hir cage Inconstance kept the keyes,
And Change had cast hir honoure downe in dike:
Since fickle kind in hir the stroke did strike,
I may no prayse unto a knife bequeath,
With rust yfret, though paynted be the sheath.

But since I must a name to hir assigne,
Let call hir now *Ferenda Natura*,
And if thereat she seeme for to repine,
No force at all, for hereof am I sure a,
That since hir prankes were for the most unpure a,
I can appoint hir well no better name,
Than this where in dame *Nature* bears the blame.

And thus I say, when *Bartholmew* had spent
His pride of youth (untide in linkes of love)
Behold how happe contrary to intent,
(Or destenies ordained from above,
From which no wight on earth maye well remove)
Presented to his vew this fierie dame,
To kindle coles where earst had bene no flame.

Whome when he sawe to shine in seemely grace,
And therewithall gan marke hir tender youth,
He thought not like, that under such a face
She could convey the treason of untruth:
Whereby he vowed (alas the more his ruth)
To serve this saynt for terme of all his life,
Lo here both roote and rind of all his strife.

I cannot nowe in loving termes displaye
His suite, his service, nor his sorie fare:
His observaunces, nor his queynt aray,
His skalding sighes, nor yet his cooling care,
His wayting still to snatch himselfe in snare,
I can not write what was his sweetest soure,
For I my selfe was never Paramoure.

But to conclude, much worth in litle writte,
The highest flying hauke will stoupe at laste,
The wildest beast is drawne with hungrye bitte
To eate a homlye bayte some times in hast.
The pricke of kinde can never be unplaste,
And so it seemed by this dayntye dame,
Whome he at last with labour did reclame.

And when he had with mickel payne procured
The calme consent of hir unweldie will,
When he had hir by faith and troth assured,
To like him beste, and aye to love him still,
When fansie had of flatterie fedde his fill,
I not discerne to tell my tale aright,
What man but he had ever such delight?

The lingring dayes he spent in trifling toyes,
To whette the tooles which carved his contente:
The poasting nightes he past in pleasing joyes,
Wearing the webbe which love to him had lente:
In such a pinfolde were his pleasures pent
That selde he could hir company eschewe,
Or leave such lookes as might his *sport renewe.

* Lacke.

But if by force he forced were to parte,
Then mighte you see howe fansie fedde his minde,
Then all alone he mused on his marte.
All company seemde then (but hirs) unkind:
Then sent he tokens true love for to bind,
Then wrote he letters, lines and loving layes,
So to beguile his absent dolefull dayes.

And since I know as others eake can tell,
What skyll he had, and howe he could endite,
Mee thinkes I cannot better doe than well,
To set downe here, his ditties of delyght,
For so at least I maye my selfe acquite,
And vaunt to shewe some verses yet unknowne,
Well worthy prayse though none of them myne owne.

No force for that, take you them as they be,
Since mine emprice is but to make report:
Imagine then, before you that you see
A wight bewitcht in many a subtile sort,
A Lover lodgd in pleasures princely port,
Vaunting in verse what joyes he dyd possesse,
His triumphes here I thinke wyll shewe no lesse.

Dan Bartholmew his first Triumphe.

RESigne king *Priams* sonnes, that princes were in *Troy*,
Resigne to me your happy dayes, and boast no more of joy:
Syr *Paris* first stand forth make aunswere for thy pheare,
And if thou canst defend hir cause, whome *Troy* did bye so deare:

What? blush not man, be bold, although thou beare some blame,
Tell truth at last, and so be sure to save thy selfe from shame.
Then gentle Sheapheard say: what madnesse dyd thee move,
To choose of all the flowers in *Greece*, foule *Helene* for thy love?
Needs must I coumpt hir foule, whose first frutes were forlorne,
Although she solde hir seconde chaffe, above the price of corne.
Alas, shee made of thee, a noddye for the nonce,
For *Menelaus* lost hir twise, though thou hir foundst but once.
But yet if in thine eye, shee seemde a peerelesse peece,
Aske *Theseus* ye mighty Duke, what towns she knew in *Greece*?
Aske him what made hir leave hir wofull aged sire,
And steale to *Athens* gyglot like: what? what but foule desire?
Alas poore *Paris* thou didst nothing else but gleane,
The partched eares which he cast by, when he had reaped cleane:
He slivde the gentle slippe, which could both twist and twind,
And growing left the broken braunch, for thẽ that came behind,
Yet hast thou fild the world with brute, (the more thy blame,)
And sayest, that *Hellens* bewty past each other stately dame,
For profe thou canst alledge the tast of ten years warre,
And how hir blazing beames first brought both *Greece* & *Troy* to jarre.
No no, thou art deceivde, the drugs of foule despite,
Did worke in *Menelaus* will, not losse of such delighte,
Not love, but lothsome hate, not dolour, but disdain,
Did make him selfe a sharpe revẽge, til both his foes were slain,
Thy brother *Troylus* eke, that gemme of gentle deedes,
To thinke howe he abused was, alas my heart it bleedes:
He bet about the bushe, whiles other caught the birds,
Whome crafty *Gresside* mockt to muche, yet fede him still with words.
And god he knoweth not I, who pluckt hir first sprong rose,
Since *Lollius* and *Chaucer* both, make doubt upon that glose.
But this I knowe to well, and he to farre it felte,
How *Diomede* undid his knots, & caught both brooch and belt,

And how she chose to change, and how she changed still,
And how she dyed leaper like, against hir lovers will.
Content you then good knightes, your triumphe to resigne,
Confesse your starres both dimme and darke, wheras my sunne doth shine:
For this I dare avow, without vaunt be it told,
My derling is more faire than she, for whome proud *Troy* was solde.
More constant to conteyne, than *Cresside* to be coy,
No *Calcas* can contrive the craft, to traine hir out of *Troye*,
No *Diomede* can drawe hir setled harte to change,
No madding moode can move hir mind, nor make hir thoughtes to range.
For hir alone it is, that *Cupide* blindfolde goes,
And dare not looke for feare least he his libertie should loose:
At hir dame *Venus* chafes, and pines in jelowsie,
Least bloudy *Mars* should hir espie, and chang his fantasie,
Of hir the Quene of Heaven doth stand in dreadfull doubt,
Least *Jove* should melte in drops of gold, if once he find hir out.
Oh that my tonge had skill, to tell hir prayse aright,
Or that my pen hir due desertes, in worthy verse could write:
Or that my minde could muse, or happie heart conceive,
Some words that might resound hir worth, by high *Minervas* leave.
Oh how the blooming joyes, do blossome in my brest,
To think within my secret thought, how far she steines ye rest.
Me thinkes I heare hir speake, me thinkes I see hir still,
Me thinkes I feele hir feelingly, me thinkes I know hir will.
Me thinkes I see the states which sue to hir for grace,
Me thinkes I see one looke of hirs repulse them all apace.
Me thinkes that houre is yet, and evermore shall be,
Wherein my happie happe was first, hir heavenly face to see:
Wherein I spide the writte, which woond betweene hir eyne,
And sayd behold, be bold, *for I, am borne to be but thine.*
Me thinks I feele the joyes, which never yet were felt,
Whome flame before yet never toucht, me thinks I feele them melt.
One word & there an end, me thinks she is the sunne,
Which only shineth now a daies, she dead, ye world were done.

The rest are twinkling starres, or Moones which borow light,
To comfort other carefull soules, which wander in the night.
And night God knowes it is, where other Ladies bee,
For sure my dame adornes the day, there is no sunne but shee.
Then lovers by your leave, and thinke it nothing strange,
Although I seme with calme content, in seas of joyes to range:
For why, my sailes have found both wind and waves at wyll,
And depthes of all delightes in hir, with whome I travell styll.
And ancors being wayed, I leave you all at large,
To steare this seemelye Shippe my selfe, suche is my mistresse charge.

Fato non fortuna.

Dan Bartholmew his second Triumphe.

FYe pleasure fye, thou cloyest me with delight,
Thou fylst my mouth with sweete meates overmuch,
I wallowe styll in joye both daye and night.
I deeme, I dreame, I doe, I taste, I touch:
No thing but all that smelles of perfect blisse,
Fye pleasure fye, I cannot like of this.

To taste (sometimes) a baite of bytter gall,
To drinke a draught of sower Ale (some season)
To eate browne bread with homely handes in Hall
Doth much encrease mens appetites by reason:
And makes the sweete more sugred that ensewes,
Since mindes of men do styll seeke after newes.

The pampred horse is seldome seene in breath,
Whose maunger makes his greace (oftimes) to melt,
The crammed Fowle comes quickly to his death.
Such coldes they catche in hottest happes that swelt.
And I (much like) in pleasure scawled styll,
Doe feare to starve although I feede my fill.

It might suffice that love hath built his bowre,
Betwene my Ladies lively shyning eyes,
It were inough that Bewties fading flowre:
Growes ever freshe with hir in heavenly wise.
It had bene well that shee were faire of face,
And yet not robbe all other Dames of grace.

To muse in minde, how wise, how faire, how good,
How brave, howe franke, how curteous, and how true,
My Lad[y] is: doth but inflame my blood,
With humors such, as byd my health adue.
Since happe alwaies when it is clombe on hye,
Doth fall full lowe, though earst it reachte the Skye.

Lo pleasure lo, lo thus I leade a life,
That laughes for joye, and trembleth oft for dread,
Thy panges are such as call for changes knife,
To cut the twist, or else to stretch the thread,
Which holdes yfeere the bondell of my blisse,
Fye pleasure fye, I dare not trust to this.

Fato non fortuna.

Dan Bartholmewes his third Triumphe.

YF ever man yet found the bathe of perfect blisse,
Then swimme I now amid the seas where nought but pleasure is.
I love and am beloved, without vaunt be it tolde,
Of one more faire then she of *Greece*, for whome proud *Troy* was solde.
As bountifull and good as *Cleopatra* Queene,
As constant as *Penelope*, unto her make was seene.
What would you more? my penne, unable is to write,
The least desert that seemes to shine within this worthy wight.
So that (for nowe) I ceasse with handes helde up on hye.
And crave of God that when I chaunge, I may be forst to dye.

Fato non Fortuna.

The Reporter.

THese vaunting verses with a many mo,
(To his mishap) have come unto my handes,
Whereof the rest (bicause he sayled so,
In braggers boate which set it selfe on sandes,
And brought him eke fast bound in follyes bands)
Of curtesie I keepe them from your sight,
Let these suffice which of my selfe I write.

OF BATHE

The highest tree that ever yet could growe,
Although full fayre it florisht for a season,
Founde yet at last some fall to bring it lowe,
This olde sayd sawe is (God he knoweth) not geason:
For when things passe the reach and bounds of reason,
They fall at last, although they stand a time,
And bruse the more, the higher that they clime.

So *Bartholmew* unto his paine dyd prove,
For when he thought his hap to be most hye,
And that he onely reapt the fruictes of love,
And that he swelt in all prosperitie,
His comfort chaunged to calamitie:
And though I doe him wrong to tell the same,
Yet reade it you, and let me beare the blame.

The Saint he serv'd became a craftie devill,
His goddesse to an Idoll seemde to chaunge,
Thus all his good transformed into evill,
And every joy to raging griefe dyd raunge:
Which *Metamorphosis* was marvels straunge:
Yet shall you seldome otherwise it prove,
Where wicked Lust doth beare the name of Love.

This sodaine chaunge when he began to spye,
And colde suspect into his minde had crept,
He bounst and bet his head tormentingly,
And from all company him selfe he kept,
Wherby so farre in stormes of strife he stept,
That nowe he seemed an Image not a man,
His eyes so dead, his colour waxt so wan.

And I which alwayes beare him great good wyll,
(Although I knew the cause of all his griefe,
And what had trainde and tysed him theretyll,
And plaine to speake, what moved his mischiefe)
Yet since I sought to ease him with reliefe:
I dyd become importunate to knowe,
The secreete cause whereon this grudge should growe.

At last with much ado, his trembling tonge,
Bewrayde theffect of his unwylling wyll,
Which here to tell since it were all to longe,
And I therewith too barren am of skyll,
And trouble you with tedious tydinges styll,
Content you now to heare himselfe rehearse,
His strange affectes in his lamenting verse.

Which verse he wrote at *Bathe* (as earst was sayd)
And there I sawe him when he wrote the same,
I sawe him there with many moanes dismaide,
I sawe him there both fryse and flashe in flame,
I sawe him greev'd when others made good game:
And so appeareth by his darke discourse,
The which to reade I crave your just remorse.

Dan Bartholmewes Dolorous
discourses.

I Have entreated care to cut the thread,
Which all to long hath held my lingring life,
And here aloofe nowe have I hyd my head,
From company thereby to stint my strife.
This solitarye place doth please me best,
Where I may weare my wylling mind with moane,
And where the sighes which boyle out of my brest,
May skald my heart, and yet the cause unknowne.
All this I doe, for thee my sweetest sowre,
For whome (of yore) I counted not of care,
For whome with hungrie jawes I dyd devoure
The secrete baite which lurked in the snare:
For whome I thought all forreine pleasures paine,
For whome againe, all paine dyd pleasure seeme,
But onely thine, I found all fansies vaine,
But onely thine, I dyd no dolours deeme.
Such was the rage, that whilome dyd possesse,
The privie corners of my mazed mind:
When hote desire, dyd compt those tormentes lesse
Which gaind the gaze that dyd my freedome bind.

And now (with care) I can record those dayes,
And call to mind the quiet lyfe I led,
Before I first beheld thy golden rayes,
When thine untrueth yet troubled not my hed.
Remember thou, as I can not forget,
Howe I had layde, both love, and lust aside,
And howe I had my fixed fancie set,
In constant vowe, for ever to abide.
The bitter proofe of panges in pleasure past,
The costlye tast, of hony mixt with gall:
The painted heaven, which turnde to hell at last.
The freedome fainde, which brought me but to thrall.
The lingring sute, well fed with freshe delayes,
The wasted vowes which fled with every winde:
The restlesse nightes, to purchase pleasing dayes,
The toyling daies to please my restlesse minde.
All these (with mo) had brused so my brest,
And graft such grefe within my groning heart,
That had I left Dame fansie and the rest,
To greener yeeres, which might endure the smart.
My wearie bones did beare away the skarres,
Of many a wound received by disdaine:
So that I found the fruite of all those warres,
To be naught else but panges of unknowen paine.
And nowe mine eyes were shut from such delight,
My fansie faint, my hote desires were colde,
When cruell hap, presented to my sight
The maydens face, in yeeres which were not olde.
I thinke the Goddesse of revenge devisde,
So to bee wreackt on my rebelling wyll,
Bicause I had in youthfull yeeres dispisde,
To taste the baites, which tyste my fansie styll.
Howe so it were, God knowes, I cannot tell:
But if I lye, you Heavens, the plague be mine,
I sawe no sooner, how delight dyd dwell
Betweene those litle infantes eyes of thine,
But straight a sparkling cole of quicke desire,
Dyd kindle flame within my frozen heart,
And yelding fansie softly blewe the fire,
Which since hath bene the cause of all my smart.

What neede I say? thy selfe for me can sweare,
Howe much I tendred thee in tender yeares:
Thy life was then to me (God knowes) full deare,
My life to thee is light, as nowe appeares.
I loved the first, and shall do to my last,
Thou flattredst first, and so thou wouldst do styll:
For love of thee full many paines I past,
For deadly hate thou seekest me to kyll.
I cannot nowe, with manly tongue rehearse,
How sone that melting mind of thine dyd yelde,
I shame to write, in this waymenting verse,
With howe small fight, I vanquisht thee in fielde:
But *Cæsar* he, which all the world subdude,
Was never yet so proude of Victorye,
Nor *Hanyball*, with martiall feates endude,
Dyd so much please himselfe in pollicie,
As I (poore I) dyd seeme to triumphe then,
When first I got the Bulwarkes of thy brest,
With hote Alarmes I comforted my men,
In formost ranke I stoode before the rest,
And shooke my flagge, not all to shewe my force,
But that thou mightst thereby perceive my minde:
Askaunces* lo, nowe coulde I kyll thy corce,
And yet my life is unto thee resinde.
Well let this passe, and thinke uppon the joye,
The mutuall love, the confidence, the trust,
Whereby we both abandoned annoye,
And fed our mindes with fruites of lovely lust.
Thinke on the Tythe, of kysses got by stealth,
Of sweete embracinges shortened by feare.
Remember that which did maintaine our helth,
Alas alas why shoulde I name it here.
And in the midst of all those happie dayes,
Do not forget the chaunges of my chaunce,
When in the depth of many waywarde wayes,
I onely sought, what might thy state advaunce.
Thou must confesse how much I carde for thee,
When of my selfe, I carde not for my selfe,
And when my hap was in mishappes to be,
Esteemd thee more, than al the worldly pelfe.

* As who should say:

Mine absente thoughtes did beate on thee alone,
When thou hadst found a fond and newfound choice:
For lacke of thee I sunke in endlesse mone,
When thou in chaunge didst tumble and rejoyce.
O mighty goddes needes must I honor you,
Needes must I judge your judgmentes to be just,
Bicause she did for sake him that was true,
And with false love, did cloke a fained luste.
By high decrees, you ordayned the chaunge,
To light on such, as she must needes mislike,
A meete rewarde for such as like to raunge,
When fansies force, their feeble fleshe doth strike.
But did I then give brydle to thy fall,
Thou head strong thou accuse me if thou can?
Did I not hazard love yea life and all,
To warde thy will, from that unworthy man?
And when by toyle I travayled to finde,
The secrete causes of thy madding moode,
I found naught else but tricks of *Cressides* kinde,
Which playnly provde, that thou weart of hir bloud.
I found that absent *Troylus* was forgot,
When *Dyomede* had got both brooch and belt,
Both glove and hand, yea harte and all god wot,
When absent *Troylus* did in sorowes swelt.
These tricks (with mo) thou knowst thy self I found,
Which nowe are needelesse here for to reherse,
Unlesse it were to touche a tender wound,
With corosives my panting heart to perse.
But as the Hounde is counted little worth,
Which giveth over for a losse or twaine,
And cannot find the meanes to single forth
The stricken Deare which doth in heard remaine:
Or as the kindly Spaniell which hath sprong
The prety Partriche, for the Falcons flight,
Doth never spare but thrusts the thornes among,
To bring this byrd yet once againe to sight,
And though he knowe by proofe (yea dearely bought)
That selde or never, for his owne availe,
This wearie worke of his in vaine is wrought,
Yet spares he not but labors tooth and nayle.

So labord I to save thy wandring shippe,
Which reckelesse then, was running on the rockes,
And though I saw thee seeme to hang the lyppe,
And set my great good wyll, as light as flockes:
Yet hauld I in, the mayne sheate of the minde,
And stayed thy course by ancors of advice,
I woon thy wyll into a better winde,
To save thy ware, which was of precious price.
And when I had so harbored thy Barke,
In happy haven, which saufer was than Dover,
The Admyrall, which knewe it by the marke,
Streight challengde all, and sayd thou wert a rover.
Then was I forst in thy behalfe to pleade,
Yea so I dyd, the Judge can saye no lesse,
And whiles in toyle, this lothsome life I leade,
Camest thou thy selfe the faulte for to confesse,
And downe on knee before thy cruell foe,
Dydst pardon crave, accusing me for all,
And saydst I was the cause, that thou didst so,
And that I spoone the thred of all thy thrall.
Not so content, thou furthermore didst sweare
That of thy selfe thou never ment to swerve,
For proofe wherof thou didst the colours weare,
Which might bewray, what saint thou ment to serve.
And that thy blood was sacrificed eke,
To manyfest thy stedfast martyrd mynde,
Till I perforce, constraynd thee for to seeke,
These raging seas, adventures there to finde.
Alas, alas, and out alas for me,
Who am enforced, thus for to repeate
The false reports and cloked guyles of thee,
Whereon (to oft) my restlesse thoughts do beate.
But thus it was, and thus God knowes it is.
Which when I founde by playne and perfect proofe,
My musing minde then thought it not amisse,
To shrinke aside, lamenting all aloofe,
And so to beate my simple shiftlesse brayne,
For some device, that might redeeme thy state.
Lo here the cause, for why I take this payne,
Lo how I love the wight which me doth hate:

These thinges are mistical and not to bee understoode but by Thaucthour him selfe.

OF BATHE

Lo thus I lye, and restlesse rest in Bathe,
Whereas I bathe not now in blisse pardie,
But boyle in Bale and skamble thus in skathe,
Bycause I thinke on thine unconstancie.
And wylt thou knowe howe here I spend my time,
And howe I drawe my dayes in dolours styll?
Then staye a while: give eare unto my rime,
So shalt thou know the weight of all my wyll.
When *Titan* is constrained to forsake,
His Lemans couche, and clymeth to his carte,
Then I begin to languishe for thy sake,
And with a sighe, which maye bewray my smarte,
I cleare mine eyes whome gumme of teares had glewed,
And up on foote I set my ghostly corse,
And when the stony walles have oft renewed
My pittious plaintes, with *Ecchoes* of remorce,
Then doe I crye and call upon thy name,
And thus I saye, thou curst and cruell bothe,
Beholde the man, which taketh griefe for game,
And loveth them, which most his name doe lothe.
Behold the man which ever truely ment,
And yet accusde as auctthour of thine yll,
Behold the man, which all his life hath spent
To serve thy selfe, and aye to worke thy wyll:
Behold the man, which onely for thy love,
Dyd love himselfe, whome else he set but light:
Behold the man, whose blood (for thy behove)
Was ever prest to shed it selfe outright.
And canst thou nowe condemne his loyaltie?
And canst thou craft to flatter such a friend?
And canst thou see him sincke in jeoperdie?
And canst thou seeke to bring his life to ende?
Is this the right reward for such desart?
Is this the fruite of seede so timely sowne?
Is this the price, appointed for his part?
Shall trueth be thus by treason overthrowne?
Then farewell faith, thou art no womans pheare:
And with that word I staye my tongue in time,
With rolling eyes I loke about eache where,
Least any man should heare my raving rime.

And all in rage, enraged as I am,
I take my sheete, my slippers and my Gowne,
And in the *Bathe* from whence but late I came,
I cast my selfe in dollours there to drowne.
There all alone I can my selfe conveye,
Into some corner where I sit unseene,
And to my selfe (there naked) can I saye,
Behold these braunefalne armes which once have bene
Both large and lustie, able for to fight,
Nowe are they weake, and wearishe God he knowes
Unable now to daunt the fowle despight,
Which is presented by my cruel foes.
My thighes are thin, my body lanck and leane,
It hath no bumbast now, but skin and bones:
And on mine Elbowe as I lye and leane,
Another misterie. I see a trustie token for the nones.
I spie a bracelet bounde about mine arme,
Which to my shaddowe seemeth thus to saye,
Beleeve not me: for I was but a Charme,
To make thee sleepe, when others went to playe.
And as I gaze thus galded all with griefe,
I finde it fazed almost quite in sunder,
Then thinke I thus: thus wasteth my reliefe,
And though I fade, yet to the world, no wonder.
For as this lace, by leysure learnes to weare,
So must I faint, even as the Candle wasteth,
These thoughts (deere sweet) within my brest I beare,
And to my long home, thus my life it hasteth.
Herewith I [f]eele the droppes of sweltring sweate,
Which trickle downe my face, enforced so,
And in my body feele I lykewise beate,
A burning heart which tosseth too and fro.
Thus all in flames I sinderlyke consume,
And were it not that wanhope lendes me wynde,
Soone might I fret my fa[n]cyes all in fume,
And lyke a Ghost my ghost his grave might finde.
But frysing hope doth blowe ful in my face,
And colde of cares becommes my cordiall,
So that I styl endure that yrksome place,
Where sorrowe seethes to skalde my skinne withal.

And when from thence or company me dri[ve]s,
Or weary woes do make me change my seate,
Then in my bed my restlesse paines revives,
Until my fellowes call me downe to meate.
And when I ryse, my corpse for to araye,
I take the glasse, sometimes (but not for pride,
For God he knowes my minde is not so gaye)
But for I would in comelynesse abyde:
I take the glasse, wherein I seeme to see,
Such wythred wrinckles and so fowle disgrace,
That lytle marvaile seemeth it to mee,
Though thou so well dydst like the noble face.
The noble face was faire and freshe of hewe,
My wrinckled face is fowle and fadeth fast:
The noble face was unto thee but newe,
My wrinckled face is olde and cleane outcast:
The noble face might move thee with delight,
My wrinckled face could never please thine eye:
Loe thus of crime I covet thee to quite.
And styll accuse my selfe of *Surcuydry*:
As one that am unworthy to enjoye,
The lasting fruite of suche a love as thine,
Thus am I tickled styll with every toye,
And when my Fellowes call me downe to dyne,
No chaunge of meate provokes mine appetite,
Nor sauce can serve to taste my meates withall,
Then I devise the juyce of grapes to dight,
For Sugar and for Sinamon I call,
For Ginger, Graines, and for eche other spice,
Wherewith I mixe the noble Wine apace,
My Fellowes prayse the depth of my devise,
And saye it is as good as Ippocrace.
As Ippocrace saye I? and then I swelt,
My faynting lymmes straight fall into a sowne,
Before the taste of Ippocrace is felt,
The naked name in dollours doth mee drowne,
For then I call unto my troubled mynde,
That Ippocrace hath bene thy daylye drinke,
That Ippocrace hath walkt with everye winde.
In bottels that were fylled to the brinke,

Another misterie.

Another misterie.

With Ippocrace thou banquetedst full ofte,
With Ippocrace thou madst thy selfe full merrye,
Such cheere had set thy new love so alofte,
That olde love nowe was scarcely worth a cherry.
And then againe I fall into a traunce,
But when my breth returnes against my wyll,
Before my tongue can tell my wofull chaunce,
I heare my fellowes how they whisper still.
One sayth that Ippocrace is contrary,
Unto my nature and complexion,
Whereby they judge that all my malladye,
Was long of that by alteration.
An other sayth, no, no this man is weake,
And for such weake, so hote thinges are not best,
Then at the last I heare no lyar speake,
But one which knowes the cause of mine unrest,
And sayth, this man is (for my life) in love,
He hath received repulse, or dronke disdaine.
Alas crye I: and ere I can remove,
Into a sowne I sone returne againe.
Thus drive I foorth, my doolefull dining time,
And trouble others with my troubles styll,
But when I here, the Bell hath passed prime,
Into the Bathe I wallowe by my wyll,
That there my teares (unsene) might ease my griefe,
For though I starve yet have I fed my fill,
In privie panges I count my best relife.
And still I strive in weary woes to drench,
But when I plondge, than woe is at an ebbe,
My glowing coles are all to quicke to quenche.
And I (to warme) am wrapped in the webbe,
Which makes me swim against the wished wave,
Lo thus (deare wenche) I leade a lothsome life,
And greedely I seeke the greedy grave,
To make an ende of all these stormes and strife,
But death is deafe, and heares not my desire,
So that my dayes continewe styl in dole,
And in my nightes I feele the secrete fire,
Which close in embers, coucheth lyke a cole,
And in the daye hath bene but raked up,

With covering ashes of my company,
Now breakes it out, and boyles the careful cuppe,
Which in my heart doth hang full heavily.
I melt in teares, I swelt in chilling sweat,
My swelling heart, breakes with delay of paine,
I freeze in hope, yet burne in haste of heate,
I wishe for death, and yet in life remaine.
And when dead sleepe doth close my dazeled eyes,
Then dreadful dreames my dolors do encrease.
Me thinkes I lie awake in wofull wise,
And see thee come, my sorrowes for to cease.
Me seemes thou saist (my good) what meaneth this?
What ayles thee thus to languish and lament?
How can it be that bathing all in blisse:
Such cause unknowne disquiets thy content?
Thou doest me wrong to keepe so close from me
The grudge or griefe, which gripeth now thy heart,
For well thou knowest, I must thy partner be
In bale, in blisse, in solace, and in smarte.
Alas, alas, these things I deeme in dreames,
But when mine eyes are open and awake,
I see not thee: where with the flowing streames,
Of brinishe teares their wonted floods do make.
Thus as thou seest I spend both nightes and dayes,
And for I find the world did judge me once,
A witlesse wryter of these lovers layes,
I take my pen and paper for the nonce,
I laye aside this foolishe ryding rime,
And as my troubled head can bring to passe,
I thus bewray the torments of my time:
Beare with my Muse, it is not as it was.

Fato non fortuna.

DAN BARTHOLMEW

The extremitie of his Passion.

AMong the toyes which tosse my braine,
and reave my mind from quiet rest,
This one I finde, doth there remaine,
to breede debate within my brest.
When wo would work, to wound my wyl,
I cannot weepe, nor waile my fyll.

My tongue hath not the skill to tell,
the smallest griefe which gripes my heart,
Mine eyes have not the power to swell,
into such Seas of secrete smart,
That will might melt to waves of woe,
and I might swelt in sorrowes so.

Yet shed mine eyes no trickling teares,
but flouddes which flowe abundauntly,
Whose fountaine first enforst by feares,
found out the gappe of jelousie.
And by that breache, it soketh so,
that all my face, is styll on flowe.

My voice is like the raging wind,
which roareth still, and never staies,
The thoughtes which tomble in my minde,
are like the wheele which whirles alwayes,
Nowe here, nowe there, nowe up, now downe,
in depth of waves, yet cannot drowne.

The sighes which boyle out of my brest,
are not lyke those, which others use,
For lovers sighes, sometimes take rest,
And lend their mindes, a leave to muse.
But mine are like the surging Seas,
whome calme nor quiet can appeas.

And yet they be but sorrowes smoke,
my brest the fordge where furie playes,
My panting heart, yt strikes the stroke,
my fancie blowes the flame alwaies,
The coles are kindled by desire,
and Cupide warmes him by the fire.

Thus can I neyther drowne in dole,
nor burne to ashes though I waste,
Mine eyes can neyther quenche the cole,
which warmes my heart in all this haste.
Nor yet my fancie make such flame,
that I may smoulder in the same.

Wherefore I come to seeke out Care,
beseeching him of curtesie,
To cut the thread which cannot weare,
by panges of such perplexitie.
And but he graunt this boone of mine,
thus must I live and ever pine.

Fato non fortuna.

LO thus (deere heart) I force my frantike Muse,
To frame a verse in spite of my despight,
But whiles I doo these mirthlesse meeters use,
This rashe conceite doth reve me from delight.
I call to minde howe many loving layes,
Howe many Sonets, and how many songes,
I dyd devise within those happie dayes,
When yet my wyl, had not received wronges.
All which were evermore regarded so,
That litle fruite I seemd thereby to reape,
But rather when I had bewrayed my woe,
Thy love was light, and lusted styll to leape.
The rimes which pleased thee were all in print,
And mine were ragged, hard for to be read, Another misterie.
Lo deere: this dagger dubbes me with this dint,
And leave this wound within my jelous head.
But since I have confessed unto Care,
That now I stand uppon his curtesie,
And that the bale, which in my brest I bare,
Hath not the skill to kyll me cunningly,
Therefore with all my whole devotion,
To Care I make this supplication.

Fato non fortuna.

His libell of request exhibited to Care.

O Curteous Care, whome others (cruell) call,
And raile upon thine honourable name,
O knife that canst cut of the thread of thrall,
O sheare that shreadst the seemerent sheete of shame,
O happye ende of every greevous game:
Vouchsafe O Prince, thy vassall to behold,
Who loves thee more, than can with tongue be told.
And nowe vouchsafe to pittie this his plaint,
Whose teares bewray,
His truth alway,
Although his feeble tongue be forst to faint.

I must confesse O noble king to thee,
That I have beene a Rebell in my youth,
I preast alwaies in pleasures court to bee,
I fled from that, which *Cupide* still eschuth,
I fled from Care, lo now I tell the truth,
And in delightes, I loved so to dwell,
Thy heavenly house dyd seeme to me but hell.
Such was my rage, the which I now repent,
And pardon crave,
My soule to save,
Before the webbe of weary life be spent.

But marke what fruites dyd grow on such a tree,
What crop dyd rise upon so rashe sowne seede,
For when I thought my selfe in heaven to bee,
In depth of hell I drowned was in deede:
Whereon to thinke my heavie hart doth bleede:
Me thought I swumme in Seas of all delight,
When as I sunke in puddles of despight,
Alas alas I thought my selfe belov'd,
When deadly hate,
Did play checke mate,
With me poore pawne, that no such prancks had prov'd.

This when I tryed (ay me) to be to true,
I wept for woe, I pined all for paine,
I tare my heere, I often chaunged hewe,
I left delight, with dollours to complaine.
I shund each place where pleasure dyd remaine,
I cride, I calde on every kinde of death,
I strove eache way to stop my fainting breath.
Short tale to make, I stept so farre in strife,
That still I sought,
With all my thought,
Some happie helpe to leave my lothed life.

But hope was he that held my hande abacke,
From quicke dispatch of all my griping griefe,
When heate of hate had burnt my will to wracke,
Then hope was colde, and lent my life reliefe,
In every choice hope challengde to be chiefe.
When coldest crampes had cleane orecome my heart,
Then hope was hote, and warnde my weary smart,
[W]hen heart was heardie, hope was still in dread,
When heart was faint,
(With feares attaint,)
Then hardie hope held up my fearefull head.

Hope is ever contrary to a lovers Passion.

Thus when I found that neither flowing teares,
Could drowne my heart in waves of wery wo,
Nor hardy hand could overcome my feares,
To cut the sacke of all my sorrowes so,
Nor death would come, nor I to death could go.
And yet I felt great droppes of secrete smart,
Distilling styll within my dying heart:
I then perceivde that onely care was he,
Which as my friend,
Might make an end,
Of all these paines, and set my fansie free.

Wherefore (oh Care) graunt thou my just request,
Oh kyll my corpse, oh quickly kyll me nowe.
Oh make an ende and bring my bones to rest,
Oh cut my thread (good Care) I care not howe,
Oh Care be kinde: and here I make a vowe,

That when my life out of my brest shall part,
I wyll present thee with my faithfull hart:
And send it to thee as a Sacrifice,
Bicause thou hast,
Vouchsaft at last,
To ende my furies in this friendly wise.

Fato non Fortuna.

WHat greater glory can a *Keysar* gaine,
If madde moode move his subjectes to rebell,
Than that at last (when all the traytours traine,
Have trode the pathe, of deepe repentaunce well,
And naked neede with *Cold* and *Hunger* both,
Hath bitten them abrode in forren land,
Whereby they may their lewde devises loth.
When hairbraind haste, with cold advise is scande)
If then at last, they come upon their knee,
And pardon crave with due submission:
And for this cause, I thinke that Care of me,
Was moved most, to take compassion.
For now I find, that pittie prickes his mind,
To see me plonged still in endlesse paine,
And right remorse, his princely heart doth bind,
To rule the rage wherein I do remaine.
I feele my teares doe now begin to stay,
For Care from them their swelling springs doth soke,
I feele my sighes their labours now allaye,
For Care hath quencht the coles that made thẽ smoke.
I feele my panting heart begins to rest,
For Care hath staide the hammers of my head,
I feele the flame which blazed in my brest,
Is nowe with carefull ashes overspread.
And gentle Care, hath whet his karving knife,
To cut in twaine the thread of all my thrall,
Desired death nowe overcommeth life,
And wo still workes to helpe in haste with all.
But since I feele these panges approching so,
And lothed life begin to take his leave,

Me thinkes it meete, to give before I go,
Such landes and goodes, as I behind me leave.
So to discharge my troubled conscience,
And eke to set an order for my heyre,
Who might (perhaps) be put to great expence,
To sue for that, which I bequeath him here.
Wherefore (deere wenche) with all my full intent,
I thus begin to make my Testament.

Fato non fortuna.

His last wyll and Testament.

IN *Jove* his mighty name, this eight and twentith day,
Of frosted bearded Januar, the enemy to May:
Since Adam was create, five thousand yeeres I gesse,
Five hundreth, forty more and five, as stories do expresse.
I being whole of minde, (immortall Gods have praise)
Though in my body languishing with panges of paine alwayes,
Do thus ordaine my wyll which long in woes have wepte,
Beseeching mine executours to see it duely kept.
Fyrst I bequeath my soule on *Charons* boate to tende,
Untill thy life (my love) at last may light on luckye ende,
That there it may awaite, to wayte upon thy ghost,
Whẽ thou hast quite & clene forgot what pranks now please thee most.
So shall it well be seene whose love is like to mine:
For so I meane to trye my truth, and there tyll then to pine.
My body be enbalmde, and cloased up in chest,
With oyntments and with spiceries of every sweete the best:
And so preserved styll untill the day do come,
That death divorce my love from life, & trusse hir up in tombe.
Then I bequeath my corps to couche beneathe hir bones,
And there to feede the greedy wormes that linger for the nones.
To frette uppon her fleshe, which is to fine therefore,
This service may it doe hir yet, although it do no more.
My heart (as heretofore) I must bequeathe to Care,
And God he knowes, I thinke the gift to simple for his share.

But that he may perceive, I meane to pay my dew,
I will it shall be taken quicke, and borne him bleeding new,
As for my funerals, I leave that toye at large,
To be as mine executours wyll give thereto in charge.
Yet if my goodes will stretche unto my strange device,
Then let this order be observ'd, mine heyre shall pay the price:
First let the torche bearers be wrapte in weedes of woe,
Let all their lightes be virgin waxe, because I lov'de it so.
And care not though the twist be course that lends them light,
If fansie fume, & freewil flame, then must they needs burn bright.
Next them let come the quier, with psalmes and dolefull song,
Recording all my rough repulse and wraying all my wrong.
And when the deskant singes, in treeble tunes above,
Then let fa burden say, (by lowe) *I liv'd and dyde for love:*
About my heavy hearse, some mourners would I have,
Who migh[t] the same accompany and stand about the grave,
But let them be such men, as maye confesse with me,
How contrary the lots of love, to all true lovers bee.
Let *Patience* be the Priest, the Clarke be Close conceipt,
The Sextin be *Simplicitie*, which meaneth no disceipt.
Let almes of *Love* be delt, even at the Chaunsell doore,
And feede them there with freshe delayes, as I have bene of yore:
Then let the yongest sort, be set to ring *Loves* Bels,
And pay *Repentance* for their paines, but give thẽ nothing else,
Thus when the Dirge is done, let every man depart,
And learne by me what harme it is to have a faithfull hart.
Those litle landes I have, mine heyre must needes possesse,
His name is *Lust*, the landes be losse, few lovers scape with lesse.
The rest of all my goodes, which I not here rehearse,
Give learned Poets for their paines, to decke my Tombe with verse:
And let them write these wordes upon my carefull chest,
Lo here he lies, that was as true (in love) as is the best.
Alas I had forgot the Parsons dewe to paye,
And so my soule in Purgatorye, might remaine alway.
Then for my privie Tythes, as kysses caught by stealth,
Sweete collinges & such other knackes as multiplied my wealth:

I give the Vickar here, to please his greedie wyll,
A deintie dishe of suger soppes, but saust with sorrow stil:
And twise a weeke at least, let dight them for his dishe,
On Fridayes and on wednesdaies, to save expence of fishe.
Nowe have I much bequeathed and litle left behinde,
And others mo must yet be served or else I were unkinde.
Wet eyes and wayling wordes, Executours I make,
And for their paines ten pound of teares let either of them take.
Let sorrow at the last my Supravisor be,
And stedfastnesse my surest steade, I give him for his fee.
Yet in his pattent place this *Sentence of proviso*,
That he which loveth stedfastly, shall want no sauce of sorrow.
Thus now I make an ende, of this my wearie wyll,
And signe it with my simple hand, and set my seale there tyll.
And you which reade my wordes, although they be in rime,
Yet reason may perswade you eke, *Thus lovers dote sometime.*

The Subscription and seale.

MY mansion house was Mone: from *Dolours* dale I came,
I *Fato: Non Fortuna*, hight, lo now you know my name:
My seale is sorrowes sythe, within a fielde of flame,
Which cuts in twaine a carefull heart, y^t^ sweltreth in the same.

Fato non Fortuna.

ALas, lo now I heare the passing Bell,
Which Care appointeth carefullye to knoule,
And in my brest, I feele my heart now swell,
To breake the stringes which joynde it to my soule.
The Crystall yse, which lent mine eyes their light,
Doth now waxe dym, and dazeled all with dread,
My senses all, wyll now forsake me quite,
And hope of health abandoneth my head,
My wearie tongue can talke no longer now,
My trembling hand nowe leaves my penne to hold,
My joynts nowe stretch, my body cannot bowe,
My skinne lookes pale, my blood now waxeth cold.

And are not these, the very panges of death?
Yes sure (sweete heart) I know them so to bee,
They be the panges, which strive to stop my breath,
They be the panges, which part my love from thee.
What sayd I? *Love?* *Nay life:* but not my love,
My life departes, my love continues styll:
My lothed lyfe may from my corpse remove,
My loving Love shall alwayes worke thy wyll.
It was thy wyll even thus to trye my truth,
Thou hast thy wyll, my truth may now be sene,
It was thy wyll, that I should dye in youth,
Thou hast thy wyll my yeares are yet but grene.
Thy penaunce was that I should pine in paine,
I have performde thy penaunce all in wo,
Thy pleasure was that I should here remaine,
I have bene glad to please thy fansie so.
Nowe since I have performed every part
Of thy commaunde: as neare as tongue can tell,
Content thee yet before my muse depart,
To take this Sonet for my last farewell.

Fato non fortuna.

His Farewell.

FArewell deere Love whome I have loved and shall,
Both in this world, and in the world to come,
For proofe whereof my sprite is *Charons* thrall,
And yet my corpse attendant on thy toome.
Farewell deere sweete, whose wanton wyll to please
Eche taste of trouble seemed mell to me,
Farewell sweete deare, whose doubtes for to appease,
I was contented thus in bale to be.
Farewell my lyfe, farewell for and my death,
For thee I lyv'd for thee nowe must I dye,
Farewell from *Bathe*, whereas I feele my breath
Forsake my breast in great perplexitie,
Alas how welcome were this death of mine,
If I had dyde betweene those armes of thine?

Fato non Fortuna.

The Reporters conclusion.

WHere might I now find flooddes of flowing teares,
So to suffice the swelling of mine eyes?
How might my breast unlode the bale it beares?
Alas alas how might my tongue devise
To tell this weary tale in wofull wise?
To tell I saye these tydinges nowe of truth,
Which may provoke the craggy rockes to ruth?

In depth of dole would God that I were drownde,
Where flattering joyes might never find me out,
Or graved so within the greedy grounde,
As false delights might never breede my doubt,
Nor guilefull love hir purpose bring about:
Whose trustlesse traines in collours for to paint,
I find by proofe my wittes are all to faint.

I was that man whome destinies ordeine,
To beare eche griefe that groweth on the mold,
I was that man which proved to my paine,
More panges at once than can with tongue be told,
I was that man (hereof you maye be bold)
Whome heaven and earth did frame to scoffe and scorne,
I, I was he which to that ende was borne.

Suffized not my selfe to taste the fruite,
Of sugred sowres which growe in gadding yeares,
But that I must with paine of lyke pursute,
Perceive such panges by paterne of my peares,
And feele how fansies fume could fond my pheares?
Alas I find all fates against me bent,
For nothing else I lyve but to lament.

The force of friendship bound by holy othe,
Dyd drawe my wyll into these croked wayes,
For with my frend I went to *Bathe* (though loth)
To lend some comfort in his dollie dayes,
The stedfast friend stickes fast at all assayes:
Yet was I loth such time to spend in vaine,
The cause whereof, lo here I tell you playne.

By proofe I found as you may well perceive,
That all good counsell was but worne in wast,
Such painted paines his passions did deceive,
That bitter gall was mell to him in tast,
Within his will such rootes of ruine plast,
As graffes of griefes were only given to growe,
Where youth did plant and rash conceite did sowe.

I sawe at first his eares were open aye
To every tale which fed him with some hope,
As fast againe I sawe him turne away
From grave advise, which might his conscience grope,
From reasons rule his fancie lightly lope,
He only gave his mind to get that gaine,
Which most he wisht and least could yet attaine.

Not I alone, but many mo with me,
Had found what ficklenesse his Idoll used,
And how she claimed *Cressides* heire to be,
And how she had his great good will abused,
And how she was of many men refused,
Who tride hir tricks and knew hir by the kinde,
Save only him she made no lover blinde.

But what for this? whose face is plainer seene,
Than he which thinkes he walketh in a net?
Or who in bale hath ever deeper beene,
Than he which thought his state might not be bet?
In such a jollitye these lovers jet,
That weale to them doeth seeme to bee but wo,
And griefe seemes joye, they feede theyr fancyes so.

Tell him that reason ought to be his rule,
And he allowed no reason but his owne,
Tell him that best were quicklye to recule,
Before all force by feares were overthrowne,
And that his bale were better overblowne,
Then thus to pine remedylesse in griefe,
And he would saye that griefe was his reliefe.

Short tale to make so long he lyved thus,
Tyll at the last he gan in deede to dye,
Beleeve me Lordes (and by him that dyed for us)
I sawe him give to close his dying eye,
I sawe him stryve and strangle passingly.
And suche a griefe I tooke, that yet I not,
If he or I had then more griefe ygot.

But who hath seene a Lampe begyn to fade,
Which lacketh oyle to feede his lyngring lyght,
And then againe who so hath seene it made,
With oyle and weecke to last the longsome night.
Let him conceyve that I sawe such a sight.
Whereof to thinke (although I sighde erewhile)
Loe nowe I laughe my sorrowes to beguile.

Upon the stones a trampling steede we heard,
Which came ful straight unto our lodging doore,
And straight therwith we heard how one enquirde,
If such a Knight (as I describde before)
Were lodged there: the Hoast withouten more,
Sayd yes forsooth, and God he knowes (quod he)
He is as sicke as any man maye bee.

The messenger sware by no bugges I trowe,
But bad our hoast to bring him where he laye,
(Quod I to *Bartholmew*) I heare by lowe,
A voice which seemes somewhat of you to saye:
And eare that past not full a furlong waye,
Behold the man came stowping in at doore,
And truth to tell he syked wondrous sore.

At last from out his bosome dyd he take,
A Letter sealde yfolded fayre and well,
And kyssing it (I thinke for Mistresse sake)
He sayd to *Bartholmew*: Syr Knight be well,
Nowe reade these lines the which I neede not tell,
From whence they come: but make an ende of mone,
For you are sicke, and she is woe begone.

The theefe condemnde and gone to gallowe tree,
(If one crye *Grace*: lo here a *Pardon* prest)
Doth dye sometimes, when most he seemde to be,
From death redeemd, such bronts may breede in brest,
Twyxt sodaine joye, and thoughts which paine opprest,
The *Romaine Widdowe* dyed when she beheld,
Hir Sunne (whome earst She compted slaine in field).

So *Bartholmew* tweene griefe and sodaine joye,
Laye styll in traunce, me thinkes I see him yet,
And out of doubte it gave me such anoye,
To see him so, him selfe in fancies fret,
That sure I thought his eyes in head were set.
And that he laye (as some saye) drawing on,
Untill his breath and all were past and gone.

But high de[c]rees of heaven which had ordainde,
(For his decaye) a freshe delaye of paine,
Revived him: yet from his eyes downe raind,
Such rewfull teares as moved me to plaine,
The dolefull plight wherein he dyd remaine.
For trust me now, to see him sorrowe so,
It might have made a stone to melt in wo.

Thrise dyd his tongue beginne to tell his thought,
And thrise (alas) it foltred in his mouth,
With stopping sobbes and skalding sighes he sought
To utter that which was to me uncouth.
So staies the streame, when furiouslie it flouth.
And filles the dikes where it had wont to swimme,
Untill by force it breakes above the brimme.

At last (with paine) the first word that he spake,
Was this: *Alas*, and therewithall he stayed,
His feebled Jawes and hollowe voyce could make,
None other sounde, his thoughtes were all dismayed,
His hearye head full lowe in bosome layed.
Yet when he sawe me marke what he would saye,
He cryed right out *Alas and welawaye.*

Alas (quod he) deare friend behold this bloode,
And with that word he gan againe to sorrowne:
The messenger which in a studdye stoode,
Awakt at last: and in mine eare dyd rowne,
Saying: those lines which I have there throwen downe.
Were written all with blood of hir owne hande,
For whome he nowe in this distresse doth stande.

And since (quod he) She hath vouchsafed so,
To shead hir blood in witnesse of hir griefe,
Me thinkes he rather should relieve hir wo:
Then thus deny to send hir some reliefe.
Alas alas (quod he) she holdes him chiefe.
And well wote I (what ere his fansie bee)
There sittes no man so neere hir heart as hee.

Therewith he raysde his heavy head alight,
Askaunces Ha? in deede and thinkst thou so?
But out alas his weake and weary sprit,
Forbad his tongue in furder termes to go.
His thought sayd *Haight*, his sillie speache cryed *Ho.*
And thus he laye in dompes and dolefull trance,
Tyll darksome night dyd somewhat change his chance.

For when the light of day began to fade,
And courtins round about his bed were drawne,
A golden slomber dyd his lymmes invade,
And held him husht tyll daye againe gan dawne,
Whereby Dame quiet put him in a pawne,
To set his thoughts (which strived earst) at one,
And bad debate be packing to be gone.

Percase sweete love dyd lull him so on sleepe,
Perhaps Dame fansie rockt the Cradell too,
How so it were I take thereof no keepe,
With such conceiptes have I nothing to doo,
But when he wakt he asked plainly who,
Had brought him so from rage to quiet rest,
And who had borne the torments from his brest?

(Quod I) my friend: here is a letter lo,
Behold it here and be all hole againe,
What man were he that wyther would in wo,
Which thus might prosper in despite of paine?
Were he not worse then mad which would complaine,
On such a friend as this to me doth seeme?
Which (for thy health) hir blood doth not esteeme?

Thus much I sayd to comfort him God knowes,
(But what I thought that keepe I cloose in hold)
Sometimes a man must flatter with his foes,
And sometimes saye that brasse is bright as Gold:
For he that hath not all thinges as he would,
Must winke sometimes, as though he dyd not see,
And seeme to thinke thinges are not as they bee.

Dan Bartholmew gan take the briefe in hand,
And brake the seale, but when he saw the blood,
Good Lord how bolt upright his heere dyd stand?
For though the friendly wordes therein were good,
Yet many a thought they moved in his moode.
As well appeared by his flecked cheekes,
Nowe cherrye redde, nowe pale and greene as leekes.

I dreamt (quod he) that I was done to death,
And that I laye full colde in earth and claye,
But that I was restored unto breath,
By one that seemde lyke *Pellycane* to playe,
Who shed his blood to give me foode alwaye,
And made me live in spite of sorrowe styll,
See how my dreame agrees now with this byll?

His feebled wittes forgotten had there whyle,
By whome and howe he had this letter first,
But when he spyde the man, then gan he smile,
For secreete joye his heart dyd seeme to burst,
Now thought he best that (earst) he compted worst.
And lovingly he dyd the man embrace,
And askt howe farde the roote of all his grace?

See sodaine chaunge, see subtile sweete disceipte,
Behold how love can make his subjectes blinde,
Let all men marke hereby what guilefull baite,
Dan Cupide layeth to tyse the lovers minde:
Alacke alacke a slender thread maye binde,
That prysonor fast, which meanes to tarrye styll,
A lytle road correctes a ready wyll.

The briefe was writte and blotted all with gore,
And thus it sayde: *Behold howe stedfast love,*
Hath made me hardy (thankes have he therefore)
To write these wordes thy doubtes for to remove,
With mine owne blood: and yf for thy behove
These bloody lynes do not thy Cares convert:
I vowe the next shall bleede out of my heart.

I dwell to long upon this thriftlesse tale,
For *Bartholmew* was well appeasde hereby,
And feelingly he banished his bale,
Taking herein a tast of remedy,
By lyte and lyte his fittes away gan flye.
And in short space he dyd recover strength,
To stand on foote and take his horse at length.

So that we came to London both yfere,
And there his Goddesse tarryed tyll we came,
I am to blame to call hir Goddesse here,
Since she deservde in deede no Goddesse name,
But sure I thinke (and you may judge the same)
She was [to] him a Goddesse in his thought,
Although perhaps hir Shrines was overbought.

I maye not write what words betweene them past,
How teares of griefe were turnde to teares of joye,
Nor how their dole became delight at last.
Nor how they made great myrth of much anoye,
Nor how content was coyned out of coye,
But what I sawe and what I well maye write,
That (as I maye) I meane for to endite.

In lovely London love gan nowe renew,
This blooddye Letter made it battle much,
And all the doubtes which he in fansies drew,
Were done away as there had bene none such,
(But to him selfe) he bare no body grutch.
Him selfe (he sayde) was cause of all this wo,
Withouten cause that hir suspected so.

O loving Youthes this glasse was made for you,
And in the same you may your selves behold,
Beleeve me nowe not one in all your crew,
Which (where he loves) hath courage to be bold,
Your *Cressides* climes are alwaies uncontrold.
You dare not saye the Sunne is cleare and bright,
You dare not sweare that darkesome is the night.

Terence was wise which taught by *Pamphilus*,
Howe courage quailes where love beblinds the sence,
Though proofe of times makes lovers quarelous,
Yet small excuse serves love for just defence.
These *Courtisanes* have power by pretence
To make a Swan of that which was a Crowe,
As though blacke pitche were turned into Snowe.

Ferenda, She whome heaven and earth had framde,
For his decaye and to bewitche his wittes,
Made him nowe thinke him selfe was to be blamde,
Which causeles thus would fret himselfe in fittes,
Shee made him thinke that sorrowe sildome sittes,
Where trust is tyed in fast and faithfull knottes,
She sayd *Mistrust* was meete for simple sottes.

What wyl you more shee made him to beleeve,
That she first loved although she yonger were,
She made him thinke that his distresse dyd greeve,
Hir guiltlesse minde: and (that it might appeare,
Howe these conceiptes could joyne or hang yfere)
She dyd confesse howe soone shee yeelded his,
Such force (quod she) in learned men there is.

She furder sayde that all to true it was,
Howe youthfull yeares (and lacke of him alone)
Had made hir once to choose out brittle glasse,
For perfect Gold: She dyd confesse (with mone)
That youthfully shee bytte a worthlesse bone.
But that therein she tasted deepe delight,
That sayde shee not, nor I presume to write.

Shee sware (and that I beare full well in minde)
Howe *Dyomede* had never *Troylus* place,
Shee sayd and sware (how ever sate the winde)
That *Admirals* dyd never know hir case,
She sayd againe that never *Noble Face*,
Dyd please hir eye nor moved hir to change,
She sayd her minde was never geven to range.

She sayd and sayd that *Bracelettes* were ybound,
To hold him fast (but not to charme his thought)
She wysht therewith that she were deepely drownd,
In Ippocrace: if ever she had sought,
Or dronke, or smelt, or tane, or found, or bought,
Such *Nectar* droppes as she with him had dronke,
(But this were true) she wisht hir soule were sonke.

And to conclude, she sayde no printed rymes,
Could please hir so as his brave *Triumphes* dyd:
Why wander I? She cov'red all hir crimes,
With deepe disceipt, and all hir guiles she hyd,
With fained teares, and *Bartholmew* she ryd
With double gyrthes, she byt and whyned both,
And made him love where he had cause to loth.

These be the fruictes which grow on such desire,
These are the gaines ygot by such an art,
To late commes he that seekes to quenche the fire,
When flames possesse the house in every part,
Who lyst in peace to keepe a quiet hart.
Flye love betimes, for if he once oretake him,
Then seeld or never shall he well forsake him.

If once thou take him *Tenaunt* to thy brest,
No wrytte nor force can serve to plucke him thence,
No pylles can purge his humour lyke the rest,
He bydes in bones, and there takes residence,
Against his blowes no bucklar makes defence.
And though (with paine) thou put him from thy house,
Yet lurkes hee styll in corners lyke a Mouse.

At every hole he creepeth in by stelth,
And privilye he feedeth on thy crommes,
With spoiles unseene he wasteth all thy welth,
He playes boe peepe when any body commes,
And dastardlik he seemes to dread the drommes,
Although in deede in *Embushe* he awaytes,
To take thee stragling yf thou passe his straites.

So seemed now by *Bartholmews* successe,
Who yeelded sone unto this second charge,
Accusing styll him selfe for his distresse,
And that he had so languished at large,
Short worke to make: he had none other charge
To beare loves blowes, but styll to trust hir tale,
And pardon crave because he bread hir bale.

And thus he lyvde contented styll with craft,
Mistrusting most, that gave least cause of doubt,
He fledde mishappe and helde it by the haft,
He banisht bale and bare it styll about,
He let in love and thought to hold him out.
He seemde to bathe in perfect blisse againe,
When (God he knowes) he fostred privie paine.

For as the Tree which crooked growes by kinde,
(Although it be with propping underset)
In trackt of time to crooked course wyll twinde,
So could *Ferenda* never more forget,
The lease at large where she hir flinges had fet.
But rangde againe, and to hir byas fell,
Such chaunges chaunce where lust (for love) doth dwell.

And as it hapt (and God his wyll it was)
Dan Bartholmew perceyvde it very plaine,
So that perforce he let his pleasures passe,
And strave no more against the streame in vaine,
But therewithall he purchased such paine,
As yet I shrinke in minde thereof to muse,
And marvaile more howe he the same could use.

His lustlesse limmes which wonted were to syt,
In quiet chaire, with pen and paper prest,
Were armed nowe with helme and harnesse fyt,
To seeke adventures boldly with the best,
Hee went to warres that wont to live in rest.
And warres in deede he made withouten blowes,
For why his friendes were nowe become his foes.

Such was his hap to warre both night and daye,
To watche and warde at every time and tyde,
Though foes were farre yet skowted he alwaye,
And when they came he must their brontes abide.
Who ever fled he would his head not hyde.
For sure dispayre his corpse so close had armed,
That by deathes darte he could no whit be harmed.

In his *Ensigne* these collours gan he chuse,
Blacke, white, and greene, first blacke for morning mone,
Then white for chaste, because he did refuse,
(Thenceforth) to thinke but even of hir alone.
A bende of greene: for though his joyes were gone,
Yet should it seeme he hoped for a daye,
And in that bende his name he dyd displaye.

That selfe same name which in his will he wrote,
(You knowe my minde) when he was out of *tune a*,
When he subscribde (which may not bee forgote)
Howe that his name was *Fato Non F*[*o*]*rtuna*.
And as I gesse bicause his love was *Una*,
That played hir pranckes according to hir kinde,
He wrote these wordes hir best excuse to finde.

As who should saye, lo destenies me drive,
And happe could not have overthrowen me thus:
I constrew this because I do beleeve,
That once againe he wyll bee amorous,
I fere it muche by him that dyed for us,
And who so doubtes that causeles thus I faint
Let him but reade the greene Knights heavy plaint

Bartello he which writeth ryding tales,
Bringes in a Knight which cladde was all in greene,
That sighed sore amidde his greevous gales,
And was in hold as *Bartholmew* hath beene.
But (for a placke) it maye therein be seene,
That, that same Knight which there his griefes begonne,
Is *Batts* owne Fathers Sisters brothers Sonne.

Well since my borrell braine is all to bloont
To give a gesse what ende this man shall have,
And since he rageth not as he was woont,
Although sometimes he seeme (alite) to crave,
Yet wyll I not his doinges so deprave,
As for to judge (before I see his ende)
What harder happe his angrie starres can sende.

And therewithall my wearye muse desires,
To take her rest: and pardon craves also,
That shee presumde to bring hir selfe in bryers,
By penning thus this true report of wo:
With sillye grace these sorye rimes maye go,
In such a rancke as *Bartholmew* hath plast,
So that shee feares hir cunning is disgrast.

But take them yet in gree as they be ment,
And wayle with mee the losse of such a man:
I coumpt him lost because I see him bent,
To yeld againe where first his greefe began,
And though I cannot write as others can
Some mournefull verse to move you mone his fall,
Yet weepe (with me) you faythfull lovers all.

Finis. quod Dixit & Dixit.

Lenvoye.

SYr *Salamanke* to thee this tale is tolde,
Peruse it well and call unto thy minde,
The pleasaunt place where thou dydst first behold
The rewfull rymes: remember how the *Winde*
Dyd calmelye blowe: and made me leave behinde,
Some leaves thereof: whiles I sate reading styll,
And thou then seemdst to hearken with good wyll.

Beleeve me nowe, hadst thou not seemd to lyke
The wofull wordes of *Bartholmews* discourse,
They should have lyen styll drowned in the dyke,
Lyke *Sybylls* leaves which flye with lytle force,
But for thou seemdst to take therein remorce,
I sought againe in corners of my brest,
To finde them out and place them with the rest.

Such skyll thou hast to make me (foole) beleeve,
My bables are as brave as any bee,
Well since it is so, let it never greeve
Thy friendly minde this worthlesse verse to see
In print at last: for trust thou unto mee,
Thine onely prayse dyd make me venture forth,
To set in shewe a thing so litle worth.

Thus unto thee these leaves I recommend,
To reade, to raze, to view, and to correct,
Vouchsafe (my friend) therein for to amend
That is amisse, remember that our sect,
Is sure to bee with floutes alwayes infect.
And since most mockes wyll light uppon my muse,
Vouchsafe (my friend) hir faultes for to peruse.

Tam Marti quam Mercurio.

The fruites of Warre,

written uppon this Theame,

Dulce Bellum inexpertis, and it was written by peecemeale at sundrye tymes, as the Auc̃thour had vacaunt leysures from service, being begon at *Delfe* in *Hollande*, and dyrec̃ted to the ryght honourable the Lord *Greye* of *Wylton* as appeareth by the Epistle Dedicatory next following.

¶ To the Right honorable and mine speciall good Lorde, The Lorde *Greye* of *Wylton*.

MY Singular good Lorde: I am of opinion that long before this time your honour hath throughly perused the booke, which I prepared to bee sent unto you somewhat before my comming hyther, and therewithall I doe lykewise conjectour that you have founde therein just cause to laugh at my follies forepassed. So that I am partly in doubte whether I were more overseene in my first devising, or in my last dyrecting of the same? But as fantasticall humours are common imperfections in greene unmellowed braines: So hope I yet that your good Lordshippe wyll rather winke at my weakenesse in generallitie, then reprove my rashnesse in perticularitie. And because I would bee glad, to drawe your Lordshippe into forgetfulnesse thereof, by freshe recorde of some more martiall matter, as also for that I would have your Honour perceave that in these lyngering broyles, I doe not altogeather passe over my time in ydlenesse: I have therefore thought meete nowe to present you with this Pamphlete written by stelth at such times as we Loytered from service. And the sobject thereof being warre, I could not more conveniently addresse the same unto any Marshiall man, then unto your good Lordshippe: Whome I have heard to be an universall patrone of all Souldiours, and have found to bee an exceeding favourour of mee your unworthy follower. The verse is roughe. And good reason, sithence it treateth of roughe matters, but if the sence be good then have I hyt the marke which I shote at: Knowing that your Lordshippe can winne Honny out of the Thistle. And such as it is, I dyrect it unto your Honour. Beseeching the same, to take it in gree, and to perceave that I am and ever wyll continew.

Your Lordships most bounden and assured: *George Gascoigne.*

Dulce bellum inexpertis.

TO write of Warre and wote not what it is,
Nor ever yet could march where War was made,
May well be thought a worke begonne amis,
A rash attempt, in woorthlesse verse to wade,
To tell the triall, knowing not the trade:
Yet such a vaine even nowe doth feede my Muse,
That in this theame I must some labor use.

2 And herewithal I cannot but confesse,
Howe unexpert I am in feates of warre:
For more than wryting doth the same expresse,
I may not boast of any cruell jarre,
Nor vaunt to see full valiant facts from farre:
I have nor bene in Turkie, Denmarke, Greece,
Ne yet in Colch, to winne a Golden fleece.

3 But nathelesse I some what reade in writte,
O[f] high exploits by Martiall men ydone,
And thereupon I have presumed yet,
To take in hande this Poeme now begonne:
Wherin I meane to tell what race they ronne,
Who followe Drummes before they knowe the dubbe,
And bragge of *Mars* before they feele his clubbe.

4 Which talk to tell, let first with penne declare *à definit*
What thing warre is, and wherof it proceeds,
What be the fruites that fall unto their share
That gape for honor by those haughtie deeds,
What bloudie broyles in every state it breeds:
A weary worke uneths I shall it write,
Yet (as I may) I must the same endite.

Poetes & Astronomers definition.

5 The Poets olde in their fonde fables faine,
That mightie *Mars* is god of Warre and Strife,
These Astronomers thinke, where *Mars* doth raigne,
That all [d]ebate and discorde must be rife,
Some thinke *Bellona* goddesse of that life:
So that some one, and some another judge,
To be the cause of every greevous grudge.

Painters description.

6 Among the rest that Painter had some skill,
Which thus in armes did once set out the same,
A fielde of Geules, and on a Golden hill
A stately towne consumed all with flame,
On cheafe of Sable (taken from the dame)
A sucking babe (oh) borne to bide myschaunce,
Begoarde with bloud, and perced with a launce.

7 On high the Helme, I beare it well in minde,
The Wreath was Silver poudred all with shot,
About the which (*gouttè du sang*) did twinde
A roll of Sable, blacke and foule beblot,
The Creast two handes, which may not be forgot,
For in the Right a trenchand blade did stande,
And in the Left a firie burning brande.

8 Thus Poets, Painters, and Astronomers,
Have given their gesse this subject to define,
Yet are those three, and with them travellers,
Not best betrust among the Worthies nine,
Their woordes and workes are deemed not divine:
But why? God knowes (my matter not [t]o marre,)
Unlesse it be bicause they faine to farre.

Common peoples opinion.

9 Well then, let see what sayth the common voice,
These olde sayde sawes, of warre what can they say?
Who list to harken to their whispring noise,
May heare them talke and tattle day by day,
That Princes pryde is cause of warre alway:
Plentie brings pryde, pryde plea, plea pine, pine peace,
Peace plentie, and so (say they) they never cease.

10 And though it have bene thought as true as steele,
Which people prate, and preach above the rest,
Yet could I never any reason feele,
To thinke *Vox populi vox Dei est*,
As for my skill, I compt him but a beast,
Which trusteth truth to dwell in common speeche,
Where every lourden will become a leech.

11 Then what is warre? define it right at last,
And let us set all olde sayde sawes aside,
Let Poets lie, let Painters faigne as fast,
Astronomers let marke how starres do glide,
And let these Travellers tell wonders wide:
But let us tell by trustie proufe of truth,
What thing is warre which raiseth all this ruth.

12 And for my parte my fansie for to wright,
I say that warre is even the scourge of God, The Autho: definition.
Tormenting such as dwell in princelie plight,
Yet not regarde the reaching of his rodde,
Whose deedes and dueties often times are odde,
Who raunge at randon jesting at the just,
As though they raignde to do even what they lust.

13 Whome neyther plague can pull into remorse,
Nor dearth can drawe to mende that is amisse,
Within whose hearts no pitie findeth force,
Nor right can rule to judge what reason is.
Whome sicknesse salveth not, nor bale brings blisse:
Yet can high *Jove* by waste of bloudie warre,
Sende scholemaisters to teach them what they are.

14 Then since the case so plaine by proufe doth stande,
That warre is such, and such alwayes it was,
Howe chaunceth then that many take in hande
To joy in warre, whiles greater pleasures passe?
Who compt the quiet Burgher but an Asse,
That lives at ease contented with his owne,
Whiles they seeke more and yet are overthrowne.

15 If *Mars* moove warre, as Starcoonners can tel,
And Poets eke in fables use to faine,
Or if *Bellona* cause mennes heartes to swell
By deadly grudge, by rancor or dysdaine,
Then what delight may in that life remaine?
Where anger, wrath, teene, mischiefe and debate,
Do still upholde the pillers of the State?

16 If Painters craft have truly warre dysplayde,
Then is it woorsse (and badde it is at best)
Where townes destroyde, and fields with bloud berayde,
Yong children slaine, olde widdowes foule opprest,
Maydes ravished, both men and wives distrest:
Short tale to make, where sworde and cindring flame
Consume as much as earth and ayre may frame.

17 If pryde make warre (as common people prate)
Then is it good (no doubt) as good may bee,
For pryde is roote of evill in everie state,
The sowrse of sinne, the very feend his fee,
The head of Hell, the bough, the braunch, the tree,
From which do spring and sproute such fleshlie seedes,
As nothing else but moane and myschiefe breedes.

18 But if warre be (as I have sayde before)
Gods scourge, which doth both Prince and people tame,
Then warne the wiser sorte by learned lore,
To flee from that which bringeth naught but blame,
And let men compt it griefe and not a game,
To feele the burden of Gods mightie hande,
When he concludes in judgement for to stande.

19 Oh Prince be pleasde with thine owne diademe,
Confine thy countries with their common boundes,
Enlarge no lande, ne stretch thou not thy streame,
Penne up thy pleasure in Repentance poundes,
Least thine owne sworde be cause of all thy woundes:
Claime nought by warre where title is not good,
It is Gods scourge, then Prince beware thy bloud.

20 Oh Dukes, oh Earls, oh Barons, Knights & squiers,
Kepe you content with that which is your owne, Nobilitie.
Let braverie never bring you in his briers,
Seeke not to mowe where you no seede have sowne,
Let not your neighbors house be overthrowne,
To make your garden straight, round, even and square,
For that is warre, (Gods scourge) then Lordes beware.

21 Oh bishops, deacons, prelates, priests and all,
Strive not for tythes, for glebelande, nor for fees, Prelacie.
For polling Peter pens, for popish Pall,
For proud pluralities, nor newe degrees,
And though you thinke it lubberlike to leese,
Yet shoulde you lende that one halfe of your cote:
Then Priests leave warre, and learne to sing that note.

22 Oh lawlesse Lawyers, stoppe your too long nose,
Wherwith you smell your needie neighbors lacke, Lawyers.
Which can pretende a title to suppose,
And in your rules uplandish loutes can racke,
Till you have brought their wealth unto the wracke:
This is plaine warre, although you terme it strife,
Which God will scourge, then Lawyers leave this life.

23 Oh Merchants make more conscience in an oth,
Sell not your Silkes by danger nor deceyte,
Breake not your bankes with coine and credite bothe, Merchants.
Heape not your hoordes by wilinesse of weyght,
Set not to sale your subtilties by sleight,
Breede no debate by bargayning for dayes,
For God will skourge such guiles tenne thousand wayes.

24 Oh countrie clownes, your closes see you keepe, Husbandmen.
With hedge, & ditche, & marke your meade with meares,
Let not dame flatterie in your bosome creepe,
To tell a fittone in your Landlordes eares,
And say the ground is his as playne appeares.
Where you but set the bounders foorth to farre:
Plie you the plough and be no cause of warre.

25 Oh common people clayme nothing but right,
Cõmunaltie. And ceasse to seeke that you have never lost,
Strive not for trifles: make not all your might,
To put your neighbours purse to needelesse cost,
When your owne gilte is spent, then farewell frost:
The Lawyer gaynes, and leades a Lordly lyfe,
Whiles you leese all and begge to stinte your stryfe.

26 Knew Kings and Princes what a payne it were,
To winne mo realmes than any witte can weelde,
To pine in hope, to fret as fast for feare,
To see their subjects murdred in the field,
To loose at last, and then themselves to yeeld,
To breake sounde sleepe with carke and inward care,
They would love peace, and bidde warre well to fare.

27 If noble men and gentle bloodes yborne,
Wist what it were to have a widdowes curse,
Knew they the skourge of God (which wrõgs doth skorne)
Who sees the poore still wronged to the worse,
Yet stayes revenge till he it list disburse:
Wist they what were to catche Gods afterclappes,
Then would they not oppresse somuch perhappes.

28 These spirituall Pastors, nay these spitefull Popes,
Which ought to lende a lanterne to the rest,
Had they themselves but light to see the ropes,
And snares of Hell which for their feete are drest,
Bicause they pill and pole, bycause they wrest.
Bycause they covet more than borrell men,
(Harde be their hartes) yet would they tremble then.

29 Lawyers and Marchants put them both yfeare,
Could they foresee how fast theyr heyres lashe out,
If they in minde this old Proverbe could beare,
De bonis malepartis vix (through out)
Gaudebit tertius hæres out of doubt,
They would percase more peace than plea procure,
Since goods ill got, so little time endure.

30 Whiles Pierce the Plowmã hopes to picke a thãke,
By moving boundes (which got skarce graze his goose)
His Landlord lawes so long to winne that banke,
Till at the last the Ferme and all flies loose,
Then farewell Pierce the man proves but a mouse,
And seekes a cottage if he could one get,
So fayre he fisht by moving mischief yet.

31 If common people could foresee the fine,
Which lights at last by lashing out at lawe,
Then who best loves this question, *Myne or Thyne*,
Would never grease the greedy sergeants pawe,
But sit at home and learne this old sayde sawe,
Had I revenged bene of every harme,
My coate had never kept me halfe so warme.

32 But whether now? my wittes are went awrie,
I have presumde to preache to long God wote,
Where mine empryse was well to testifie
How sweet warre is to such as knowe it not,
I have but toucht their yll luck and their lot,
Which are the cause why strife and warres begin,
Nought have I sayd of such as serve therein.

33 And therwithal I termed have all strife,
All quarells, contecks, and all cruell jarres,
Oppressions, bryberes, and all greedy life,
To be (*in genere*) no bet than warres,
Wherby my theame is stretcht beyond the starres,
And I am entred in a field so large,
As to much matter doth my Muse surcharge.

34 But as the hawke which soareth in the skie,
And clymbes aloft for sollace of hir wing,
The greater gate she getteth up on highe,
The truer stoupe she makes at any thing:
So shall you see my Muse by wandering,
Finde out at last the right and ready way,
And kepe it sure though earst it went astray.

35 My promisse was, and I recorde it so,
To write in verse (God wot though lyttle worth)
That warre seemes sweete to such as little knowe
What commes therby, what frutes it bringeth forth:
Who knowes none evil his minde no bad abhorth,
But such as once have fealt the skortching fire,
Will seldome (efte) to play with flame desire.

36 Then warre is badde: and so it is in deede,
Yet are three sortes which therin take delight,
But who they be now herken and take heede,
For (as I may) I meane their names to wright,
The first hight *Haughtie harte*, a man of might,
The second *Greedy minde* most men do call,
And *Miser* (he the mome) cõmes last of all.

Haughty harts.

37 As for the first, three sparkes of mighty moode
Desire of fame, disdayne of Idlenesse,
And hope of honor, so inflame his bloud,
That he haunts warre to winne but worthinesse,
His doughty deedes alwayes declare no lesse:
For whyles most men for gaines or malice fight,
He gapes for glory setting lyfe but light.

38 O noble mind: alas and who could thinke,
So good a hart so hard a happe should have?
A sweete perfume to fall into a sinke,
A costly jewell in a swelling wave,
Is happe as harde as if in greedy grave,
The lustiest lyfe should shryned be perforce,
Before dyre deathe gyve sentence of divorce.

39 And such I counte the happe of *Haughty hart*,
Which hunts (nought els) but honor for to get,
Where treason, malyce, sicknesse, sore and smarte,
With many myschieves moe his purpose let,
And he meane while (which might have spent it bet)
But loseth time, or doth the same mispend,
Such guerdons gives the wicked warre at end.

40 I set aside to tell the restlesse toyle,
The mangled corps, the lamed limbes at last,
The shortned yeares by fret of fevers foyle,
The smoothest skinne with skabbes and skarres disgrast,
The frolicke favour frounst and foule defast,
The broken sleepes, the dreadfull dreames, the woe,
Which wonne with warre and cannot from him goe.

41 I list not write (for it becommes me not)
The secret wrath which God doth kindle oft,
To see the sucklings put unto the pot,
To heare their giltlesse bloode send cries alofte,
And call for vengeance unto him, but softe
The Souldiours they commit those heynous actes,
Yet Kings and Captaynes answere for such factes.

42 What neede me now at large for to rehearse,
The force of Fortune, when she list to frowne?
Why should I heere display in barreyne verse,
How realmes are turned topsie turvie downe,
How Kings and Keysars loose both clayme and crowne?
Whose haughty harts to hent all honour haunte,
Till high mishaps their doughtiest deedes do daunte.

43 All these with mo my penne shall overpasse,
Since *Haughty harte* hath fixt his fansie thus,
Let chaunce (sayeth he) be fickell as it was,
Sit bonus (*in re mala*) *Animus*,
Nam omne solum viro forti Ius.
And fie (sayeth he) for goods or filthie gaine,
I gape for glorie, all the rest is vayne.

44 Vayne is the rest, and that most vayne of all,
A smouldring smoke which flieth with every winde,
A tickell treasure, like a trendlyng ball,
A passing pleasure mocking but the minde,
A fickle fee as fansie well can finde.
A sommers fruite whiche long can never last,
But ripeneth soone, and rottes againe as fast.

45 And tell me *Haughty harte*, confesse a truth,
What man was aye so safe in Glories porte,
But traynes of treason (oh the more the ruth)
Could undermine the Bulwarkes of this forte,
And raze his ramparts downe in sundrie sorte?
Searche all thy bookes, and thou shalt finde therein,
That honour is more harde to holde than winne.

46 Aske *Julius Cæsar* if this tale be true,
Cæsar. The man that conquered all the world so wide,
Whose onely worde commaunded all the crue,
Of *Romayne* Knights at many a time and tide,
Whose pompe was thought so great it could not glide.
At last with bodkins dubd and doust to death,
And all his glorie banisht with his breath.

47 Of malice more what should I make discource,
Than thy foule fall proude *Pompey* by thy name,
Pompey. Whose swelling harte envying *Cæsars* force,
Did boyle and burne in will and wicked flame,
By his downe fall thy fonder clyme to frame,
Till thine owne head bebathed with enmies teares,
Did ende thy glorie with thy youthfull yeares.

48 Alas alas how many may we reade,
Whome sicknesse sithe hath cut as greene as grasse?
Whome colde in Campes hath chaungd as pale as leade?
Whose greace hath molt all caffed as it was,
With charges given, with skarmouching in chasse?
Some lamed with goute (soone gotten in the field)
Some forst by fluxe all glorie up to yeeld.

49 Of sodayne sores, or clappes caught unaware,
By sworde, by shotte, by mischief, or by mine,
What neede I more examples to declare,
Montacute Earle of Salisbury. Then *Montacute* which died by doome devine?
For when he had all France defayct, in fine,
From lofty towre discovering of his foes,
A Cannons clappe did all his glorie lose.

50 I had forgot (wherein I was to blame)
Of bolde brave *Bourbon* somewhat for to say
That *Haughty* hart whome never Prince could tame,
Whome neyther towne could stoppe nor wall let way, *Borbon.*
Nor king nor Keyser could his jorney stay:
His *Epitaph* downe set upon his Tombe
Declares no lesse: I leave it to your doome.

Devicto Gallo, Aucto Imperio, Pontifice obsesso, Italia superata, Borbons
Roma capta, Borbonii hoc marmor habet cineres. Epitaph.

51 Oh glorious title ringing out renowne,
Oh *Epitaph* of honor and high happe,
Who reades the same as it is there set downe,
Would thinke that *Borbon* sate in fortunes lappe,
And could not fall by chaunce of after clappe:
Yet he that wrote this thundring flattering verse,
Left out one thing which I must needes rehearse.

52 For when he had his king by warre foredone,
Enlargde the Empyre and besiegde the Pope,
Tane Rome, and Italy had overronne,
Yet was he forst, alwayes from lawes to lope,
And trudge from triall so to scape the rope:
Yea more than that a banisht man be served,
Least loved of them whose thanks he most deserved.

53 Lo lordings here a lesson for the nones,
Behold this glasse and see yourselves therein,
This *Epitaph* was writte for worthy ones,
For *Haughty harts* which honor hunt to winne.
Beware beware, what broyles you do begin.
For smiling lucke hath oft times *Finem duram*,
And therefore thinke *possit victoria Curam.*

54 And yet if glory do your harts inflame,
Or hote desire a haughty name to have,
Or if you thirst for high renowne or fame,
To blase such brute as time might not deprave,
You leese the labour that you might well save:
For many a prayse in that meane while you past,
Which (bet than warre) might make your name to last.

55 As first (percase) you skipt *Phylosophie*,
That noble skill which doth surmount the rest,
Wherto if you had tied your memorie,
Then bruntes of warre had never bruzde your brest,
Yet had our name bene blazde, and you bene blest:
Aristotle. Aske *Aristotle* if I speake amis,
Fewe Souldiers fame can greater be than his.

56 Next *Rethorike*, that hoonnie harmelesse arte,
Which conquers moe than warre can well subdue,
You past it by, and therfore loose your parte
Of glories great, which thereunto are due,
And might by right your names for aye renue:
Cicero. Such glory loe did *Cicero* attaine,
Which longer lasts, than other glories vaine.

Avicene. 57 Of *Physike* speake for me king *Avicen*,
Who more esteemde the meane to save himselfe,
Than lessons leude of proude ambitious men,
Which make debate for mucke and worldly pelfe:
Yet was his glory never set on shelfe,
Nor never shal, whyles any worlde may stande,
Where men have minde to take good bookes in hande.

58 What shoulde I stretch into *Astronomie*?
Or marvels make of Musikes sugred sounde?
Or beate my braynes about *Geometrie*?
Or in *Arithmetike* of artes the grounde?
Since evermore it is and hath bene founde,
That who excels in any of the same,
Is sure to winne an everlasting fame.

59 My meaning is no more but to declare,
That *Haughtie hartes* do spende their time in vaine,
Which followe warres, and bring themselves in snare,
Of sundrie ylls, and many a pinching paine,
Whiles if they list to occupie their braine,
In other feates with lesser toile ygot,
They might have fame when as they have it not.

60 Well, *Greedie minde* is of another moode,
That man was framde out of some other molde,
He followes warres for wealth and worldlie good,
To fill his purse with grotes and glistring golde,
He hopes to buie that *Haughtie harte* hath solde:
He is as hote as any man at spoile,
But at a breach he keepeth no such coyle.

Greedy minde

61 Alas good Greedie minde, and canst thou finde
No better trade, to fill thy boystrous baggs?
Is witte nowe wente so wandring from thy minde?
Are all thy points so voide of Reasons taggs?
Well so mayst thou come roysting home in raggs,
And lose thy time as *Haughtie harte* doth eke,
Whiles like a dolt thou wealth in warre dost seke.

62 O bleareyde foole, are both thine eyes beblast?
Canst thou not see? looke up (what man?) God mend thee,
Looke at these Lawyers howe they purchase fast,
Marke wel these Marchants (better minde God send thee)
See howe the sutes of silke that they woulde lende thee,
And many mo so fine in fashion stande,
Till at the last they pay for unthriftes lande.

63 The Grasier gets by feeding fatte his neate,
The Clothier coynes by carding locks of wooll,
The Butcher buildes by cutting out of meate,
The Tanners hydes do fill his budget full,
The Sheep maister his olde cast croanes can cull,
The Shoomaker can shift by shaping shooes,
The Craftie bawde can live by keeping stewes.

64 The gorgeous Goldesmith getts the Divell and all,
The Haberdasher heapeth wealth by hattes,
The Barber lives by handling of his ball,
The Coupers house is heelde by hooping fattes,
The Roge rubbes out by poysoning of Rattes,
The Chanell raker liveth by his fee,
Yet compt I him more worthie prayse than thee.

65 To rake up rytches evermore by wrong,
To multiplie by mooving of myschiefe,
To live by spoile which seeldome lasteth long,
To hoorde up heapes whiles others lacke reliefe,
To winne all wealth by playing of the theefe,
Is not so good a gaine I dare avowe,
As his that lives by toyling at the plowe.

66 And yet the drudge that delveth in the grounde,
The poorest pesant and the homeliest hinde,
The meanest man that ever yet was founde,
To get a gaine by any trade or kinde,
Lives more at rest and hath more ease of minde,
More sure to winne, much lesser dread to leese,
Than any page that lives by *Mars* his fees.

67 Ne will I yet affray the doubtfull hartes
Of such as seeke for welth in warre to fal,
By thundring out the sundrie sodaine smartes
Which daily chaunce as fortune trilles the ball:
Suffiseth this to proove my theame withall,
That every bullet hath a lighting place,
Though *Greedie minde* forseeth not that disgrace.

68 The myst of *More would have*, doth bleare his eyes,
So is he armde with avarice alway,
And as he covets more than may suffise,
So is he blinde and dazled day by day,
For whiles he ventures for a double pay,
He quite forgets the pay that payes for all,
Til Leade (for Golde) do glut his greedie gal.

69 Yea though he gaine & cram his purse with crounes,
And therewith scape the foemens force in fielde,
He nought foreseeth what treasons dwells in Townes,
Ne what mishappes his yll got goods may yeelde:
For so may chaunce (and seene it is not seelde)
His owne companions can contrive a meane,
To cutte his throate and rinse his budgets cleane.

70 But if he wist, or had the witte to knowe,
What dangers dwell, where might beares right adowne,
What inwarde griefes to quiet mindes may growe
By greedie thyrst of ryches or renowne,
Where wrong of warre oft times erects the crowne,
He would percase confesse among the rest,
That *Dulce bellum inexpertis est.*

71 So that I say as earst I sayde before,
That even as *Haughtie harte* doth hunt in vaine,
Which seekes to winne most honor evermore,
By haunting warres: so can I see no gaine,
(With calme content) to feede that others vaine:
Wherfore my worde is still (I change it not)
That *Warre seemes sweete to such as raunge it not.*

72 Well then, let see what reason or what rule
Can Miser move, to march among the rest: Miser.
I meane not Miser he that sterves his Mule
For lacke of meate: no that were but a jest:
My Miser is as brave (sometimes) as best,
Where if he were a snudge to spare a groate,
Then *Greedie minde* and he might weare one coate.

73 But I by Miser meane the very man,
Which is enforst by chip of any chaunce,
To steppe aside and wander nowe and than,
Till lowring lucke may pipe some other daunce,
And in meane while yet hopeth to advaunce
His staylesse state, by sworde, by speare, by shielde,
Such bulwarkes (loe) my Misers braine doth builde.

74 The forlorne hope, which have set up their rest
By rash expence, and knowe not howe to live,
The busie braine that medleth with the best,
And gets dysgrace his rashnesse to repreeve,
The man that slewe the wight that thought to theeve,
Such and such moe which flee the Catchpols fist,
I compt them Misers, though the Queene it wist.

75 And yet forsooth these love to live in warre,
When (God he knowes) they wote not what it meanes,
Where if they sawe how much deceyved they are,
Whiles they be brought into mine uncles beanes,
And hoppe in hazarde by their headie meanes:
Then woulde they learne and love to live at home,
Much rather yet than wide in warres to rome.

Unthriftes.

76 The unthrift he that selles a roode of lande,
For Flemish stickes of Silkes and such like wares,
Weenes yet at last to make a happie hande
By bloudie warre, and hopes to shredde such shares,
In goods yll got to countervaile his cares,
That he may once recover his estate,
To royst againe in spite of Catchpolles pate.

Praters.

77 The restlesse tong [that] tattleth still at large,
Till just correction cause it to be still,
Is banisht oft, and sitts in *Misers* barge,
To brydle so the wandring of his will:
Yet when he heares a trumpet sounding shrill,
He followes fast, and to himselfe he sayes,
Nowe can I keepe me out of Catchpols wayes.

Felons.

78 The bloudie murdrer and the craftie theefe,
Which have by force or fraude done what offence,
To creepe in corners, oh they thinke it leefe,
Though *Miser* there do pay for their expence:
But when they heare a pay proclaimde for pence,
Loe then they trudge, and gape to get such wealth,
As may discharge their heads from hangmans health.

79 Of these thre sortes full many have I seene,
Some hate the streates, bicause the stones were hot,
Some shunde the Court (& though they lovde our Queene)
Yet in the Counsellors wayes they stumbled not,
Some might not drinke of Justice *Griffyns* pot:
But all and some had rather fight with foes,
Than once to light within the lappes of those.

80 As for the first what neede I much to wright?
Since now adayes the Sunne so hote doth shine,
That fewe yong blouds (unlesse it be by night)
Can byde the streates: no, narrowe lanes be fine,
Where every shade may serve them for a shrine:
But in Cheapside the Sunne so scaldes the streete,
That every paving stone would partch their feete.

81 So of the seconde somwhat coulde I say,
Howe tattling tungs and busie byting pennes,
Have fledde from Court long sithens many a day,
And bene full gladde to lurke in *Misers* dennes,
Some for their owne speech, some for other mennes,
Some for their bookes bicause they wrote too much,
Yea some for rymes, but sure I knowe none such.

82 And for the thirde, I cannot blame them I,
If they at barre have once helde up their hande,
And smelt the smoke which might have made them frie,
Or learnde the leape out of their native lande,
Me thinke if then their cause be rightly scande,
That they should more delight to follow drummes,
Than byde at home to come in hangmans thumbes.

83 But holla yet, and lay a strawe thereby,
For whyles they scape for one offence or twaine,
They goe so long to schole with fellonie,
And learne such lessons in the Soldiers traine,
That all delayes are dalied but in vaine:
For commonly at their home come they pay,
The debt which hangman claimde earst many a day.

84 How much were better then, with contrite harte
First to repent, and then to make amendes?
And therwithall to learne by troubles smarte,
What sweete repose the lawfull life us lendes:
For when such plagues the mightie God us sendes,
They come aswell to scourge offences past,
As eke to teach a better trade at last.

85 And eke how much were better for the first,
To beare lowe sayle, beginne the worlde anewe,
And stande content to muster with the worst,
Till God convey them to some better crewe,
It better were to bydde all pryde adieu,
And stoupe betimes in hope to ryse againe,
Than still to strive against the streame in vaine.

86 So were more meete for mealy mouthed men,
And busie medlers with their Princes mates,
Wryters and rimers for to turne their penne
In humble style unto the loftie states,
And eke with tongue attending at their gates,
In lowly wise their favour to beseeche,
Than still to stande in stoute and sturdie speech.

87 But mighty *Mars* hath many men in store,
Which wayte alwayes to keepe his kingdome up,
Of whome no one doth shewe his service more,
Than lingring *Hope* which still doth beare his cuppe,
And flatteringly lendes every man a suppe,
Which haunts his courte or in his progresse passe.
Hope brings the bolle whereon they all must quasse.

88 Th' ambitious Prince doth hope to conquer all,
The Dukes, Earles, Lords, & Knights hope to be kings,
The Prelates hope to pushe for Popish pall,
The Lawyers hope to purchase wonderous things,
The Merchaunts hope for no lesse reckenings,
The peasant hopes to get a Ferme at least,
All men are guestes where *Hope* doth holde the feast.

Hope is cupbearer to war.

89 Amongst the rest poore *Miser* is so drie,
And thristeth so to taste of some good chaunge
That he in haste to *Hope* runnes by and by.
And drinkes so deepe (although the taste be straunge,)
That madding moode doth make his wittes to raunge,
And he runnes on w[h]ere *Hope* doth leade the way,
Most commonly (God knowes) to his decaye.

90 So that for companie he sings the same,
Which *Haughty harte* and *Greedy minde* do sing
He saieth that *Bellum* breedeth grief of game:
And though at first it seeme a pleasant thing
At last (sayeth he) it striketh with a sting,
And leaves a skarre although the wound be heald,
Which gives disgrace and cannot be conceald.

91 To prove this true how many in my dayes,
(And I for one) might be rehearced here,
Who after proofe of divers wandring wayes,
Have bene constreynd to sit with sorie cheere,
Close in a corner fumbled up for feare?
Till frō such dennes, drummes dubbe hath calld thē forth,
To chaunge their chaunce for lottes (ofte) little worth.

92 But here (me thinks) I heare some carping tong,
That barkes apace and killes me with his crie,
[M]e thinkes he sayes that all this geare goeth wrong,
When workes of warre are wrotte by such as I,
Me thinkes I heare him still this text applie,
That evill may those presume to teache a trade,
Which nay themselves in Schollers roome did wade.

93 And for bycause my selfe confessed have,
That (more than might by writte expressed be)
I may not seeme above my skill to brave,
Since yet mine eyes the warres did never see:
Therefore (say some) how fonde a foole is he,
That takes in hande to write of worthy warre,
Which never yet hath come in any jarre?

94 No jarre (good sir) yes yes and many jarres,
For though my penne of curtesie did putte,
A difference twixt broyles and bloudie warres,
Yet have I shot at maister *Bellums* butte,
And throwen his ball although I toucht no tutte:
I have percase as deepely dealt the dole,
As he that hit the marke and gat the gole.

Flushyng frayes & fleesing of Flaunders.

95 For I have seene full many a *Flushyng* fraye,
And fleest in *Flaunders* eke among the rest,
The bragge of *Bruges*, where was I that daye?
Before the walles good sir as brave as best,
And though I marcht all armde withouten rest,
From *Aerdenburgh* and back againe that night,
Yet madde were he that would have made me knight.

Aerdenburgh,

96 So was I one forsooth that kept the towne,
Of *Aerdenburgh* (withouten any walles)
From all the force that could be dressed downe,
By *Alba* Duke for all his cries and calles,
A high exployte. Wee held the Flemings thralles,
Seven dayes and more without or bragges or blowes,
For all that while we never herd of foes.

Tergoes.

97 I was againe in trench before *Tergoes*,
(I dare not say in siege for bothe mine eares)
For looke as oft as ever Hell brake lose,
I meane as often as the Spainish peares,
Made salie foorth (I speake this to my pheares)
It was no more but which Cock for a groate,
Such troupes we were to keepe them up in coate.

98 Yet surely this withouten bragge or boast,
Our English bloudes did there full many a deede,
Which may be Chronicled in every coaste,
For bolde attempts, and well it was agreed,
That had their heades bene rulde by warie heede,
Some other feate had bene attempted then,
To shew their force like worthie English men.

99 Since that siege raysde I romed have about,
In Zeeland, Holland, Waterland, and all,
By sea, by land, by ayre, and all throughout,
As leaping lottes, and chance did seeme to call,
Now here, now there, as fortune trilde the ball,
Where good **Gryllam* of *Nassau* badde me be,
There needed I none other guyde but he.

* The Prince of Orenge his name is Guillam of Nassau.

100 Percase sometimes S. Gyptians pilgrymage,
Did carie me a moneth (yea sometimes more)
To brake the Bowres, and racke them in a rage,
Bicause they had no better cheere in store,
Beefe, Mutton, Capon, Plover, Pigeons, Bore,
All this was naught, and for no Souldiours toothe,
Were these no jarres? (speake now Sir) yes forsoothe.

101 And by my troth to speake even as it is,
Such prankes were playde by Souldiours dayly there,
And though my self did not therein amisse,
(As God he knowes and men can witnesse beare,)
Yet since I had a charge, I am not cleare,
For seldome climes that Captaine to renowne,
Whose Souldiours faults so plucke his honour downe.

102 Well let that passe. I was in rolling trench,
At *Ramykins*, where little shotte was spent, Ramykins.
For gold and groates their matches still did quenche,
Which kept the Forte, and forth at last they went,
So pinde for hunger (almost tenne dayes pent)
That men could see no wrincles in their faces,
Their pouder packt in caves and privie places.

103 Next that I servde by night and eke by daie,
By Sea, by lande, at every time and tide,
Against **Mountdragon* whiles he did assaie, * A Coronel of the kings side.
To lande his men along the salt sea side,
For well he wist that *Ramykins* went wide,
And therfore sought with victuall to supplie,
Poore *Myddleburgh* which then in suddes did lie.

104 And there I sawe full many a bold attempt,
By seelie soules best executed aye,
And bravest bragges (the foemens force to tempt)
Accomplished but coldely many a daye,
The Souldiour charge, the leader lope away,
The willing drumme a lustie marche to sounde,
Whiles ranke retyrers gave their enimies ground.

105 Againe at Sea the Souldiour forward still,
When Mariners had little lust to fight,
And whiles we staie twixt faynte and forward will,
Our enemies prepare themselves to flight.
They hoyste up sayle (o wearie woorde to wri[gh]t)
They hoyste up saile that lacke both streame and windes,
And we stand still so forst by frowarde mindes.

106 O victorie: (whome *Haughty* hartes do hunte)
O spoyle and praye (which greedy mindes desire)
O golden heapes (for whom these *Misers* wonte
To follow *Hope* which settes all hartes on fire)
O gayne, O golde, who list to you aspyre,
And glorie eke, by bolde attempts to winne,
There was a day to take your prisoners in.

107 The shippes retyre with riches full yfraught,
The Souldiours marche (meane while) into the towne,
The tide skarce good, the winde starke staring naught,
The haste so hoate that (eare they sinke the sowne)
They came on ground, and strike all sayles adowne:
While we (ay me) by backward saylers ledde,
Take up the worst when all the best are fledde.

108 Such triũphs chance where such Lieutenãts rule,
Where will commaundes when skill is out of towne,
Where boldest bloudes· are forced to recule,
By Simme the boteswayne when he list to frowne,
Where Captaynes crouch, and fishers weare the Crowne.
Such happes which happen in such haplesse warres,
Make me to tearme them broyles and beastly jarres.

109 And in these broyles (a beastly broyle to wryte,)
My *Colonell*, and I fell at debate,
So that I left both charge and office quite,
A Captaynes charge and eke a Martials state,
Whereby I proved (perhaps though all to late)
How soone they fall whiche leane to rotten bowes,
Such faith finde they, that trust to some mens vowes.

110 My harte was high, I could not seeme to serve,
In regiment where no good rules remayne,
Where officers and such as well deserve,
Shall be abusde by every page and swayne,
Where discipline shall be but deemed vayne,
Where blockes are stridde by stumblers at a strawe,
And where selfe will must stand for martiall lawe.

111 These things (with mo) I could not seeme to beare,
And thereupon I crackt my staffe in two,
Yet stayde I still though out of pay I were,
And learne to live as private Souldiours do,
I lived yet, by God and lacked too:
Till at the last when *Beavois* fledde amayne,
Our campe removde to streine (*a*) *the lande van Strayne.*

(a) An Iland so called which was sore spoyled by our countrymen.

112 When (*b*) *Beavois* fledde, *Mountdragon* came to towne,
And like a Souldiour *Myddelburgh* he kept,
But courage now was coldly come adowne,
On either side: and quietly they slept,
So that my self from Zeland lightly lept,
With full entent to taste our English ale,
Yet first I ment to tell the Prince my tale.

(b) A Coronel of the kings side whiche was governour of Middelburgh next before Moũtdragon.

113 For though the warres waxt colde in every place,
And small experience was there to be seene,
Yet thought I not to parte in such disgrace,
Although I longed much to see our Queene:
For he that once a hyred man hath bene,
Must take his Maisters leave before he goe,
Unlesse he meane to make his freend his foe.

114 Then went I straight to **Delfe*, a pleasant towne,
Unto that Prince, whose passing vertues shine,
And unto him I came on knees adowne,
Beseeching that his excellence in fine,
Would graunt me leave to see this countrey mine:
Not that I wearie was in warres to serve,
Nor that I lackt what so I did deserve.

* A towne in Holland.

115 But for I found some contecke and debate,
In regiment where I was woont to rule,
And for I founde the staie of their estate,
Was forced now in townes for to recule,
I craved leave no longer but till *Yewle*,
And promist then to come againe *Sans fayle*,
To spende my bloud where it might him avayle.

* Christmas.

116 The noble Prince gave graunt to my request,
And made me passeporte signed with his seale,
But when I was with baggs and baggage prest,
The Prince began to ring another peale,
And sent for me, (desiring for my weale)
That I woulde stay a day or two, to see,
What was the cause he sent againe for mee.

117 My Colonell was nowe come to the Courte,
With whome the Prince had many things to treate,
And for he hoapte, in good and godlie sorte,
Tweene him and me to worke a friendlie feate,
He like a gracious Prince his braines did beate,
To set accorde betweene us if he might,
Such paynes he toke to bring the wrong to right.

118 O noble Prince, there are too fewe like thee,
If Vertue wake, she watcheth in thy will,
If Justice live, then surely thou art hee,
If Grace do growe, it groweth with thee still,
O worthy Prince would God I had the skill,
To write thy worth that men thereby might see,
How much they erre that speake amisse of thee.

119 The simple Sottes do coumpt thee simple too,
Whose like for witte our age hath seldome bredde,
The rayling roges mistrust thou darest not do,
As *Hector* did for whom the Grecians fledde,
Although thou yet werte never seene to dredde,
The slandrous tongues do say thou drinkst to much,
When God he knowes thy custome is not such.

120 But why do I in worthlesse verse devise,
To write his prayse that doth excell so farre?
He heard our greeves himself in gratious wise,
And mildly ment to joyne our angry jarre,
He ment to make that we beganne to marre:
But wicked wrath had some so farre enraged,
As by no meanes theyr malice could be swaged.

121 In this meane while the Spainiards came so neare
That *Delfe* was girte with siege on every side,
And though men might take shippyng every where,
And so be gone at any time or tide,
Yet truth to tell (I speake it for no pryde)
I could not leave that Prince in such distresse,
Which cared for me and yet the cause much lesse.

122 But see mishappe how craftely it creepes,
Whiles fawning fortune fleareth full in face,
My heavie harte within my bellie weepes,
To recken here a droppe of darke disgrace,
Which fell upon my pleasant plight apace,
And brought a packe of doubts and dumps to passe,
Whiles I with Prince in love and favour was.

123 A worthie dame whose prayse my penne shal write
(My sworde shall eke hir honour still defende)
A loving letter to me did endight,
And from the Campe the same to me did sende,
I meane from Campe where foes their force did bende:
She sent a brief unto me by hir mayde,
Which at the gates of *Delfe* was stoutely stayde.

124 This letter tane, I was mistrusted much,
And thought a man that were not for to truste,
The Burghers streight began to beare me grutche,
And cast a snare to make my necke be trust,
For when they had this letter well discust:
They sent it me by hir that brought it so,
To trie if I would keepe it close or no.

The frute of fansie.

125 I redde the lines, and knowing whence they came,
My harmelesse harte began to pant apace,
Wel to be playne, I thought that never Dame,
Should make me deale in any doubtfull case,
Or do the thing might make me hide my face:
So that unto the Prince I went forthwith,
And shewed to him of all this packe the pith.

126 The thing God knowes was of no great emport,
Some freendly lines the vertuous Lady wrote
To me hir freend: and for my safe passeporte,
The Camepomaster *Valdes* his hand was gotte,
And seale therewith, that I might safely trotte,
Unto the *Haghe* a stately pleasaunt place,
Whereas remaynd this worthy womans grace.

The pleasauntest village (as I thinke) that is in Europe.

127 And here I set in open verse to showe,
The whole effect wherfore this work was wrought,
She had of mine (whereof few folkes did knowe)
A counterfayte, a thing to me deare bought,
Which thing to have I many time had sought
And when shee knew how much I did esteeme it
Shee vowde that none but I should thence redeeme it.

128 Lo here the cause of all this secrete sleight,
I sweare by *Jove* that nothing els was ment,
The noble Prince (who sawe that no deceipt
Was practised) gave trust to mine entent:
And leave to write from whence the same was sent,
But still the Bowgers (Burghers should I saye)
Encreast their doubtes and watcht me day by day.

(a) forbidden. (b) the Greene captaine.

129 At every porte it was (forsoth) (*a*) *belast*,
That I (*b*) (*die groene Hopman*) might not go out,
But when their foes came skirmishing full fast,
Then with the rest the Greene knight for them fought,
Then might he go without mistrust or doubt:
O drunken plompes, I playne without cause why,
For all cardes tolde there was no foole but I.

130 I was the foole to fight in your defence,
Which know no freende, nor yet your selves full well,
Yet thus you see how paye proclaymde for pence,
Pulles needie soules in steade of heaven to hell,
And makes men hope to beare away the bell.
Whereas they hang in ropes that never rotte,
Yet warre seemes sweete to such as know it not.

131 Well thus I dwelt in *Delfe* a winters tyde,
In *Delfe* (I say) without one pennie pay:
My men and I did colde and hunger bide,
To shew our truth, and yet was never day,
Wherein the Spanyard came to make us play,
But that the Greene knight was amongst the rest,
Like (*c*) *John Greyes birde* that ventred with the best.

(c) a proverbe.

132 At last the Prince to Zeland came himselfe,
To hunger *Middle*[*b*]*urgh*, or make it yeeld,
And I that never yet was set on shelf,
When any sayld, or winde, or waves could weeld,
Went after him to shew my selfe in field.
The selfe same man which earst I vowed to be,
A trustie man to such a Prince as he.

133 The force of *Flaunders*, *Brabant*, *Geldres*, *Fryze*,
Henault, *Artoys*, *Lyegeland*, and *Luxembrough*,
Were all ybent, to bryng in new supplies
To *Myddleburgh:* and little all enough,
For why the (*a*) *Gæulx* would neyther bend nor bough.
But one of force must breake and come to nought,
All (*b*) *Walkers* theirs, or *Flushyng* dearly bought.

(a) protestaũts.

(b) The Iland wherein Flushing doth stand.

134 There once agayne I served upon seas,
And for to tell the cause and how it fell,
It did one day the Prince (my chieftayne) please,
To aske me thus: *Gascoigne* (quoth he) you dwell
Amongst us still: and thereby seemeth well,
That to our side you beare a faithfull harte,
For else long since we should have seene you starte.

135 But are (sayde he) your Souldiours by your side?
O Prince (quoth I) full many dayes be past,
Since that my charge did with my Cronell glyde.
Yet byde I here, and meane to be with last:
And for full proofe that this is not a blast
Of glorious talke: I crave some fisher boate,
To shew my force among this furious floate.

136 The Prince gan like my fayth and forward will,
(c) Equyppt a Hoye and set hir under sayle,
Wherein I served according to my skill,
My minde was such, my cunning could not quayle,
Withouten bragge of those that did assayle
The foemens fleete which came in good aray,
I put my selfe in formost ranke alway.

(c) Rigged up and fully furnished.

137 Three dayes wee fought, as long as water served,
And came to ancor neyghbourlike yfeere,
The Prince himselfe to see who best deserved,
Stoode every day attending on the peere,
And might behold what barke went formost there:
Ill harte had he that would not stoutely fight,
When as his Prince is present still in sight.

138 At last our foes had tidings over lande,
That neare to (*d*) *Bergh* their fellowes went to wracke,
On (*e*) *Scheld* they mette by *Rymerswaell* a bande
Of (*f*) *Edellbloets*, who put their force abacke,
(*g*) *Lewes de Boyzott* did put them there to sacke,
And lost an eye, bicause he would resemble
(*h*) *Dan Juliane*, whome (there) he made to tremble.

(d) a Towne.
(e) a River.
(f) Lusty gallants.
(g) The admiral of flushing.
(h) *Julian de Romero.*

139 When this was knowen (*i*) *Sancio de Avila*,
Who had the charge of those that fought with us,
Went up the (*k*) *Hont* and tooke the ready way,
To *Anwerpe* towne: leaving in daunger thus,
Poore *Myddelburgh* which now waxt dolorous,
To see all hope of succour shrinke away,
Whiles they lackt bread and had done many a day.

(i) The castellane of Anwerp.
(k) A River.

140 And when *Mountdragon* might no more endure,
He came to talke and rendred all at last,
With whome I was within the Cittie sure,
Before he went, and on his promisse past,
Such trust I had to thinke his fayth was fast:
I dinde, and supt, and laye within the towne,
A daye before he was from thence ybowne.

141 Thus *Middleburgh*, *Armew*, and all the rest,
Of *Walkers Ile* became the Princes pray,
Who gave to me bycause I was so prest,
At such a pinche, and on a dismall day,
Three hundreth gilderns good above my pay.
And bad me bide till his abilitie,
Might better gwerdon my fidelitie.

142 I will not lie, these Gilderns pleasd me well,
And much the more bycause they came uncraved,
Though not unneeded as my fortune fell,
But yet thereby my credite still was saved,
My skores were payde, and with the best I braved,
Till (lo) at last, an English newe relief,
Came over seas, and *Chester* was their chief.

143 Of these the Prince perswaded me to take,
A band in charge with *Coronels* consent,
At whose requests I there did undertake,
To make mine ensigne once againe full bent,
And sooth to say, it was my full entent,
To loose the sadle or the horse to winne,
Such haplesse hope the Prince had brought me in.

144 Souldiours behold and Captaynes marke it well,
How hope is harbenger of all mishappe,
Some hope in honour for to beare the bell.
Some hope for gaine and venture many a clappe,
Some hope for trust and light in treasons lappe.
Hope leades the way our lodging to prepare,
Where high mishap (ofte) keepes an Inne of care.

Hope is the herbenger of mishappe.

145 I hoapt to shew such force agaynst our foes,
That those of *Delf* might see how true I was,
I hopt in deede for to be one of those
Whome fame should follow, where my feete should passe,
I hoapt for gaynes and founde great losse alas:
I hoapt to winne a worthy Souldiours name,
And light on lucke which brought me still to blame.

146 In *Valkenburgh* (a fort but new begonne)
With others moe I was ordeynde to be,
And farre beforne the worke were half way done,
Our foes set forth our sorie seate to see,
They came in time, but cursed time for mee,
They came before the courtine raysed were,
One onely foote above the trenches there.

147 What should we do, foure ensignes lately prest,
Five hundreth men were all the bulke we bare,
Our enimies three thousand at the least,
And somuch more they might alwayes prepare:
But that most was, the truth for to declare,
We had no store of pouder, nor of pence,
Nor meate to eate, nor meane to make defence.

148 Here some may say that we were much to blame,
Which would presume in such a place to byde,
And not foresee (how ever went the game)
Of meate and shotte our souldiours to provide:
Who so do say have reason on their side,
Yet proves it still (though ours may be the blot)
That *warre seemes sweete to such as know it not.*

149 For had our forte bene fully fortified,
Two thousand men had bene but few enow,
To man it once, and had the truth bene tried,
We could not see by any reason how,
The Prince could send us any succour now,
Which was constreynd in townes himself to shield,
And had no power to shew his force in field.

150 Herewith we had nor powder packt in store,
Nor flesh, nor fishe, in poudring tubbes yput,
Nor meale, nor malt, nor meane (what would you more?)
To get such geare if once we should be shut.
And God he knowes, the English Souldiours gut,
Must have his fill of victualles once a day,
Or els he will but homely earne his pay.

151 To scuse ourselves, and Coronell withall,
We did foretell the Prince of all these needes,
Who promised alwayes to be our wall,
And badde us trust as truely as our creedes,
That all good wordes should be performd with deedes,
And that before our foes could come so neare,
He would both send us men and merrie cheare.

152 Yea *Robyn Hoode*, our foes came downe apace,
And first they chargde another Forte likewise,
Alphen I meane, which was a stronger place,
And yet to weake to keepe in warlike wise:
Five other bandes of English **Fanteries*,
Were therein set for to defend the same,
And them they chargde for to beginne the game.

* footemen.

153 This Forte fro ours was distant ten good miles,
I meane such myles as English measure makes,
Betweene us both stoode *Leyden* towne therewhiles,
Which everie day with fayre wordes undertakes,
To feede us fat and cramme us up with cakes:
It made us hope it would supplie our neede,
For we (to it) two Bulwarkes were in deede.

154 But when it came unto the very pinche,
Leyden farewell, we might for *Leyden* sterve,
I like him well that promiseth an inche,
And payes an ell, but what may he deserve
That flatters much and can no fayth observe?
[An]d old sayd sawe, that fayre wordes make fooles fayne, ☜
Which proverbe true we proved to our payne.

155 A conference among our selves we cald,
Of Officers and Captaynes all yfeere,
For truth (to tell) the Souldiours were apald,
And when we askt, nowe mates what merie cheere?
Their aunswere was: *it is no bidyng here.*
So that perforce we must from thence be gone,
Unlesse we ment to keepe the place alone.

156 Herewith we thought that if in time we went,
Before all streights were stopt and taken up,
We might (perhaps) our enimies prevent,
And teach them eke to taste of sorowes cuppe:
At *Maesland Sluyse*, wee hoped for to suppe,
A place whereas we might good service do,
To keepe them out which tooke it after too.

157 Whiles thus we talke, a messenger behold,
From *Alphen* came, and told us heavy newes,
Captaynes (quoth he) hereof you may be bolde,
Not one poore soule of all your fellowes crewes,
Can scape alive, they have no choyse to chuse:
They sent me thus to bidde you shifte in time,
Els looke (like them) to sticke in Spainish lime.

158 This tale once tolde, none other speech prevaylde,
But packe and trudge, al leysure was to long,
To mende the marte, our watche (which never faylde)
Descried our foes which marched all along,
And towards us began in hast to throng,
So that before our laste could passe the porte,
The foremost foes were now within the Forte.

159 I promest once and did performe it too,
To bide therein as long as any would,
What booted that? or what could Captaynes doo,
When common sorte would tarie for no gould?
To speake a troth, the good did what they could,
To keepe the badde in rankes and good araye,
But labour lost to hold that will away.

160 It needelesse were to tell what deedes were donne,
Nor who did best, nor who did worst that day,
Nor who made head, nor who began to runne,
Nor in retreate what chief was last alway,
But Souldiour like we held our enimies play:
And every Captayne strave to do his best,
To stay his owne and so to stay the rest.

161 In this retyre three English miles we trodde,
With face to foes and shot as thicke as hayle,
Of whose choyce men full fiftie soules and odde,
We layed on ground, this is withouten fayle,
Yet of our owne, we lost but three by tale:
Our foes themselves confest they bought full deere,
The hote pursute whiche they attempted there.

162 Thus came we late at last to *Leyden* walles,
Too late, too soone, and so may we well say,
For notwithstanding all our cries and calles,
They shut their gates and turnd their eares away:
In fine they did forsake us every way,
And badde us shifte to save ourselves apace,
For unto them were fonde to trust for grace.

163 They neither gave us meate to feede upon,
Nor drinke, nor powder, pickax, toole nor spade,
So might we sterve, like misers woe begone,
And fend our foes, with blowes of English blade,
For shotte was shronke, and shift could none be made:
Yea more than this, wee stoode in open fielde,
Without defense from shotte our selves to shielde.

164 This thus wel weyed, whẽ weary night was past,
And day gan peepe, wee heard the Spainish drommes,
Which stroke a marche about us round to cast,
And foorth withall their Ensignes quickly cõmes,
At sight whereof, our Souldiours bitte their thõmes:
For well they wist it was no boote to flie,
And biding there, there was no boote but die.

165 So that we sent a drumme to summone talke,
And came to *Parlee* middle way betweene,
Monsieur de Licques, and *Mario* did walke,
From foemens side, and from our side were seene,
My self, that matche for *Mario* might bene:
And Captayne *Sheffeld* borne of noble race,
To matche *de Licques*, which there was chief in place.

166 Thus met we talkt, and stoode upon our toes,
With great demaundes whome little might content,
We craved not onely freedome from our foes,
But shippyng eke with sayles and all full bent,
To come againe from whence we first were went:
I meane to come, into our English coast,
Which soyle was sure, and might content us most.

167 An old sayde sawe, (and ofte seene) that whereas,
Thou comste to crave, and doubtst for to obtayne,
Iniquum pete (then) *ut æquum feras*,
This had I heard, and sure I was full fayne,
To prove what profite we thereby might gayne:
But at the last when time was stolen away,
We were full gladde to play another play.

168 We rendred then with safetie for our lives,
Our Ensignes splayed, and manyging our armes,
With furder fayth, that from all kinde of gives,
Our souldiours should remayne withouten harmes:
And sooth to say, these were no false allarmes,
For why? they were within twelve dayes discharged,
And sent away from pryson quite enlarged.

169 They were sent home, and we remayned still,
In pryson pent, but yet right gently used,
To take our lives, it was not *Licques* will,
(That noble blood, which never man abused,)
Nor ever yet was for his faith accused,
Would God I had the skill to write his prayse,
Which lent me comfort in my dolefull dayes.

170 We bode behind, foure moneths or little lesse,
But whereupon that God he knowes not I,
Yet if I might be bolde to give a gesse,
Then would I say it was for to espie,
What raunsome we would pay contentedly:
Or els to know how much we were esteemde,
In England here, and for what men ydeemde.

171 How so it were, at last we were dispatcht,
And home we came as children come from schoole,
As gladde, as fishe which were but lately catcht,
And straight againe were cast into the poole:
For by my fay I coumpt him but a foole,
Which would not rather poorely live at large,
Than rest in pryson fedde with costly charge.

172 Now have I tolde a tedious tale in rime,
Of my mishappes, and what ill lucke I had,
Yet some may say, that all to lowde I chime,
Since that in warres my fortune was not badde,
And many a man in pryson would be gladde,
To fare no worse, and lodge no worse than wee,
And eke at last to scape and go so free.

173 I must confesse that both we were well used,
And promise kept according to contract,
And that nor wee, nor Souldiours were abused,
No rigour shewed, nor lovely dealing lackt:
I must confesse that we were never rackt,
Nor forst to do, nor speake agaynst our will,
And yet I coumpt it froward fortune still.

174 A truth it is (since warres are ledde by chaunce,
And none so stoute but that sometimes may fall,)
No man on earth his honour might advaunce,
To render better (if he once were thrall)
Why who could wishe more comforte at his call,
Than for to yeeld with ensigne full displayde,
And all armes borne in warlike wise for ayde?

175 Or who could wishe dispatche with greater speede,
Than souldiours had which taried so few dayes?
Or who could wishe, more succour at his neede,
Than used was to them at all assayes?
Bread, meate, and drinke, yea wagons in their wayes,
To ease the sicke and hurte which could not go,
All tane in warres, are seldome used so.

176 Or who could wishe (to ease his captive dayes)
More libertie than on his fayth to rest?
To eate and drinke at Barons borde alwayes,
To lie on downe, to banquet with the best,
To have all things, at every just request,
To borowe coyne, when any seemde to lacke,
To have his owne, away with him to packe?

177 All this and more I must confesse we had,
God save (say I) our noble Queene therfore,
Hinc illæ lachrimæ, there laye the padde,
Which made the strawe suspected be the more,
For trust me true, they coveted full sore,
To keepe our Queene and countrie fast their friendes,
Till all their warres might grow to luckie endes.

178 But were that once to happy ende ybrought,
And all stray sheepe come home agayne to folde,
Then looke to dore: and thinke the cat is nought,
Although she let the mouse from out hir holde:
Beleve me now, me thinkes I dare be bolde,
To thinke that if they once were freendes againe,
We might soone sell, all freendship found in Spaine.

179 Well these are woordes and farre beyõd my reach,
Yet by the way receyve them well in worth,
And by the way, let never *Licques* appeach
My rayling penne, for thoughe my minde abhorrth,
All Spainish prankes: yet must I thunder forth
His worthy prayse, who held his fayth unstayned,
And evermore to us a freend remayned.

180 Why sayed I then, that warre is full of woes?
Or sowre of taste, to them that know it best?
Who so demaundes, I will my minde disclose,
And then judge you the burdens of my brest:
Marke well my wordes and you shall finde him blest,
That medleth least with warres in any wise,
But quiet lives, and all debate defies.

181 For though we did with truth and honour yeeld,
Yet yeelding is alwayes a great disgrace,
And though we made a brave retyre in field,
Yet who retyres, doth alwayes yeeld his place:
And though we never did our selves embase,
But were alwayes at Barons table fedde,
Yet better were at home with Barlie breade.

182 I leave to tell what losse we did sustaine,
In pens, in pay, in wares, and readie wealth,
Since all such trash may gotten be againe,
Or wasted well at home by privie stelth:
Small losse hath he which all his living selth,
To save his life, when other helpe is none,
Cast up the saddle when the horse is gone.

183 But what I sayde, I say and sweare againe,
For first we were in Hollande sore suspect,
The states did thinke, that with some filthie gaine
The Spainish peeres us Captaines had infect,
They thought we ment our ensignes to erect
In Kings behalfe: and eke the common sorte,
Thought privy pay had made us leave our forte.

184 Againe, the Kings men (onely *Licques* except,
And good * *Verdugo*) thought we were too well,
And that we were but playde with in respect,
When as their men in great distresse did dwell:
So that with hate their burning hartes did swell,
And bad hang up or drowne us everychone,
These bones we had alway to byte upon.

* A coronell of the kings side.

185 This sause we had unto our costly fare,
And every day we threatned were in deede,
So that on both sides we must byde the care,
And be mistrust of every wicked deede,
And be revilde, and must our selves yet feede
With lingring Hope, to get away at last,
That selfe same Hope whiche tyed us there so fast.

186 To make up all, our owne men playde their parte,
And rang a peale to make us more mystrust,
For when they should away from us departe,
And sawe us byde, they thought we stayed for lust,
And sent them so in secrete to be trust:
They thought and sayde, thus have our Captaines solde
Us silly soules, for groates and glistring golde.

187 Yea, when they were to England safely brought,
Yet talkte they still even as they did before:
For slaundrous tongues, if once they tattle ought,
With mickell payne will chaunge their wicked lore:
It hath bene proved full many dayes of yore,
That he which once in slander takes delight,
Will seldome frame his woordes to sounde aright.

188 Straunge tale to tell, we that had set them free,
And set ourselves on sandes for their expence,
We that remaynd in daunger of the tree,
When they were safe, we that were their defence,
With armes, with cost, with deedes, with eloquence:
We that saved such, as knew not where to flie,
Were now by them accusde of trecherie.

189 These fruits (I say) in wicked warres I founde,
Which make me wryte much more than else I would,
For losse of life, or dread of deadly wounde,
Shall never make me blame it though I could,
Since death doth dwell on everie kinde of mould:
And who in warre hath caught a fatall clappe,
Might chaunce at home to have no better happe.

190 So losse of goodes shall never trouble me,
Since God which gives can take when pleaseth him,
But losse of fame or slaundred so to be,
That makes my wittes to breake above their brimme,
And frettes my harte, and lames me every limme:
For Noble minds their honour more esteeme,
Than worldly wights, or wealth, or life can deeme.

191 And yet in warres, such graffes of grudge do growe,
Such lewdnesse lurkes, such malice makes mischief,
Such envie boyles, such falshood fire doth blowe,
That *Bountie* burnes, and truth is called thief,
And good desertes are brought into such brief,
That Saunder snuffe which sweares the matter out,
Brings oftentimes the noblest names in doubt.

192 Then whether I be one of *Haughty harte*,
Or *Greedy minde*, or *Miser* in decay,
I sayde and say that for mine owne poore parte,
I may confesse that *Bellum* every way,
Is *Sweete:* but how? (beare well my woordes away)
Forsooth, *to such as never did it trie*,
This is my Theame I cannot chaunge it I.

Peroratio.

193 O noble Queene, whose high foresight provides,
That wast of warre, your realmes doth not destroye, Prince.
But pleasaunt peace, and quiet concord glydes,
In every coast, to drive out darke anoye,
O vertuous dame, I say *Pardonez moy*,
That I presume in worthlesse verse to warne,
Thambitious Prince, his dueties to descerne.

194 Your skilfull minde (O Queene without compare)
Can soone conceyve that cause constraynes me so,
Since wicked warres have bredde such cruell care,
In *Flaunders*, *Fraunce*, in *Spaine* and many mo,
Which reape thereby none other worth but wo:
Whiles you (meane while) enjoy the fruites of peace,
Still praysing God, whose bounties never cease.

195 If you (my liege) vouchsafe in gratious wise,
To pardon that which passeth from my Muse,
Then care I not what other kings devise,
In warres defense: nor though they me accuse,
And say that I their bloudie deedes abuse:
Your onely grace my soveraigne Lady be,
Let other Kings thinke what they list of me.

196 And you my Lordes to whome I dueties owe,
And beare such love as best becommeth me,
Nobilitie. First *Earle* of *Bedford*, whome I right well know,
To honour armes: and woorthie *Warwyke* he,
In whose good grace I covet sore to be:
Then *Leyster* next, (*Sussex* not set behinde)
And worthy *Essex* men of noble minde.

197 Yong *Oxenford* as toward as the best,
Northumberland, and *Ormount* woorthy prayse,
Lyncolne, *Kildare*, and *Worster* with the rest
Of noble Earles, which hold your happy dayes
In high renowme, as men of warre alwayes:
With others mo to many to recite,
Vouchsafe my Lordes to pardone that I write.

198 Of *Wilton Grey* (to whome these rimes I wrote)
With all the Barons bold of English soyle,
I humbly crave that it may be forgotte,
Although my Muze have seemde to keepe a coyle
With mighty men which put the weake to foyle:
I ment not you since, by your deedes appeares,
You rule with right, like wise and worthy peares.

Prelacie. 199 Right reverend, of *Canterbury* chiefe,
London, and *Lincoln*, Bishoppes by your name,
Good Deane of Pawles (which lend a great relief,
To naked neede) and all the rest of fame,
In pastors place: with whome I were too blame,
If *Nevynsone* my maister were not plaste,
Since by his helpe I learning first embraste.

200 Beare with my verse, and thinke I ment not you,
Whereas I spake of pride in Prelacie,
But let it bide even there where first it grew,
Till God vouchsafe to quench hipocrisie,
Which by pretence to punish heresie,
Doth conquere realmes, and common concords breake,
You know my mind, I neede no playner speake.

201 You gemmes of Justice, chiefe of either bench,
And he that keepes hir Majesties great seale,
Good Queenes attorney, he whose pitties quench Lawyers.
(I say sometimes) the rigour of his zeale,
When miserie, to mercy must apeale,
And Sergeant *Lovelace*, many ways my friend,
As I have found (yet let me there not end,)

20[2] But hold my tale to *Rugge* and all the rest
Of good Grayes Inne, where honest *Yelverton*,
And I *Per se* sometimes yfeere did rest,
When amitie first in our brests begonne,
Which shall endure as long as any Sunne
May shine on earth, or water swimme in Seas,
Let not my verse your lawlike minds displease,

203 For well wot you, our master Christ himselfe,
Which had but twelve Apostles in his trayne,
Had *Judas* yet, which solde for worldly pelfe
Our Saviour: this text is true and playne:
And where so many Lawyers do remayne,
There may be some although that you be none,
Which breede debate and love to cast a bone.

204 In Chancerie I neede no man suspect,
Since conscience, in that court beareth sway,
Yet in the same I may no wayes neglect,
Nor worthy *Powle*, nor *Cordell* by the way,
Of whome that one, is of my keepe the keye,
That other once did lende me such advise,
As was both sounde and good, had I bene wise.

205 He tolde me once, (I beare it well in minde,
And shall it nay forget whyles lyfe doth last)
That harde it is a noble name to finde,
In such attempts as then in service past:
Beleve me now I founde his wordes no blast,
Wherfore I pray both him and his compeere,
To beare with that which I have written heere.

206 And as for Merchants, though I finde the most
Hard harted men and compting cunningly,
Yet *Albany* shall thinke I do not boast
Merchaunts. In rayling wise: for sure his curtesie,
Constreynes me now to prayse him worthely.
And gentle *Rowe* with *Luntley* make me say,
That many Merchaunts beare even what they may.

207 But to conclude, I meane no more but thus,
In all estates some one may treade awrye,
And he that list my verses to discusse,
Shall see I ment no more, but modestly
To warne the wise, that they such faults do flie
As put downe peace by covine or debate,
Since *warre* and *strife* bryng wo to every state.

FINIS.

L'envoié.

GO little Booke, God graunt thou none offende,
For so meant hee which sought to set thee foorth,
And when thou commest where Soldiers seeme to wend,
Submit thy selfe as writte but little woorth:
Confesse withall, that thou hast bene too bolde,
To speake so plaine of *Haughtie hartes* in place,
And say that he which wrote thee coulde have tolde
Full many a tale, of blouds that were not base:
He coulde have writte *Dan Dudleyes* noble deedes,
Whose like hath since bene harde on earth to finde,
Although his Vertue shewes it selfe in Seedes,
Which treade his tracks, and come not farre behinde.
He might have sung of *Grey* the woorthie prayse,
Whose ofspring holdes the honor of his sire:
He coulde declare what *Wallop* was alwayes,
What *Awdelie* seemde, what *Randell* did require.
He coulde say what desertes in *Drewrie* be,
In *Reade*, in *Bryckwell*, and a meany moe:
But bashfulnesse did make him blush, least he
Should but eclypse their fames by singing so.
Suffiseth this, that still he honors those
Which wade in warres to get a woorthie name,
And least esteemes the greedie snudge, which goes
To gayne good golde, witho[u]t respecte of fame.
And for the thirde sorte, those that in dystresse
Do drive their dayes, till drummes do draw them out,
He coumpts him selfe to bee nor more nor lesse,
But even the same: for sure withouten doubt,
If drummes once sounde a lustie martch in deede,
Then farewell bookes, for he will trudge with speede.

FINIS.

Tam Marti quàm Mercurio.

Corected, perfected, and finished.

DULCE BELLUM INEXPERTIS

WHo soever is desirous to reade this proposicion more at large and cunningly handled, let him but peruse the Proverbe or adage it self in the first Centurian of the fourth *Chyllyade* of that famouse Clarke *Erasmus Roterodamus*: the whiche is there also Entituled: *Dulce bellum inexpertis.*

HEARBES.

Tam Marti quàm Mercurio.

¶ In this division are conteyned :

The Comedie called *Supposes*. Folio. 1.
The Tragedie called *Jocasta*. Fol. 73
The fruite of Reconciliation. 129
The force of true Frendship. 131
The force of Love in Strangers. 132
The praise of browne beautie. 134
The Partrich and the Merlyn. 135
The vertue of *Ver*. 136
The complainte of a Dame in absence. 138
The praise of a Coũtesse. 139
The affectiõ of a lover. 140
The complainte of a Dame suspected. 141
A Riddle. 143
The shield of Love. 144
The gloze upon *Dominus iis opus habet*. 145
Gascoignes counsel to *Dive*. Fol. 148
Gascoignes counsel to *Wythipole*. 151
Gascoygnes woodmanship. Fol. 156
Gascoigns gardenings. 160
Gascoigns journey into *Hollande*. 163

SUPPOSES:

A Comedie written in the Italian tongue by Ariosto, Englished by George Gascoygne of Grayes Inne Esquire, and there presented. 1566.

The names of the Actors.

Balia, the Nurse.
Polynesta, the yong woman.
Cleander, the Doctor, suter to *Polynesta*.
Pasyphilo, the Parasite.
Carion, the Doctors man.
Dulypo, fayned servant and lover of *Polynesta*.
Erostrato, fayned master and suter to *Polynesta*.
Dalio & *Crapyno* } servantes to fayned *Erostrato*.
Scenæse, a gentleman stranger.
Paquetto & *Petrucio* } his servantes.
Damon, father to *Polinesta*.
Nevola, and two other his servants.
Psyteria, an old[e] hag in his house.
Phylogano, a *Scycilian* gentleman, father to *Erostrato*.
Lytio, his servant.
Ferrarese, an Inkeeper of *Ferrara*.

The Comedie presented as it were in *Ferrara*.

The Prologue or argument.

I Suppose you are assembled here, supposing to reape the fruite of my travayles: and to be playne, I meane presently to presente you with a Comedie called Supposes: the verye name wherof may perad[v]enture drive into every of your heades a sundry Suppose, to suppose, the meaning of our supposes. Some percase will suppose we meane to occupie your eares with sophisticall handling of subtill Suppositions. Some other wil suppose we go about to discipher unto you some queint conceiptes, which hitherto have bene onely supposed as it were in shadowes: and some I see smyling as though they supposed we would trouble you with the vaine suppose of some wanton Suppose. But understand, this our Suppose is nothing else but a mystaking or imagination of one thing for an other. For you shall see the master supposed for the servant, the servant for the master: the freeman for a slave, and the bondslave for a freeman: the stranger for a well knowen friend, and the familiar for a stranger. But what? I suppose that even already you suppose me very fonde, that have so simply disclosed unto you the subtilties of these our Supposes: where otherwise in deede I suppose you shoulde have hearde almoste the laste of our Supposes, before you coulde have supposed anye of them arighte. Let this then suffise.

Actus primus. Scena 1.

BALIA, the Nurse. POLYNESTA, the yong woman.

HEre is no body, come foorth *Polynesta*, let us looke about, to be sure least any man heare our talke: for I thinke within the house the tables, the plankes, the beds, the portals, yea and the cupbords them selves have eares.

Pol. You might as well have sayde, the windowes and the doores: do you not see howe they harken?

Ba. Well you jest faire, but I would advise you take heede, I have bidden you a thousande times beware: you will be spied one day talking with *Dulippo*.

Po. And why should I not talke with *Dulippo*, as well as with any other, I pray you?

Ba. I have given you a wherfore for this why many times: but go too, followe your owne advise till you overwhelme us all with soden mishappe.

Po. A great mishappe I promise you: marie Gods blessing on their heart that sette suche a brouche on my cappe.

Ba. Well, looke well about you: a man would thinke it were inough for you secretly to rejoyce, that by my helpe you have passed so many pleasant nightes togither: and yet by my trouth I do it more than halfe agaynst my will, for I would rather you had setled your fansie in some noble familie yea and it is no small griefe unto me, that (rejecting the suites of so many nobles and gentlemen) you have chosen for your darling a poore servaunt of your fathers, by whome shame and infamie is the best dower you can looke for to attayne.

Po. And I pray you whome may I thanke but gentle nourse? that continually praysing him, what for his personage, his curtesie, and above all, the extreme passions of his minde, in fine you would never cease till I accepted him, delighted in him, and at length desired him with no lesse affection, than he earst desired me.

Ba. I can not denie, but at the beginning I did recommende him unto you (as in deede I may say that for my selfe I have a pitiful heart) seeing the depth of his unbridled affection,

and that continually he never ceassed to fill mine eares with lamentable complaynts.

Po. Nay rather that he filled your pursse with bribes and rewards, Nourse.

Ba. Well you may judge of Nourse as you liste. In deede I have thought it alwayes a deede of charitie to helpe the miserable yong men, whose tender youth consumeth with the furious flames of love. But be you sure if I had thought you would have passed to the termes you nowe stand in, pitie nor pencion, peny nor pater noster shoulde ever have made Nurse once to open hir mouth in the cause.

Po. No of honestie, I pray you, who first brought him into my chamber? who first taught him the way to my bed but you? fie Nourse fie, never speake of it for shame, you will make me tell a wise tale anone.

Ba. And have I these thanks for my good wil? why then I see wel I shall be counted the cause of all mishappe.

Po. Nay rather the author of my good happe (gentle Nourse) for I would thou knewest I love not *Dulipo*, nor any of so meane estate, but have bestowed my love more worthily than thou deemest: but I will say no more at this time.

Ba. Then I am glad you have changed your minde yet.

Po. Nay I neither have changed, nor will change it.

Ba. Then I understande you not, how sayde you?

Po. Mary I say that I love not *Dulipo*, nor any suche as he, and yet I neither have changed nor wil change my minde.

Ba. I can not tell, you love to lye with *Dulipo* very well: this geare is Greeke to me: either it hangs not well togither, or I am very dull of understanding: speake plaine I pray you.

Po. I can speake no plainer, I have sworne to ye contrary.

Ba. Howe? make you so deintie to tell it Nourse, least she shoulde reveale it? you have trusted me as farre as may be, (I may shewe to you) in things that touche your honor if they were knowne: and make you strange to tell me this? I am sure it is but a trifle in comparison of those things wherof heretofore you have made me privie.

Po. Well, it is of greater importance than you thinke Nourse: yet would I tell it you under condition and promise that you shall not tell it agayne, nor give any signe or token to be suspected that you know it.

Ba. I promise you of my honestie, say on.

Po. Well heare you me then: this yong man whome you have alwayes taken for *Dulipo*, is a noble borne *Sicilian*, his right name *Erostrato*, sonne to *Philogano*, one of the worthiest men in that countrey.

Ba. How *Erostrato*? is it not our neighbour, whiche?

Po. Holde thy talking nourse, and harken to me, that I may explane the whole case unto thee. The man whome to this day you have supposed to be *Dulipo*, is (as I say) *Erostrato*, a gentleman that came from *Sicilia* to studie in this Citie, & even at his first arrivall met me in the street, fel enamored of me, & of suche vehement force were the passions he suffred, that immediatly he cast aside both long gowne and bookes, & determined on me only to apply his study. And to the end he might the more cõmodiously bothe see me and talke with me, he exchanged both name, habite, clothes and credite with his servãt *Dulipo* (whom only he brought with him out of *Sicilia*) and so with the turning of a hand, of *Erostrato* a gentleman, he became *Dulipo* a serving man, and soone after sought service of my father, and obteyned it.

The first suppose & grownd of all the suposes.

Ba. Are you sure of this?

Po. Yea out of doubt: on the other side *Dulippo* tooke uppon him the name of *Erostrato* his maister, the habite, the credite, bookes, and all things needefull to a studente, and in shorte space profited very muche, and is nowe esteemed as you see.

Ba. Are there no other *Sicylians* heere: nor none that passe this way, which may discover them?

Po. Very fewe that passe this way, and fewe or none that tarrie heere any time.

Ba. This hath been a straunge adventure: but I pray you howe hang these thinges togither? that the studente whome you say to be the servant, and not the maister, is become an earnest suter to you, and requireth you of your father in mariage?

Po. That is a pollicie devised betweene them, to put Doctor Dotipole out of conceite: the olde dotarde, he that so instantly dothe lye upon my father for me. But looke where he comes, as God helpe me it is he, out upon him, what a luskie yonker is this? yet I had rather be a Noonne a thousande times, than be combred with suche a Coystrell.

Ba. Daughter you have reason, but let us go in before he come any neerer.

Polynesta goeth in, and Balya stayeth a little whyle after, speaking a worde or two to the doctor, and then departeth.

Scena. 2.

CLEANDER, Doctor. PASIPHILO, Parasite. BALYA, Nourse.

WEre these dames heere, or did mine eyes dazil?

Pa. Nay syr heere were *Polynesta* and hir no[u]rse.

Cle. Was my *Polynesta* heere? alas I knewe hir not.

Ba. He muste have better eyesight that shoulde marry your *Polynesta*, or else he may chaunce to oversee the best poynt in his tables sometimes.

Pa. Syr it is no marvell, the ayre is very mistie too day: I my selfe knew hir better by hir apparell than by hir face.

Cle. In good fayth and I thanke God I have mine eye sighte good and perfit, little worse than when I was but twentie yeres olde.

Pa. How can it be otherwise? you are but yong.

Cle. I am fiftie yeres olde.

Pa. He telles ten lesse than he is.

Cle. What sayst thou of ten lesse?

Pa. I say I wouldè have thoughte you tenne lesse, you looke like one of six and thirtie, or seven and thirtie at the moste.

Cle. I am no lesse than I tell.

Pa. You are like inough too live fiftie more: shewe me your hande.

Cle. Why is *Pasiphilo* a Chiromancer?

Pa. What is not *Pasiphilo*? I pray you shewe mee it a little.

Cle. Here it is.

Pa. O how straight and infracte is this line of life? you will live to the yeeres of *Melchisedech*.

Cle. Thou wouldest say, *Methusalem*.

Pa. Why is it not all one?

Cle. I perceive you are no very good Bibler *Pasiphilo.*

Pa. Yes sir an excellent good Bibbeler, specially in a bottle: Oh what a mounte of Venus here is? but this lighte serveth not very well, I will beholde it an other day, when the ayre is clearer, and tell you somewhat, peradventure to your contentation.

Cle. You shal do me great pleasure: but tell me, I pray thee *Pasiphilo*, whome doste thou thinke *Polynesta* liketh better, *Erostrato* or me?

Pa. Why? you out of doubt: She is a gentlewoman of a noble minde, and maketh greater accompte of the reputation she shall have in marrying your worship, than that poore scholer, whose birthe and parentage God knoweth, and very fewe else.

Cle. Yet he taketh it upon him bravely in this countrey.

Pa. Yea, where no man knoweth the contrarie: but let him brave it, bost his birth, and do what he can, the vertue and knowledge that is within this body of yours, is worth more than all the countrey he came from.

Cle. It becommeth not a man to praise him selfe: but in deede I may say, (and say truely,) that my knowledge hath stoode me in better steade at a pinche, than coulde all the goodes in the worlde. I came out of *Otranto* when the Turkes wonne it, and first I came to *Padua*, after hither, where by reading, counsailing, and pleading, within twentie yeares I have gathered and gayned as good as ten thousande Ducats.

Pa. Yea mary, this is the righte knowledge: Philosophie, Poetrie, Logike, a[n]d all the rest, are but pickling sciences in comparison to this.

Cle. But pyckling in deede, whereof we have a verse:

The trade of Lawe doth fill the boystrous bagges,
They swimme in silke, when others royst in ragges.

Pa. O excellent verse, who made it? *Virgil?*

Cle. *Virgil?* tushe it is written in one of our gloses.

Pa. Sure who soever wrote it, the morall is excellent, and worthy to be written in letters of golde. But too the purpose: I thinke you shall never recover the wealth that you loste at *Otranto.*

An other supose.

Cle. I thinke I have dubled it, or rather made it foure times as muche: but in deed, I lost mine only sonne there, a childe of five yeres olde.

Pa. O great pitie.

Cle. Yea, I had rather have lost al the goods in ye world.

Pa. Alas, alas: by God and grafts of suche a stocke are very gayson in these dayes.

Cle. I know not whether he were slayne, or the Turks toke him and kept him as a bond slave.

Pa. Alas, I could weepe for compassion, but there is no remedy but patience, you shall get many by this yong damsell with the grace of God.

Cle. Yea, if I get hir.

Pa. Get her? why doubt you of that?

Cle. Why? hir father holds me off with delayes, so that I must needes doubt.

Pa. Content your selfe sir, he is a wise man, and desirous to place his Daughter well: he will not be too rashe in hys determination, he will thinke well of the matter: and lette him thinke, for the longer he thinketh, the more good of you shall he thinke: whose welth? whose vertue? whose skill? or whose estimation can he compare to yours in this Citie?

Cle. And hast thou not tolde him that I would make his Daughter a dower of two thousand Ducates?

Pa. Why, even now, I came but from thence since.

Cle. What said he?

Pa. Nothing, but that *Erostrato* had profered the like.

Cle. *Erostrato*? how can he make any dower, and his father yet alive?

Pa. Thinke you I did not tell him so? yes I warrãt you, I forgot nothing that may furder your cause: & doubte you not, *Erostrato* shal never have hir unlesse it be in a dreame.

Cle. Well gentle *Pasiphilo*, go thy wayes and tell *Damon* I require nothing but his daughter: I wil none of his goods: I shal enrich hir of mine owne: & if this dower of two thousand Ducates seem not sufficiẽt, I wil make it five hundreth more, yea a thousand, or what so ever he wil demaũd rather thẽ faile: go to *Pasiphilo*, shew thy selfe frẽdly in working this feate for me: spare for no cost, since I have gone thus farre, I wilbe loth to be out bidden. Go.

Pa. Where shall I come to you againe?
Cle. At my house.
Pa. When?
Cle. When thou wilte.
Pa. Shall I come at dinner time?
Cle. I would byd thee to dinner, but it is a Saincts even which I have ever fasted.
Pa. Faste till thou famishe.
Cle. Harke.
Pa. He speaketh of a dead mans faste.
Cle. Thou hearest me not.
Pa. Nor thou understandest me not.
Cle. I dare say thou art angrie I byd the not to dinner: but come if thou wilte, thou shalt take such as thou findest.
Pa. What? think you I know not where to dine?
Cle. Yes *Pasiphilo* thou art not to seeke.
Pa. No be you sure, there are enowe will pray me.
Cle. That I knowe well enough *Pasiphilo*, but thou canst not be better welcome in any place than to me, I will tarrie for thee.
Pa. Well, since you will needes, I will come.
Cle. Dispatche then, and bring no newes but good.
Pa. Better than my rewarde by the rood.

Cleander exit, Pasiphilo restat.

Scena. iii.

PASIPHILO. DULIPO.

O Miserable covetous wretche, he findeth an excuse by S. Nicolas fast, bicause I should not dine with him, as though I should dine at his owne dishe: he maketh goodly feasts I promise you, it is no wonder though hee thinke me bounde unto him for my fare: for over and besides that his provision is as skant as may be, yet there is great difference betweene his diet and mine. I never so much as sippe of the wine that he tasteth, I feede at the bordes ende with browne bread: Marie I reach always to his owne dishe, for there are no more but that only on the table. Yet he thinks that for

one such dinner I am bound to do him al the service that I can, and thinks me sufficiently rewarded for all my travell, with one suche festivall promotion. And yet peradventure some men thinke I have great gaines under him: but I may say and sweare, that this dosen yeere I have not gayned so muche in value as the points at my hose (whiche are but three with codpeece poynt and al): he thinkes that I may feede upon his favour and faire wordes: but if I could not otherwise provide for one, *Pasiphilo* were in a wyse case. *Pasiphilo* hath mo pastures to passe in than one, I warrant you: I am of housholde with this scholer *Erostrato*, (his rivale) as well as with *Domine Cleander*: nowe with the one, and then with the other, according as I see their Caters provide good cheere at the market: and I finde the meanes so to handle the matter, that I am welcome too bothe. If the one see me talke with the other, I make him beleeve it is to harken newes in the furtherance of his cause: and thus I become a broker on bothe sides. Well, lette them bothe apply the matter as well as they can, for in deede I will travell for none of them bothe: yet will I seeme to worke wonders on eche hande. But is not this one of *Damons* servants that commeth foorth? it is: of him I shall understand where his master is. Whither goeth this joyly gallant?

Du. I come to seeke some body that may accompany my Master at dinner, he is alone, and woulde fayne have good company.

Pa. Seeke no further, you coulde never have found one better than me.

Du. I have no commission to bring so many.

Pa. How many? I will come alone.

Du. How canst thou come alone, that hast continually a legion of ravening wolves within thee?

Pa. Thou doest (as servants commonly doe) hate al that love to visite their maisters.

Du. And why?

Pa. Bicause they have too many teeth as you thinke.

Du. Nay bicause they have to many tongues.

Pa. Tõgues? I pray you what did my tõgue ever hurt you?

Du. I speake but merily with you *Pasiphilo*, goe in, my maister is ready to dine.

Pa. What? dineth he so earely?

Du. He that riseth early, dineth early.

Pa. I would I were his man, maister doctor never dineth till noone, and how dilicately then God knoweth. I wil be bolde to goe in, for I count my selfe bidden.

Du. You were best so. *Pasiphilo intrat. Dul. restat.*

Hard hap had I when I first began this unfortunate enterprise: for I supposed the readiest medicine to my miserable affects had bene to change name, clothes, & credite with my servant, & to place my selfe in *Damons* service: thinking that as shevering colde by glowing fire, thurst by drinke, hunger by pleasant repasts, and a thousande suche like passions finde remedie by their contraries, so my restlesse desire might have founde quiet by continuall contemplation. But alas, I find that only love is unsaciable: for as the flie playeth with the flame till at last she is cause of hir owne decay, so the lover that thinketh with kissing and colling to content his unbrideled apetite, is cõmonly seene the only cause of his owne consumption. Two yeeres are nowe past since (under the colour of *Damons* service) I have bene a sworne servant to *Cupid*: of whom I have received as much favour & grace as ever man founde in his service. I have free libertie at al times to behold my desired, to talke with hir, to embrace hir, yea (be it spoken in secrete) to lie with hir. I reape the fruites of my desire: yet as my joyes abounde, even so my paines encrease. I fare like the covetous man, that having all the world at will, is never yet content: the more I have, the more I desire. Alas, what wretched estate have I brought my selfe unto, if in the ende of all my farre fetches, she be given by hir father to this olde doting doctor, this buzard, this bribing villaine, that by so many meanes seeketh to obtain hir at hir fathers hãds? I know she loveth me best of all others, but what may that prevaile when perforce she shalbe cõstrained to marie another? Alas, the pleasant tast of my sugred joyes doth yet remaine so perfect in my remẽbrance, that the least soppe of sorow seemeth more soure thã gal in my mouth. If I had never knowen delight, with better contentatiõ might I have passed these dreadful dolours. And if this olde *Mumpsimus* (whom the pockes consume) should win hir, then may I say, farewell the pleasant talke, the kind embracings, yea farewel the sight of my *Polynesta*:

for he like a jelouse wretch will pen hir up, that I thinke the birdes of the aire shall not winne the sighte of hir. I hoped to have caste a blocke in his waie, by the meanes that my servaunt (who is supposed to be *Erostrato*, and with my habite and credite is wel esteemed) should proffer himself a suter, at the least to countervaile the doctors proffers. But my maister knowing the wealth of the one, and doubting the state of the other, is determined to be fed no longer with faire wordes, but to accept the doctor, (whom he right well knoweth) for his sonne in law. Wel, my servant promised me yesterday to devise yet againe some newe conspiracie to drive maister doctor out of conceite, and to laye a snare that the foxe himselfe might be caughte in: what it is, I knowe not, nor I saw him not since he went about it: I will goe see if he be within, that at least if he helpe me not, he maye yet prolong my life for this once. But here commeth his lackie: ho Jack pack, where is *Erostrato*?

Here must Crapine be comming in with a basket and a sticke in his hand.

Scena. iiii.

CRAPINO the Lackie. DULIPO.

ERostrato? mary he is in his skinne.

Du. Ah hooreson boy, I say, howe shall I finde *Erostrato*?

Cra. Finde him? howe meane you, by the weeke or by the yeere?

Du. You cracke halter, if I catche you by the eares, I shall make you answere me directly.

Cra. In deede?

Du. Tarry me a little.

Cra. In faith sir I have no leisure.

Du. Shall we trie who can runne fastest?

Cra. Your legges be longer than mine, you should have given me the advauntage.

Du. Go to, tell me where is *Erostrato*?

Cra. I left him in the streete, where he gave me this Casket, (this basket I would have sayde) and bad me beare it to *Dalio*, and returne to him at the Dukes Palace.

Du. If thou see him, tell him I must needes speake with him immediatly: or abide awhyle, I will go seeke him my selfe, rather than be suspected by going to his house.

Crapino departeth, and Dulipo also: after Dulipo commeth in agayne seeking Erostrato.

Finis Actus. I.

Actus. ii. Scena. i.

DULIPO. EROSTRATO.

I Thinke if I had as many eyes as *Argus*, I coulde not have sought a man more narrowly in every streete and every by lane, there are not many Gentlemen, scholers, nor Marchauntes in the Citie of *Ferara*, but I have mette with them, excepte him: peradventure hee is come home an other way: but looke where he commeth at the last.

Ero. In good time have I spied my good maister.

Du. For the love of God call me *Dulipo* (not master,) maintayne the credite that thou haste hitherto kepte, and let me alone.

Ero. Yet sir let me sometimes do my duetie unto you, especially where no body heareth.

Du. Yea, but so long the Parat useth to crie knappe in sporte, that at the last she calleth hir maister knave in earnest: so long you will use to call me master, that at the last we shall be heard. What newes?

Ero. Good.

Du. In deede?

Ero. Yea excellent, we have as good as won the wager.

Du. Oh, how happie were I if this were true?

Ero. Heare you me, yesternight in the evening I walked out, and founde *Pasiphilo*, and with small entreating I had him home to supper, where by suche meanes as I used, he became my great friend, and tolde me the whole order of our adver-

saries determination : yea and what *Damon* doth intende to do also, and hath promised me that frõ time to time, what he can espie he will bring me word of it.

Du. I can not tel whether you know him or no, he is not to trust unto, a very flattering and a lying knave.

Ero. I know him very well, he can not deceive me : and this that he hath told me I know must needes be true.

Du. And what was it in effect ?

Another supose.

Ero. That *Damon* had purposed to give his daughter in mariage to this doctor, upõ the dower that he hath profered.

Du. Are these your good newes ? your excellent newes ?

Ero. Stay a whyle, you will understande me before you heare me.

Du. Well, say on.

Ero. I answered to that, I was ready to make hir the lyke dower.

Du. Well sayde.

Ero. Abide, you heare not the worst yet.

Du. O God, is there any worsse behinde ?

Ero. Worsse ? why what assurance coulde you suppose that I might make without some speciall consent from *Philogano* my father ?

Du. Nay you can tell, you are better scholer than I.

Ero. In deede you have lost your time : for the books that you tosse now a dayes, treate of smal science.

Du. Leave thy jesting, and proceede.

Ero. I sayd further, that I receyved letters lately from my father, whereby I understoode that he woulde be heere very shortly to performe all that I had profered : therefore I required him to request *Damon* on my behalf, that he would stay his promise to the doctor for a fourtnight or more.

Du. This is somewhat yet, for by this meanes I shal be sure to linger and live in hope one fourtnight longer : but, at the fourthnights ende when *Philogano* commeth not, how shall I then do ? yea and though he came, howe may I any way hope of his consent, when he shall see, that to follow this amorous enterprise, I have set aside all studie, all remembraunce of my duetie, and all dread of shame. Alas, alas, I may go hang my selfe.

Ero. Comforte your selfe man, and trust in me : there is

a salve for every sore, and doubt you not, to this mischeefe we shall finde a remedie.

Du. O friend revive me, that hitherto since I first attempted this matter have bene continually dying.

Ero. Well harken a while then: this morning I tooke my horse and rode into the fieldes to solace my self, and as I passed the foorde beyonde *S. Anthonies* gate, I met at the foote of the hill a gentleman riding with two or three men: and as me thought by his habite and his lookes, he should be none of the wisest. He saluted me, and I him: I asked him from whence he came, and whither he would? he answered that he had come from *Venice*, then from *Padua*, nowe was going to *Ferrara*, and so to his countrey, whiche is *Scienna*: As soone as I knewe him to be a *Scenese*, sodenly lifting up mine eyes, (as it were with an admiration) I sayd unto him, are you a *Scenese*, and come to *Farrara*? why not, sayde he: quoth I, (halfe and more with a trembling voyce) know you the daunger that should ensue if you be knowne in *Ferrara* to be a *Scenese*? he more than halfe amased, desired me earnestly to tell him what I ment.

Du. I understande not wherto this tendeth.

Ero. I beleeve you: but harken to me.

Du. Go too then.

Ero. I answered him in this sorte: Gentleman, bycause I have heretofore founde very curteous entertaynement in your countrey, (beeing a studẽt there,) I accompt my self as it were bounde to a *Scenese*: and therefore if I knewe of any mishappe towards any of that countrey, God forbid but I should disclose it: and I marvell that you knewe not of the injurie that your countreymen offered this other day to the Embassadours of Counte *Hercules*.

Du. What tales he telleth me: what appertayne these to me?

Ero. If you will harken a whyle, you shall finde them no tales, but that they appertayne to you more than you thinke for.

Du. Foorth.

Ero. I tolde him further, these Ambassadoures of Counte *Hercules* had dyvers Mules, Waggons, and Charettes, ladẽ with divers costly jewels, gorgeous furniture, & other things

which they caried as presents, (passing that way) to the king of *Naples*: the which were not only stayd in *Sciene* by the officers whom you cal Customers, but serched, ransacked, tossed & turned, & in the end exacted for tribute, as if they had bene the goods of a meane marchaunt.

Du. Whither the divell wil he? is it possible that this geare appertaine any thing to my cause? I finde neither head nor foote in it.

Ero. O how impaciēt you are: I pray you stay a while.

Du. Go to yet a while then.

Ero. I proceeded, that upon these causes the Duke sent his Chauncelor to declare the case unto the Senate there, of whome he had the moste uncurteous answere that ever was heard: wherupon he was so enraged with all of that countrey, that for revenge he had sworne to spoyle as many of them as ever should come to *Ferara*, and to sende them home in their dublet and their hose.

Du. And I pray thee how couldest thou upon the sudden devise or imagine suche a lye? and to what purpose?

Ero. You shall heare by and by a thing as fitte for our purpose, as any could have happened.

Du. I would fayne heare you conclude.

Ero. You would fayne leape over the stile, before you come at the hedge: I woulde you had heard me, and seene the gestures that I enforced to make him beleeve this.

Du. I beleeve you, for I knowe you can counterfet wel.

Ero. Further I sayde, the duke had charged upon great penalties, that the Inholders and vitlers shoulde bring worde dayly of as many *Sceneses* as came to their houses. The gentleman beeing (as I gessed at the first) a mā of smal *sapientia*, when he heard these newes, would have turned his horse an other way.

Du. By likelyhoode he was not very wise when hee would beleeve that of his countrey, which if it had bene true every man must needes have knowen it.

Ero. Why not? when he had not beene in his countrey for a moneth paste, and I tolde him this had hapned within these seven dayes.

Du. Belike he was of small experience.

Ero. I thinke, of as litle as may be: but beste of all for

our purpose, and good adventure it was, that I mette with such an one. Now harken I pray you.

Du. Make an ende I pray thee.

Ero. He, as I say, when he hard these words, would have turned the bridle: and I fayning a countenance as though I were somewhat pensive and carefull for him, paused a while, & after with a great sighe saide to him: Gentleman, for the curtesie that (as I said) I have found in your countrey, & bicause your affaires shall be the better dispatched, I will finde the meanes to lodge you in my house, and you shal say to every mã, that you are a *Sicilian* of *Cathanea*, your name *Philogano*, father to me that am in deede of that countrey and citie, called here *Erostrato*. And I (to pleasure you) will (during your abode here) do you reverence as you were my father.

Du. Out upon me, what a grosse hedded foole am I? now I perceive whereto this tale tendeth.

Ero. Well, and how like you of it?

Du. Indifferently, but one thing I doubt.

Ero. What is that?

Du. Marie, that when he hath bene here twoo or three dayes, he shal heare of every man that there is no such thing betwene the Duke and the Towne of *Sciene*.

Ero. As for that let me alone, I doe entertaine and will entertaine him so well, that within these two or three daies I will disclose unto him all the whole matter, and doubte not but to bring him in for performance of as muche as I have promised to *Damon*: for what hurte can it be to him, when he shall binde a strange name and not his owne?

Du. What, thinke you he will be entreated to stande bounde for a dower of two thousand Ducates by the yeere?

Ero. Yea why not, (if it were ten thousande) as long as he is not in deede the man that is bound?

Du. Well, if it be so, what shall we be the neerer to our purpose?

Ero. Why? when we have done as muche as we can, how can we doe any more?

Du. And where have you left him?

Ero. At the Inne, bicause of his horses: he and his men shall lie in my house.

Du. Why brought you him not with you?

Ero. I thought better to use your advise first.

Du. Well, goe take him home, make him all the cheere you can, spare for no cost, I will alowe it.

Ero. Content, looke where he commeth.

Du. Is this he? goe meete him, by my trouthe he lookes even lyke a good soule, he that fisheth for him, mighte bee sure to catche a cods heade: I will rest here a while to discipher him.

Erostrato espieth the Scenese and goeth towards him: Dulipo standeth aside.

Scena. ii.

The SCENESE. PAQUETTO & PETRUCIO his servâts. EROSTRATO.

An other supose.

HE that travaileth in this worlde passeth by many perilles.

Pa. You saye true sir, if the boate had bene a little more laden this morning at the ferrie, wee had bene all drowned, for I thinke, there are none of us that could have swomme.

Sc. I speake not of that.

Pa. O you meane the foule waye that we had since wee came from this *Padua*, I promise you, I was afraide twice or thrice, that your mule would have lien fast in the mire.

Sc. Jesu, what a blockehead thou art, I speake of the perill we are in presently since we came into this citie.

Pa. A great peril I promise you, that we were no sooner arived, but you founde a frende that brought you from the Inne, and lodged you in his owne house.

A doltish supose.

Sc. Yea marie, God rewarde the gentle yong man that we mette, for else we had bene in a wise case by this time. But have done with these tales, and take you heede, & you also sirra, take heede that none of you saie we be *Sceneses*, and remember that you call me *Philogano* of *Cathanea*.

Pa. Sure I shal never remember these outlãdish words, I could well remember *Haccanea*.

Sc. I say, *Cathanea*, and not *Haccanea*, with a vengeance.

Pa. Let another name it then when neede is, for I shall never remember it.

Sc. Then holde thy peace, and take heede thou name not *Scene*.

Pa. Howe say you, if I faine my selfe dum as I did once in the house of *Crisobolus*?

Sc. Doe as thou thinkest best: but looke where commeth the gentleman whom we are so much bounde unto.

Ero. Welcome, my deare father *Philogano*.

Sc. Gramercie my good sonne *Erostrato*.

Ero. That is well saide, be mindefull of your toung, for these *Ferareses* be as craftie as the Devill of hell.

Sc. No, no, be you sure we will doe as you have bidden us.

Ero. For if you should name *Scene* they would spoile you immediatly, and turne you out of the towne, with more shame, than I woulde shoulde befall you for a thousande Crownes.

Sc. I warant you, I was giving thẽ warning as I came to you, and I doubt not but they will take good heede.

Ero. Yea and trust not the servauntes of my housholde to far, for they are *Ferareses* all, and never knew my father, nor came never in *Sicilia*: this is my house, will it please you to goe in? I will follow.

They goe in.

Dulipo tarieth and espieth the Doctor comming in with his man.

Scena. iii.

DULIPO alone.

THis geare hath had no evill beginning, if it continue so and fall to happie ende. But is not this the silly Doctor with the side bonet, the doting foole, that dare presume to become a suter to such a peerlesse Paragone? O how covetousnesse doth blind the common sort of men. *Damon* more desirous of the dower, than mindfull of his gentle & gallant daughter, hath determined to make him his Sonne in law,

who for his age may be his father in law: and hath greater respect to the abundance of goods, than to his owne naturall childe. He beareth well in minde to fill his owne purse, but he litle remembreth that his daughters purse shalbe continually emptie, unlesse Maister Doctour fill it with double ducke egges. Alas: I jest and have no joy, I will stand here aside and laugh a litle at this lobcocke.

Dulippo espieth the Doctor and his man comming.

Scena. iiii.

CARION the doctors man. CLEANDER. DULIPO.

MAister, what the Divel meane you to goe seeke guestes at this time of the day? the Maiors officers have dined ere this time, which are alway the last in the market.

Cle. I come to seeke *Pasiphilo*, to the ende he may dine with mee.

Ca. As though sixe mouthes and the cat for the seventh, bee not sufficient to eate an harlotrie shotterell, a pennieworth of cheese, and halfe a score spurlings: this is all the dainties you have dressed for you and your familie.

Cle. Ah greedie gut, art thou afearde thou shalt want?

Ca. I am afearde in deede, it is not the first time I have founde it so.

Du. Shall I make some sporte with this gallant? what shall I say to him?

Cle. Thou arte afearde belike that he will eate thee and the rest.

Ca. Nay, rather that he will eate your mule, both heare and hyde.

Cle. Heare and hyde? and why not flesh and all?

Ca. Bicause she hath none. If she had any flesh, I thinke you had eaten hir your selfe by this time.

Cle. She may thanke you then, for your good attendãce.

Ca. Nay she may thanke you for your small allowance.

Du. In faith now let me alone.

Cle. Holde thy peace drunken knave, and espie me *Pasiphilo.*

Du. Since I can doe no better, I will set such a staunce betweene him and *Pasiphilo*, that all this towne shall not make them friendes.

Ca. Could you not have sent to seeke him, but you must come your selfe? surely you come for some other purpose, for if you would have had *Pasiphilo* to dinner, I warant you he would have taried here an houre since.

Cle. Holde thy peace, here is one of *Damons* servaunts, of him I shall understand where he is: good fellow art not thou one of *Damons* servaunts? An other suppose.

Du. Yes sir, at your knamandement.

Cle. Gramercie, tell me then, hath *Pasiphilo* bene there this day or no?

Du. Yes sir, and I thinke he be there still, ah, ah, ah.

Cle. What laughest thou?

Du. At a thing, that every man may not laugh at.

Cle. What?

Du. Talke, that *Pasiphilo* had with my master this day.

Cle. What talke I pray thee?

Du. I may not tell it.

Cle. Doth it concerne me?

Du. Nay I will say nothing.

Cle. Tell me.

Du. I can say no more.

Cle. I woulde but knowe if it concerne mee, I pray thee tell mee.

Du. I would tell you, if I were sure you would not tell it againe.

Cle. Beleve me I will kepe it close: *Carion* give us leave a litle, goe aside.

Du. If my maister shoulde know that it came by me, I were better die a thousand deaths.

Cle. He shall never know it, say on.

Du. Yea, but what assurance shall I have?

Cle. I lay thee my faith and honestie in paune.

Du. A pretie paune, the fulkers will not lend you a farthing on it.

Cle. Yea, but amongst honest mẽ it is more worth than golde.

Du. Yea marie sir, but where be they? but will you needes have me tell it unto you?

Cle. Yea I pray thee if it any thing appertaine to me.

Du. Yes it is of you, and I would gladly tell it you, bicause I would not have suche a man of worship so scorned by a villaine ribaulde.

Cle. I pray thee tell me then.

Du. I will tell you so that you will sweare never to tell it to *Pasiphilo*, to my maister, nor to any other bodie.

Ca. Surely it is some toye devised to get some money of him.

Cle. I thinke I have a booke here.

Ca. If he knew him as well as I, he woulde never goe aboute it, for he may as soone get one of his teeth from his jawes with a paire of pinchers, as a pennie out of his purse with such a conceite.

Cle. Here is a letter wil serve the turne: I sweare to thee by the contents hereof never to disclose it to any man.

Du. I will tell you, I am sorie to see how *Pasiphilo* doth abuse you, perswading you that alwayes he laboureth for you, where in deede, he lieth on my maister continually, as it were with tooth and naile for a straunger, a scholer, borne in *Sicilia* they call him *Roscus* or arskisse, he hathe a madde name I can never hit upon it.

Cle. And thou recknest it as madly: is it not *Erostrato*?

Du. That same I should never have remembred it: and the villany speaketh al the evill of you that can be devised.

Cle. To whom?

Du. To my maister, yea and to *Polynesta* hirselfe sometimes.

Cle. Is it possible, Ah slave, and what saith he?

Du. More evill than I can imagine: that you are the miserablest and most nigardly man that ever was.

Cle. Sayeth *Pasiphilo* so by me?

Du. And that as often as he commeth to your house, he is like to die for hunger, you fare so well.

Cle. That the Devill take him else.

Du. And that you are the testiest man, & moste divers to please in the whole worlde, so that he cannot please you unlesse he should even kill himselfe with continuall paine.

Cle. O devilish tong.

Du. Furthermore, that you cough continually and spit, so that a dogge cannot abide it.

Cle. I never spitte nor coughe more than thus, vho, vho, and that but since I caughte this murre, but who is free from it?

Du. You saye true sir, yet further he sayth, your arme holes stincke, your feete worse than they, and your breathe worst of all.

Cle. If I quite him not for this geare.

Du. And that you are bursten in the cods.

Cle. O villaine, he lieth, and if I were not in the streete thou shouldest see them.

Du. And he saith, that you desire this yong gentlewoman, as much for other mens pleasure as for your owne.

Cle. What meaneth he by that?

Du. Peradventure that by hir beautie, you woulde entice many yong men to your house.

Cle. Yong men? to what purpose?

Du. Nay, gesse you that.

Cle. Is it possible that *Pasiphilo* speaketh thus of me?

Du. Yea, and much more.

Cle. And doth *Damon* beleeve him?

Du. Yea, more than you would thinke: in such sort, that long ere this, he woulde have given you a flat repulse, but *Pasiphilo* intreated him to continue you a suter for his advantage.

Cle. How for his advantage?

Du. Marie, that during your sute he might still have some rewarde for his great paines.

Cle. He shall have a rope, and yet that is more than he deserveth: I had thought to have given him these hose when I had worne them a litle nearer, but he shall have a. &c.

Du. In good faith sir, they were but loste on him. Will you any thing else with me sir?

Cle. Nay, I have heard to much of thee already.

Du. Then I will take my leave of you.

Cle. Farewell, but tell me, may I not know thy name?

Du. Sir, they call me Foule fall you.

Cle. An ill favored name by my trouthe: arte thou this countrey man?

Du. No sir, I was borne by a castle mẽ cal Scabbe catch you: fare you well sir.

Cle. Farewel. O God how have I bene abused? what a spokesmàn? what a messanger had I provided?

Car. Why sir, will you tarie for *Pasiphilo* till we die for hunger?

Cle. Trouble me not, that the Devill take you both.

Car. These newes what so ever they be, like him not.

Cle. Art thou so hungrie yet? I pray to God thou be never satisfied.

Car. By the masse no more I shal as long as I am your servaunt.

Cle. Goe with mischaunce.

Car. Yea, and a mischiefe to you, and to al such covetous wretches.

Finis Actus. 2.

Actus. iii. Scena. i.

DALIO the cooke. CRAPINE the lackie. EROSTRATO, DULIPO.

BY that time we come to the house, I truste that of these xx. egges in the basket we shall find but very few whole. But it is a folly to talke to him. What the devill, wilt thou never lay that sticke out of thy hande? he fighteth with the dogges, beateth the beares, at every thing in the streate he findeth occasion to tarie: if he spie a slipstring by the waye such another as himself, a Page, a Lackie or a dwarfe, the devill of hell cannot holde him in chaynes, but he will be doing with him: I cannot goe two steppes, but I muste looke backe for my yonker: goe to halter sicke, if you breake one egge I may chance breake, &c.

Cra. What will you breake? your nose in mine &c?

Da. Ah beast.

Cra. If I be a beast, yet I am no horned beast.

Da. Is it even so? is the winde in that doore? If I were unloden I would tel you whether I be a horned beast or no.

Cra. You are alway laden either with wine or with ale.

Dal. Ah spitefull boy, shall I suffer him?

Cra. Ah cowardely beast, darest thou strike and say never a woorde?

Dal. Well, my maister shall know of this geere, either he shall redresse it, or he shall lose one of us.

Cra. Tel him the worst thou canst by me.

Erostra. & Du. ex improviso.

Ero. What noise, what a rule is this?

Cra. Marie sir, he striketh mee bicause I tell him of his swearing.

Dal. The villaine lieth deadly, he reviles me bicause I bid him make hast.

Ero. Holla: no more of this. *Dalio*, doe you make in a readinesse those Pigeons, stock Doves, and also the breast of Veale: and let your vessell be as cleare as glasse against I returne, that I may tell you which I will have roasted, & which boyled. *Crapine*, lay downe that basket and followe me. Oh that I coulde tell where to finde *Pasiphilo*, but looke where he commeth that can tell me of him.

Dul. What have you done with *Philogano* your father?

Dulipo is espied by Erostrato.

Ero. I have left him within, I would faine speake with *Pasiphilo*, can you tell me where he is?

Du. He dined this day with my maister, but whether he went from thence I know not, what would you with him?

Ero. I woulde have him goe tell *Damon* that *Philogano* my father is come and ready to make assurance of as much as he wil require. Now shall I teach maister doctor a schole point, he travaileth to none other end but to catche *Cornua*, and he shall have them, for as old as he is, and as many subtilties as he hath learned in the law, he can not goe beyond me one ace.

Du. O deere friend, goe thy wayes seeke *Pasiphilo*, finde him out, and conclude somewhat to our contentation.

Ero. But where shall I finde him?

Du. At the feasts if there be any, or else in the market with the poulters or the fishmongers.

Ero. What should he doe with them?

Du. Mary he watcheth whose Caters bie the best meat. If any bie a fat Capon, a good breast of Veale, fresh Samon or any suche good dishe, he followeth to the house, and either with some newes, or some stale jest he will be sure to make himselfe a geast.

Ero. In faith, and I will seeke there for him.

Du. Then muste you needes finde him, and when you have done I will make you laughe.

Ero. Whereat?

Du. At certaine sport I made to day with master doctor.

Ero. And why not now?

Du. No it asketh further leysure, I pray thee dispatche, and finde out *Pasiphilo* that honest man.

Dulipo tarieth. Erostrato goeth out.

Scena. ii.

DULIPO alone.

THis amorous cause that hãgeth in cõtroversie betwene *Domine doctor* & me, may be compared to thẽ that play at primero: of whõ some one peradvẽture shal leese a great sum of money before he win one stake, & at last halfe in anger shal set up his rest: win it: & after that another, another, & another, till at last he draw the most part of the money to his heape: ye other by litle & litle stil diminishing his rest, til at last he be come as neere the brinke, as earst ye other was: yet again peradvẽture fortune smiling on him, he shal as it were by peece meale, pull out the guts of his fellows bags, & bring him barer than he himselfe was tofore, & so in play continue stil, (fortune favoring now this way, now y^t^ way) til at last the one of thẽ is left with as many crosses as God hath brethren. O howe often have I thoughte my selfe sure of the upper hande herein? but I triumphed before the victorie. And then how ofte againe have I thoughte the fielde loste? Thus have I beene tossed nowe over, nowe under, even as fortune list to whirle the wheele, neither sure to winne nor certayne to loose the wager. And this practise that nowe my servaunte hath devised, although hitherto it hath not succeeded amisse, yet can I not count my selfe assured of it: for I feare still that one mischance or other wyll come and turne it topsie turvie. But looke where my mayster commeth.

Damon comming in, espieth Dulipo and calleth him.

Scena. iii.

DAMON. DULIPO. NEVOLA, and two mo servants.

DUlipo.

Du. Here sir.

Da. Go in and bid *Nevola* and his fellowes come hither that I may tell them what they shall goe about, and go you into my studie: there upon the shelfe you shall find a roule of writings which John of the Deane made to my Father, when he solde him the Grange ferme, endorced with bothe their names: bring it hither to me.

Du. It shall be done sir.

Da. Go, I wil prepare other maner of writings for you thã you are aware of. O fooles that trust any mã but themselves now adaies: oh spiteful fortune, thou doest me wrong I thinke, that from the depth of Hell pitte thou haste sente mee this servaunt to be the subversion of me and all mine. Come hither sirs, and heare what I shal say unto you: go into my studie, where you shall finde *Dulipo*, step to him all at once, take him and (with a corde that I have laide on the table for the nonce) bind him hande and foote, carie him into the dungeon under the stayres, make faste the dore & bring me the key, it hangeth by upon a pin on the wall. Dispatche and doe this geare as privily as you can: and thou *Nevola* come hither to me againe with speede. The servants come in.

Ne. Well I shall.

Da. Alas how shall I be revenged of this extreme despite? if I punishe my servant according to his divelishe deserts, I shall heape further cares upon mine owne head: for to suche detestable offences no punishment can seeme sufficient, but onely death, and in such cases it is not lawful for a man to be his owne carver. The lawes are ordeyned, and officers appoynted to minister justice for the redresse of wrongs: and if to the potestates I complayne me, I shall publishe mine owne reproche to the worlde. Yea, what should it prevayle me to use all the puinishments that can be devised? the thing once done can not be undone. My

daughter is defloured, and I utterly dishonested: how can I then wype that blot off my browe? and on whome shall I seeke revenge? Alas, alas I my selfe have bene the cause of all these cares, and have deserved to beare the punishment of all these mishappes. Alas, I should not have committed my dearest darling in custodie to so carelesse a creature as this olde Nurse: for we see by common proofe, that these olde women be either peevishe, or pitifull: either easily enclined to evill, or quickly corrupted with bribes and rewards. O wife, my good wife (that nowe lyest colde in the grave) now may I well bewayle the wante of thee, and mourning nowe may I bemone that I misse thee: if thou hadst lived (suche was thy governement of the least things) that thou wouldest prudently have provided for the preservation of this pearle. A costly jewell may I well accompte hir, that hath been my cheefe comforte in youth, and is nowe become the corosive of mine age. O *Polynesta*, full evill hast thou requited the clemencie of thy carefull father: and yet to excuse thee giltlesse before God, and to condemne thee giltie before the worlde, I can count none other but my wretched selfe the caytife and causer of all my cares. For of al the dueties that are requisite in humane lyfe, onely obedience is by the parents to be required of the childe: where on ye other side the parents are bound, first to beget them, then to bring thē foorth, after to nourish them, to preserve them from bodily perils in the cradle, from daunger of soule by godly education, to matche them in consort enclined to vertue, too banish them all ydle and wanton companie, to allow them sufficiente for their sustentation, to cut off excesse the open gate of sinne, seldome or never to smile on them unlesse it be to their encouragement in vertue, and finally, to provide them mariages in time cōvenient, lest (neglected of us) they learne to sette either to much or to litle by thēselves. Five yeares are past since I might have maried hir, when by cōtinuall excuses I have prolonged it to my owne perdition. Alas, I shoulde have considered, she is a collop of my owne flesh: what shold I think to make hir a princesse? Alas alas, a poore kingdome have I now caught to endowe hir with: It is too true, that of all sorowes this is the head source and chiefe fountaine of all furies: the goods of the world are in-

certain, the gaines to be rejoyced at, and the losse not greatly to be lamented: only the children cast away, cutteth the parents throate with the knife of inward care, which knife will kill me surely, I make none other accompte.

Damons servants come to him againe.

Scena. iiii.

NEVOLA. DAMON. PASIPHILO.

SIr, we have done as you badde us, and here is the key.

Da. Well, go then *Nevola* and seeke master *Casteling* the jayler, he dwelleth by S. Antonies gate, desire him too lend me a paire of the fetters he useth for his prisoners, and come againe quickly.

Ne. Well sir.

Da. Heare you, if he aske what I would do with them, say you cã not tell, and tell neither him nor any other, what is become of *Dulipo*. *Damon* goeth out.

[*Ne.*] I warant you sir. Fye upon the Devill, it is a thing almost unpossible for a man nowe a dayes to handle money, but the mettal will sticke on his fingers: I marvelled alway at this fellowe of mine *Dulipo*, that of the wages he received, he could maintaine himselfe so bravely apparelled, but nowe I perceive the cause, he had the disbursing and receit of all my masters affaires, the keys of the granair, *Dulippo* here, *Dulippo* there, [in] favoure with my maister, in favoure with his daughter, what woulde you more, he was *Magister factotum*: he was as fine as the Crusadoe, and wee silly wretches as course as canvas: wel, behold what it is come to in the ende, he had bin better to have done lesse. An other suppose.

Pasi. subitò & improviso venit.

Pa. Thou saist true *Nevola*, he hath done to much in deed.

Ne. From whence commest thou in the devils name?

Pa. Out of the same house thou camest from, but not out of the same dore.

Ne. We had thought thou hadst bene gone long since.

Pa. When I arose from the table, I felte a rumbling in my belly, whiche made me runne to the stable, and there I fell

on sleepe uppon the strawe, and have line there ever since: And thou whether goest thou?

Ne. My master hath sent me on an errand in great hast.

Pa. Whether I pray thee?

Ne. Nay I may not tell: Farewell.

Pa. As though I neede any further instructions: O God what newes I heard evẽ now, as I lay in the stable: O good *Erostrato* and pore *Cleander*, that have so earnestly stroven for this damsel, happie is he that can get hir I promise you, he shall be sure of mo than one at a clap that catcheth hir, eyther Adam or Eve within hir belie. Oh God, how men may be deceived in a woman? who wold have beleeved the contrary but that she had bin a virgin? aske the neighbours and you shall heare very good report of hir: marke hir behaviors & you would have judged hir very maydenly: seldome seene abroade but in place of prayer, and there very devout, and no gaser at outwarde sightes, no blaser of hir beautie above in the windowes, no stale at the doore for the bypassers: you would have thought hir a holy yong woman. But muche good doe it *Domine Doctor*, hee shall be sure to lacke no CORNE in a deare yere, whatsoever he have with hir else: I beshrewe me if I let the mariage any way. But is not this the old scabbed queane that I heard disclosing all this geere to hir master, as I stoode in the stable ere nowe? it is shee. Whither goeth *Psiteria*?

An other suppose.

Pasiphilo espieth Psiteria comming.

Scena. v.

PSITERIA, PASIPHILO.

TO a Gossip of myne heereby.

Pa. What? to tattle of the goodly stirre that thou keptst concerning *Polynesta*.

Ps. No no: but how knew you of that geere?

Pa. You tolde me.

Ps. I? when did I tell you?

Pa. Even now when you tolde it to *Damon*, I both sawe you and heard you, though you saw not me: a good parte I

promise you, to accuse the poore wenche, kill the olde man with care, over and besides the daunger you have brought *Dulipo* and the Nursse unto, and many moe, fie, fie.

Ps. In deed I was to blame, but not so much as you think.

Pa. And how not so muche? did I not heare you tell?

Ps. Yes, But I will tell you how it came to passe: I have knowen for a great while, that this *Dulipo* and *Polynesta* have lyen togither, and all by the meanes of the nurse: yet I held my peace, and never tolde it. Now this other day the Nursse fell on scolding with me, and twyce or thryce called me drunken olde whore, and suche names that it was too badde: and I called hir baude, and tolde hir that I knew well enoughe howe often she had brought *Dulipo* to *Polynestas* bed: yet all this while I thought not that anye body had heard me, but it befell cleane contrarye: for my maister was on the other side of the wall, and heard all our talke, whereupon he sent for me, and forced me to confesse all that you heard.

Pas. And why wouldest thou tell him? I woulde not for. &c.

Ps. Well, if I had thought my maister would have taken it so, he should rather have killed me.

Pas. Why? how could he take it?

Ps. Alas, it pitieth me to see the poore yong woman how she weepes, wailes, and teares hir heare: not esteming hir owne life halfe so deare as she doth poore *Dulipos*: and hir father, he weepes on the other side, that it would pearce an hart of stone with pitie: but I must be gone.

Pas. Go that the gunne pouder consume thee olde trotte.

Finis Actus. 3.

Actus. iiii. Scena. i.

EROSTRATO fained.

WHat shall I doe? Alas what remedie shall I finde for my ruefull estate? what escape, or what excuse may I now devise to shifte over our subtile supposes? for though

to this day I have usurped the name of my maister, and that without checke or controll of any man, now shal I be openly discyphred, and that in the sight of every man: now shal it openly be knowen, whether I be *Erostrato* the gentleman, or *Dulipo* the servaunt. We have hitherto played our parts in abusing others: but nowe commeth the man that wil not be abused, the right *Philogano* the right father of the right *Erostrato*: going to seke *Pasiphilo*, and hearing that he was at the water gate, beholde I espied my fellowe *Litio*, and by and by my olde maister *Philogano* setting forth his first step on land: I to fuge and away hither as fast as I could to bring word to the right *Erostrato*, of his right father *Philogano*, that to so sodaine a mishap some subtile shift might be upō the sodaine devised. But what can be imagined to serve the turne, although we had [a] monethes respite to beate oure braines about it, since we are commōly knowen, at the least supposed in this towne, he for *Dulipo*, a slave & servant to *Damon*, & I for *Erostrato* a gentleman & a student? But beholde, runne *Crapine* to yonder olde woman before she get within the doores, & desire hir to call out *Dulipo*: but heare you? if she aske who would speake with him, saye thy selfe and none other.

Erostrato espieth Psiteria comming, and sendeth his lackey to hir.

Scena. ii.

CRAPINE. PSITERIA. EROSTRATO fained.

HOnest woman, you gossip, thou rotten whore, hearest thou not olde witche?

Ps. A rope stretche your yong bones, either you muste live to be as old as I, or be hanged while you are yong.

Cra. I pray thee loke if *Dulipo* be within.

Ps. Yes that he is I warrant him.

Cra. Desire him then to come hither and speake a word with me, he shall not tarie.

Ps. Content your selfe, he is otherwise occupied.

Cra. Yet tell him so gentle girle.

Ps. I tell you he is busie.

Cra. Why is it such a matter tò tell him so, thou crooked Crone?

Ps. A rope stretche you marie.

Cra. A pockes eate you marie.

Ps. Thou wilt be hanged I warãt thee, if thou live to it.

Cra. And thou wilt be burnt I warant thee, if the canker consume thee not.

Ps. If I come neere you hempstring, I will teache you to sing sol fa.

Cra. Come on, and if I get a stone I will scare crowes with you.

Ps. Goe with a mischiefe, I thinke thou be some devill that woulde tempte me.

Ero. *Crapine*: heare you? come away, let hir goe with a vengeance, why come you not? Alas loke where my maister *Philogano* commeth: what shall I doe? where shall I hide me? he shall not see me in these clothes, nor before I have spoken with the right *Erostrato*.

Erostrato espyeth Phylogano co[mm]ing, and runneth about to hide him.

Scena. iii.

PHILOGANO. FERRARESE the Inne keper. LITIO a servant.

HOnest man it is even so: be you sure there is no love to be compared like the love of the parents towards their children. It is not long since I thought that a very waightie matter shoulde not have made me come out of *Sicilia*, and yet now I have taken this tedious toyle and travaile upon me, only to see my sonne, and to have him home with me.

Fer. By my faith sir, it hath ben a great travaile in dede, and to much for one of your age.

Phi. Yea be you sure: I came in companie with certaine gentlemen of my countrey, who had affaires to dispatche as far as to *An[c]ona*, from thence by water too *Ravenna*, and from *Ravenna* hither, continually against the tide.

Fer. Yea & I think y^t^ you had but homly lodging by ye way.

Phi. The worst y^t^ ever man had: but that was nothing to the stirre that ye serchers kept with me when I came aborde ye ship: Jesus how often they untrussed my male, & ransaked a litle capcase that I had, tossed & turned al that was within it, serched my bosome, yea my breeches, y^t^ I assure you I thought they would have flayed me to searche betwene the fell and the fleshe for fardings.

Fer. Sure I have heard no lesse, and that the marchants bobbe them somtimes, but they play the knaves still.

Phi. Yea be you well assured, suche an office is the inheritance of a knave, and an honest man will not meddle with it.

Fer. Wel, this passage shal seme pleasant unto you whē you shall finde your childe in health and well: but I praye you sir why did you not rather send for him into *Sicilia*, than to come your selfe, specially since you had none other businesse? peradventure you had rather endanger your selfe by this noysome journey, than hazard to drawe him from his studie.

Phi. Nay, that was not the matter, for I had rather have him give over his studie altogither and come home.

Fer. Why? if you minded not to make him learned, to what ende did you send him hither at the first?

Phi. I will tell you: when he was at home he did as most yong men doe, he played many mad prankes and did many things that liked me not very well: and I thinking, that by that time he had sene the worlde, he would learne to know himselfe better, exhorted him to studie, and put in his electiō what place he would go to. At the last he came hither, and I thinke he was scarce here so sone as I felt the want of him, in suche sorte, as from that day to this I have passed fewe nightes without teares. I have written to him very often that he shoulde come home, but continually he refused stil, beseching me to continue his studie, wherein he doubted not (as he said) but to profite greatly.

Fer. In dede he is very much commended of al men, and specially of the best reputed studentes.

Phi. I am glad he hath not lost his time, but I care not

greatly for so muche knowledge. I would not be without the sighte of hym againe so long, for all the learning in the worlde. I am olde nowe, and if God shoulde call mee in his absence, I promise you I thinke it woulde drive me into disperation.

Fer. It is commendable in a man to love his childrẽ, but to be so tender over them is more womanlike?

Phi. Well, I confesse it is my faulte: and yet I will tell you another cause of my comming hither, more waightie than this. Divers of my countrey have bene here since hee came hither, by whome I have sente unto him, and some of thẽ have bene thrice, some foure or five times at his house, and yet could never speake with him. I feare he applies his studie so, that he will not leese the minute of an houre from his booke. What, alas, he might yet talke with his countrymen for a while: he is a yong man, tenderly brought up, and if he fare thus cõtinually night & day at his booke, it may be enough to drive him into a frenesie.

Fer. In dede, enough were as good as a feast. Loe you sir here is your sonne *Erostratoes* house, I will knocke.

Phi. Yea, I pray you knocke.

Fer. They heare not.

Phi. Knocke againe.

Fer. I thinke they be on slepe.

Ly. If this gate were your Grandefathers soule, you coulde not knocke more softly, let me come: ho, ho, is there any body within?

Dalio commeth to the wyndowe, and there maketh them answere.

Scena. iiii.

DALIO the cooke. FERARESE the inholder. PHILOGANO. LITIO his man.

WHat devill of hell is there? I thinke hee will breake the gates in peeces.

Li. Marie sir, we had thoughte you had beene on sleepe within, and therefore we thought best to wake you: what doth *Erostrato*?

Da. He is not within.

Phi. Open the dore good fellow I pray thee.

Da. If you thinke to lodge here, you are deceived I tell you, for here are guestes enowe already.

Phi. A good fellow, and much for thy maister honesty by our Ladie: and what guestes I pray thee?

Another suppose.

Da. Here is *Philogano* my maisters father, lately come out of *Sicilia*.

Phi. Thou speakest truer thã thou arte aware of, he will be, by that time thou hast opened the dore: open I pray thee hartily.

Da. It is a small matter for me to open the dore, but here is no lodging for you, I tell you plaine, the house is full.

Phi. Of whome?

Da. I tolde you: here is *Philogano* my maisters father come from *Cathanea*.

Phi. And when came he?

Da. He came three houres since, or more, he alighted at the Aungell, and left his horses there: afterwarde my maister brought him hither.

Phi. Good fellow, I thinke thou hast good sport to mocke mee.

Da. Nay, I thinke you have good spor[te] to make me tary here, as though I have nothing else to doe: I am matched with an unrulye mate in the kitchin. I will goe looke to him another while.

Phi. I thinke he be drunken.

Fer. Sure he semes so: see you not how redde he is about the gilles?

Phi. Abide fellow, what *Philogano* is it whome thou talkest of?

Da. An honest gentlemã, father to *Erostrato* my maister.

Phi. And where is he?

Da. Here within.

Phi. May we see him?

Da. I thinke you may if you be not blind.

Phi. Go to, go tel him here is one wold speake with him.

Da. Mary that I will willingly doe.

Phi. I can not tell what I shoulde say to this geere, *Litio*, what thinkest thou of it?

Li. I cannot tell you what I shoulde say sir, the worlde is large and long, there maye be moe *Philoganos* and moe *Erostratos* than one, yea and moe *Ferraras*, moe *Sicilias*, and moe *Cathaneas*: peradventure this is not that *Ferrara* whiche you sent your sonne unto. Another suppose.

Phi. Peradventure thou arte a foole, and he was another that answered us even now. But be you sure honest man, that you mistake not the house?

Fer. Nay, then god helpe, thinke you I knowe not *Erostratos* house? yes, and himselfe also: I sawe him here no longer since thã yesterday. But here cõmes one that wil tell us tydings of him, I like his countenaunce better than the others that answered at the windowe erewhile.

Dalio draweth his hed in at the wyndowe, the Scenese commeth out.

Scena. v.

SCENESE. PH[I]LOGANO. DALIO.

WOuld you speake with me sir?

Phi. Yea sir, I would faine knowe whence you are.

Sce. Sir I am a *Sicilian*, at your commaundement.

Phi. What part of *Sicilia*?

Sce. Of *Cathanea*.

Phi. What shall I call your name?

Sce. My name is *Philogano*.

Phi. What trade doe you occupie?

Sce. Marchandise.

Phi. What marchandise brought you hither?

Sce. None, I came onely to see a sonne that I have here whom I sawe not these two yeares.

Phi. What call they your sonne?

Sce. *Erostrato*.

Phi. Is *Erostrato* your sonne?

Sce. Yea verily.

Phi. And are you *Philogano*?

Sce. The same.

Phi. And a marchant of *Cathanea*?

Sce. What neede I tell you so often? I will not tell you a lye.

Phi. Yes, you have told me a false lie, and thou arte a vilaine and no better.

Sce. Sir, you offer me great wrong with these injurious wordes.

Phi. Nay, I will doe more than I have yet proffered to doe, for I will prove thee a lyer, and a knave to take upon thee that thou art not.

A stoute suppose.

Sce. Sir I am *Philogano* of *Cathanea*, out of all doubte, if I were not I would be loth to tell you so.

Phi. Oh, see the boldnesse of this brute beast, what a brasen face he setteth on it?

Sce. Well, you may beleve me if you liste: what wonder you?

Phi. I wonder at thy impudencie, for thou, nor nature that framed thee, can ever counterfaite thee to be me, ribauld villaine, and lying wretch that thou arte.

A pleasant suppose.

Da. Shall I suffer a knave to abuse my maisters father thus? hence villaine, hence, or I will sheath this good fawchiõ in your paũch: if my maister *Erostrato* find you prating here on this fashiõ to his father, I wold not be in your coate for mo conney skins thã I gat these twelve monethes: come you in againe sir, and let this Curre barke here till he burst.

Dalio pulleth the Scenese in at the dores.

Scena. vi.

PHILOGANO. LITIO. FERARESE.

Litio, how likest thou this geere?

Li. Sir, I like it as evill as may be: but have you not often heard tell of the falsehood of *Ferara*, and now may you see, it falleth out accordingly.

Fer. Friend, you do not well to slaunder the Citie, these men are no *Ferrareses* you may know by their tong.

Li. Well, there is never a barrell better herring, beetwene

you both: but in deed your officers are most to blame, that suffer such faultes to escape unpunished.

Fer. What knowe the officers of this? thinke you they know of every fault?

Li. Nay, I thinke they will knowe as little as may bee, specially when they have no gaines, by it, but they ought to have their eares as open to heare of such offẽces, as the Ingates be to receive guests.

Phi. Holde thy peace foole.

Li. By the masse I am afearde that we shall be proved fooles both two.

Phi. Well, what shall we doe?

Li. I would thinke best we should go seeke *Erostrato* him selfe.

Fer. I will waite upon you willingly, and either at the schooles, or at the convocations, we shall find him.

Phi. By our Lady I am wery, I will run no longer about to seke him, I am sure hither he will come at the last.

Li. Sure, my mind gives me that we shall find a new *Erostrato* ere it be long. A true suppose.

Fe. Looke where he is, whether runnes he? stay you awhile, I will goe tell him that you are here: *Erostrato*, *Erostra*[*t*]*o*, ho *Erostrato*, I would speake with you.

Erostrato is espied uppon the stage running about.

Scena. vii.

Fained EROSTRATO. FERARESE. PHILOGANO. LITIO. DALIO.

NOwe can I hide me no longer. Alas what shall I doe? I will set a good face on, to beare out the matter.

Fera. O *Erostrato*, *Philogano* your father is come out of *Sicilia*.

Ero. Tell me that I knowe not, I have bene with him and seene him alredy.

Fera. Is it possible? and it seemeth by him that you know not of his comming.

Ero. Why, have you spoken with him? when saw you him I pray you?

Fera. Loke you where he standes, why go you not too him? Looke you *Philogano*, beholde your deare son *Erostrato.*

Phi. *Erostrato*? this is not *Erostrato*: thys seemeth rather to be *Dulipo*, and it is *Dulipo* in deede.

Li. Why, doubte you of that?

Ero. What saith this honest man?

Phi. Mary sir, in deede you are so honorably cladde, it is no marvell if you loke bigge.

Ero. To whome speaketh he?

Phi. What, God helpe, do you not know me?

Ero. As farre as I remember Sir, I never sawe you before.

Phi. Harke *Litio*, here is good geere, this honest man will not know me.

A shamelesse suppose.

Ero. Gentleman, you take your markes amisse.

Li. Did I not tell you of the falsehood of *Ferrara* master? *Dulipo* hath learned to play the knave indifferently well since he came hither.

Phi. Peace I say.

Ero. Friend, my name is not *Dulipo*, aske you thorough out this towne of great and small, they know me: aske this honest man that is with you, if you wyll not beleeve me.

Ferra. In deede, I never knewe him otherwise called than *Erostrato*: and so they call him, as many as knowe him.

A needelesse suppose.

Li. Master, nowe you may see the falsehood of these fellowes: this honest man your hoste, is of counsaile with him, and would face us down that it is *Erostrato*: beware of these mates.

Fera. Friende, thou doest me wrong to suspect me, for sure I never hearde hym otherwise called than *Erostrato.*

Ero. What name could you heare me called by, but by my right name? But I am wise enough to stand prating here with this old man, I thinke he be mad.

Phi. Ah runnagate, ah villaine traitour, doest thou use thy master thus? what hast thou done with my son villain?

Da. Doth this dogge barke here still? and will you suffer him master thus to revile you?

Ero. Come in, come in, what wilt thou do with thys pestil?

Da. I will rap the olde cackabed on the costerd.

Ero. Away with it, & you sirra, lay downe these stones: come in at dore every one of you, beare with him for his age, I passe not of his evill wordes.

Erostrato taketh all his servantes in at the dores.

Scena. viii.

PHILOGANO. FERARESE. LITIO.

ALas, who shall relieve my miserable estate? to whome shall I complaine? since he whome I brought up of a childe, yea and cherished him as if he had bene mine owne, doth nowe utterly denie to knowe me: and you whome I toke for an honest man, and he that should have broughte me to the sighte of my sonne, are compacte with this false wretch, and woulde face me downe that he is *Erostrato*. Alas, you might have some compassion of mine age, to the miserie I am now in, and that I am a stranger desolate of all comforte in this countrey: or at the least, you shoulde have feared the vengeaunce of God the supreme judge (whiche knoweth the secrets of all harts) in bearing this false witnesse with him, whome heaven and earth doe knowe to be *Dulipo* and not *Erostrato*. An other suppose.

Li. If there be many such witnesses in this coũtrey, men may go about to prove what they wil in cõtroversies here.

Fer. Well sir, you may judge of me as it pleaseth you: & how the matter commeth to passe I know not, but truly, ever since he came first hither, I have knowen him by the name of *Erostrato* the sonne of *Philogano* a *Cathanese*: nowe whether he be so in deede, or whether he be *Dulipo*, (as you alledge) let that be proved by them that knewe him before he came hether. But I protest before God, that whiche I have said, is neither a matter compact with him, nor any other, but even as I have hard him called & reputed of al mẽ.

Phi. Out and alas, he whom I sent hither with my son to be his servaunt, and to give attendance on him, hath eyther cut his throate, or by some evill meanes made him away: A shrewde suppose.

and hath not onely taken his garmentes, his bookes, his money, and that whiche he brought out of *Sicilia* with him, but usurpeth his name also, and turneth to his owne commoditie the bills of exchaunge that I have alwayes allowed for my sonnes expences. Oh miserable *Philogano*, oh unhappie old man: oh eternall God, is there no judge? no officer? no higher powers whom I may complaine unto for redresse of these wrongs?

Fer. Yes sir, we have potestates, we have Judges, and above al, we have a most juste prince: doubt you not, but you shall have justice if your cause be just.

Phi. Bring me then to the Judges, to the potestates, or to whome you thinke best: for I will disclose a packe of the greatest knaverie, a fardell of the fowlest falsehoode that ever was heard of.

Li. Sir, he that wil goe to the lawe, must be sure of foure things: first, a right and a just cause: then a righteous advocate to pleade: nexte, favour *coram Iudice*: and above all, a good purse to procure it.

Fer. I have not heard, that the law hath any respect to favour: what you meane by it I cannot tell.

Phi. Have you no regard to his wordes, he is but a foole.

Fer. I pray you sir, let him tell me what is favour.

Li. Favour cal I, to have a friend neere about the judge, who may so sollicite thy cause, as if it be right, speedie sentence may ensue without any delayes: if it be not good, then to prolong it, till at the last, thine adversarie being wearie, shal be glad to compound with thee.

Fer. Of thus much (although I never heard thus muche in this coũtrey before) doubt you not *Philogano*, I will bring you to an advocate that shall speede you accordingly.

Phi. Then shall I give my selfe, as it were a pray to the Lawyers, whose insatiable jawes I am not able to feede, although I had here all the goods and landes which I possesse in mine own countrey: much lesse being a straunger in this miserie. I know their cautels of old: at the first time I come they wil so extoll my cause, as though it were already won: but within a sevẽnight or ten daies, if I do not continually feede them as the crow doth hir brattes, twẽtie times in an houre, they will begin to waxe colde, and to finde cavils in

my cause, saying, that at the firste I did not well instructe them, till at the last, they will not onely drawe the stuffing out of my purse, but the marrow out of my bones.

Fer. Yea sir, but this man that I tell you of, is halfe a Saincte.

Li. And the other halfe a Devill, I hold a pennie.

Phi. Well sayd *Litio*, in deede I have but smal confidence in their smothe lookes.

Fer. Well sir, I thinke this whom I meane, is no suche manner of man: but if he were, there is such hatred and evil wil betwene him & this gentlemã (whether he be *Erostrato* or *Dulipo*, what so ever he be) that I warrant you, he will doe whatsoever he can do for you, were it but to spite him. An other suppose.

Phi. Why? what hatred is betwixt them?

Fer. They are both in love and suters to one gentlewoman, the daughter of a welthie man in this citie.

Phi. Why? is the villeine become of such estimatiõ that he dare presume to be a suter to any gentlewomã of a good familie?

Fer. Yea sir out of all doubt.

Phi. How call you his adversarie?

Fer. *Cleander*, one of the excellentest doctors in our citie.

Phi. For Gods love let us goe to him.

Fer. Goe we then.

Finis Actus. 4.

Actus. v. Scena. 1.

Fayned EROSTRATO.

WHat a mishappe was this? that before I could meete with *Erostrato*, I have light even ful in the lap of *Philogano*: where I was cõstrained to denie my name, to denie my master, & to faine that I knew him not, to contend with him, & to revile him, in such sort, that hap what hap can, I cã never hap well in favour with him againe. Therefore if I could come to speake with ye right *Erostrato*, I will

renounce unto him both habite and credite, and away as fast as I can trudge into some strange countrey, where I may never see *Philogano* againe. Alas, he that of a litle childe hath brought me up unto this day, and nourished me as if I had bene his owne: & indeede (to confesse the trouth) I have no father to trust unto but him. But looke where *Pasiphilo* commeth, the fittest man in the world to goe on m[y] message to *Erostrato.*

Another uppose.

Erostrato espieth Pasiphilo comming towards him.

Scena. ii.

PASIPHILO. EROSTRATO.

TWo good newes have I heard to day alreadie: one that *Erostrato* prepared a great feast this night: the other, that he seeketh for me. And I to ease him of his travaile, least he shoulde runne up and downe seeking me, and bicause no man loveth better thã I to have an erand where good cheere is, come in post hast even home to his owne house: and loke where he is.

Ero. Pasiphilo, thou muste doe one thing for me if thou love me.

Pas. If I love you not, who loves you? commaunde me.

Ero. Go then a litle there, to *Damons* house, aske for *Dulipo*, and tell him.

Pas. Wot you what? I cannot speake with him, he is in prison.

Ero. In prison? how commeth that to passe? where is he in prison?

Pas. In a vile dungeon there within his masters house.

Ero. Canst thou tell wherefore?

Pas. Be you content to know he is in prison, I have told you to muche.

Ero. If ever you will doe any thing for me, tell me.

Pas. I pray you desire me not, what were you the better if you knew?

Ero. More than thou thinkest *Pasiphilo* by God.

Pas. Well, and yet it standes me upon more than you thinke, to keepe it secrete.

Ero. Why *Pasiphilo*, is this the trust I have had in you? are these the faire promises you have a[l]wayes made me?

Pas. By the masse I would I had fasted this night with maister doctor, rather than have come hither.

Ero. Wel *Pasiphilo*, eyther tel me, or at few woordes never thinke to be welcome to this house from hence forthe.

Pas. Nay, yet I had rather leese all the Gentlemen in this towne. But if I tell you any thing that displease you, blame no body but your selfe now.

Ero. There is nothing cã greve me more thã *Dulipoes* mishappe, no not mine owne: and therfore I am sure thou canst tell me no worsse tidings.

Pa. Well, since you would needes have it, I wil tell you: he was taken a bed with your beloved *Polynesta*. Another plain an homely suppose.

Ero. Alas, and doth *Damon* knowe it?

Pa. An olde trotte in the house disclosed it to him, wherupon he tooke bothe *Dulipo* and the Nurse which hath bene the broker of all this bargayne, and clapte them bothe in a cage, where I thinke they shall have so[wr]e soppes too their sweete meates.

Ero. *Pasiphilo*, go thy wayes into the kitchin, commaund the cooke to boyle and roast what liketh thee best, I make thee supra visour of this supper.

Pa. By the masse if you should have studied this seven-night, you could not have appointed me an office to please me better. You shall see what dishes I will devise.

Pasiphilo goeth in, Erostrato tarieth.

Scena. iii.

Fayned EROSTRATO alone.

I Was glad to rid him out of the way, least he shoulde see me burst out of these swelling teares, which hitherto with great payne I have prisoned in my brest, & least he shoulde heare the Eccho of my doubled sighes, whiche bounce from the botome of my hevy heart. O cursed I, O cruell fortune,

that so many dispersed griefes as were sufficient to subvert a legion of Lovers, hast sodenly assembled within my carefull carkase to freat this fearfull heart in sunder with desperation. Thou that hast kepte my master all his youthe within the realme of *Sicilia*, reserving the wind and waves in a temperate calme (as it were at his commaunde) nowe to convey his aged limmes hither, neither sooner nor later: but even in the worst time that may be. If at any time before thou haddest conducted him, this enterprise had bene cut off without care in the beginning: and if never so little longer thou hadst lingred his jorney, this happie day might then have fully finished our drifts & devises. But alas, thou hast brought him even in the very worst time, to plunge us al in the pit of perdition. Neither art thou content to entãgle me alone in thy ruinous ropes, but thou must also catch the right *Erostrato* in thy crooked clawes, to reward us both with open shame & rebuke. Two yeeres hast thou kept secrete our subtill Supposes, even this day to discipher them with a sorowfull successe. What shall I do? Alas what shift shall I make? it is too late now to imagine any further deceite, for every minute seemeth an houre til I find some succour for the miserable captive *Erostrato*. Wel, since there is no other remedie, I wil go to my master *Philogano*, & to him will I tell the whole truth of the matter, that at the least he may provide in time, before his sonne feele the smart of some sharpe revenge and punishment. This is the best, and thus wil I do. Yet I know, that for mine owne parte I shal do bitter penance for my faults forepassed: but suche is the good will and duetie that I beare to *Erostrato*, as even with the losse of my life I must not sticke to adventure any thing which may turne to his commoditie. But what shall I do? shal I go seeke my master about the towne, or shall I tarrie his returne hither? If I meete him in the streetes, he wil crie out upon me, neither will he harken to any thing that I shall say, till he have gathered all the people wondring about me, as it were at an Owle. Therefore I were better to abide here, and yet if he tarrie long I will goe seeke him, rather than prolong the time to *Erostratos* perill.

Pasiphilo returneth to Erostrato.

Scena. iiii.

PASIPHILO. Fayned EROSTRATO.

YEa dresse them, but lay them not to the fire, till they will be ready to sit downe. This geere goeth in order: but if I had not gone in, there had fallen a foule faulte.

Ero. And what fault I pray thee?

Pa. Marie, *Dalio* would have layd the shoulder of mutton and the Capon bothe to the fire at once like a foole: he did not consider, that the one woulde have more roasting than the other.

Ero. Alas, I would this were the greatest fault.

Pa. Why? and either the one should have bene burned before the other had bene roasted, or else he muste have drawne them off the spitte: and they would have bene served to the boorde either colde or rawe.

Ero. Thou hast reason *Pasiphilo.*

Pa. Now sir, if it please you I will goe into the towne and buye oranges, olives, and caphers, for without suche sauce the supper were more than halfe lost.

Ero. There are within already, doubt you not, there shal lacke nothing that is necessarie. *Erostrato exit.*

Pa. Since I told him these newes of *Dulipo*, he is cleane beside himself: he hath so many hammers in his head, that his braynes are ready to burst: and let them breake, so I may suppe with him to night, what care I? But is not this *Dominus noster Cleandrus* that commeth before? well sayde, by my truth we will teache maister Doctor to weare a cornerd cappe of a new fashion. By God *Polynesta* shal be his, he shall have hir out of doubt, for I have tolde *Erostrato* such newes of hir, that he will none of hir. A knavishe suppose.

Cleander and Philogano come in, talking of the matter in controversie.

Scena. v.

CLEANDER. PHILOGANO. LITIO. PASIPHILO.

YEa, but howe will ye prove that he is not *Erostrato*, having such presumptiõs to the cõtrarie? or how shall it be thought that you are *Philogano*, when an other taketh upon him this same name, and for proofe bringeth him for a witnesse, which hath bene ever reputed here for *Erostrato*?

Phi. I will tel you sir, let me be kept here fast in prison, & at my charges let there be some man sent into *Sicilia*, that may bring hither with him two or three of the honestest mẽ in *Cathanea*, and by them let it be proved if I or this other be *Philogano*, and whether he be *Erostrato* or *Dulipo* my servant: & if you finde me contrarie, let me suffer death for it.

Pa. I will go salute master Doctour.

Cle. It will aske great labour & great expences to prove it this way, but it is the best remedie that I can see.

Pa. God save you sir.

Cle. And reward you as you have deserved.

Pa. Then shall he give me your favour continually.

Cle. He shall give you a halter, knave and villein that thou arte.

Pa. I knowe I am a knave, but no villein. I am your servaunt.

Cle. I neither take thee for my servãt, nor for my friend.

Pa. Why? wherein have I offended you sir?

Cle. Hence to the gallowes knave.

Pa. What softe and faire sir, I pray you, *I præsequar*, you are mine elder.

Cle. I will be even with you, be you sure, honest man.

Pa. Why sir? I never offended you.

Cle. Well, I will teach you: out of my sight knave.

Pa. What? I am no dogge, I would you wist.

Cle. Pratest thou yet villein? I will make thee.

Pa. What will you make me? I see wel the more a man doth suffer you, the worsse you are.

Cle. Ah villein, if it were not for this gentleman, I wold tell you what I.

Pa. Villein? nay I am as honest a man as you.

Cle. Thou liest in thy throate knave.

Phi. O sir, stay your wisedome.

Pas. What will you fight? marie come on.

Cle. Well knave, I will meete with you another time, goe your way.

Pas. Even when you list sir, I will be your man.

Cle. And if I be not even with thee, call me cut.

Pas. Nay by the Masse, all is one, I care not, for I have nothing: if I had either landes or goods, peradventure you would pull me into the lawe.

Phi. Sir, I perceive your pacience is moved.

Cle. This villaine: but let him goe, I will see him punished as he hath deserved. Now to the matter, how said you?

Phi. This fellow hath disquieted you sir, peradventure you would be loth to be troubled any further. Lawyers are never weary to get money.

Cle. Not a whit, say on, & let him go with a vengeance.

Phi. I say, let them send at my charge to *Cathanea.*

Cle. Yea I remember that wel, & it is the surest way as this case requireth: but tel me, how is he your servant? and how come you by him? enforme me fully in the matter.

Phi. I will tell you sir: when the Turkes won *Otranto.*

Cle. Oh, you put me in remembrance of my mishappes.

Phi. How sir?

Cle. For I was driven among the rest out of the towne (it is my native countrey) and there I lost more than ever I shall recover againe while I live.

Phi. Alas, a pitifull case by S. Anne.

Cle. Well, proceede.

Phi. At that time (as I saide) there were certaine of our countrey that scoured those costes upon the seas, with a good barke, well appointed for the purpose, and had espiall of a Turkey vessell that came laden from thence with great aboundance of riches.

Cle. And peradventure most of mine. A gentle suppose.

Phi. So they boarded them, & in the end over came them, & brought the goods to *Palermo*, frõ whence they came, and amõgst other things that they had, was this villeine my

servaunt, a boy at that time, I thinke not past five yeeres olde.

Cle. Alas, I lost one of that same age there.

Phi. And I beyng there, and liking the Childes favour well, proffered them foure and twentie ducates for him, and had him.

Cle. What? was the childe a Turke? or had the Turkes brought him from *Otranto*?

Phi. They saide he was a Childe of *Otranto*, but what is that to the matter? once .xxiiii. Ducattes he cost me, that I wot well.

Cle. Alas, I speake it not for that sir, I woulde it were he whome I meane.

A crafty suppose.

Phi. Why, whom meane you sir?

Liti. Beware sir, be not to lavish.

Cle. Was his name *Dulipo* then? or had he not another name?

Liti. Beware what you say sir.

Phi. What the devill hast thou to doe? *Dulipo*? no sir his name was *Carino*.

Liti. Yea, well said, tell all and more to, doe.

Cle. O Lord, if it be as I thinke, how happie were I? & why did you change his name then?

Phi. We called him *Dulipo*, bycause when he cryed as Ch[i]ldren doe sometimes, he woulde alwayes cry on that name *Dulipo*.

Cle. Well, then I see well it is my owne onely Childe, whome I loste, when I loste my countrie: he was named *Carino* after his grandfather, and this *Dulipo* whome he alwayes remembred in his lamenting, was his foster father that nourished him and brought him up.

Li. Sir, have I not told you enough of ye falshood of *Ferara*? this gentleman will not only picke your purse, but beguile you of your servaunt also, & make you beleve he is his son.

Cle. Well goodfellow, I have not used to lie.

Liti. Sir no, but every thing hath a beginning.

Cle. Fie, *Philogano* have you not the least suspecte that may be of me.

Liti. No marie, but it were good he had the most suspecte that may be.

Cle. Well, hold thou thy peace a litle good f[e]llow. I pray you tell me *Philogano* had ye child any remembrance of his fathers name, his mothers name, or ye name of his familie?

Phi. He did remember them, and could name his mother also, but sure I have forgotten the name.

Liti. I remember it well enough.

Phi. Tell it then.

Liti. Nay, that I will not marie, you have tolde him too much al ready.

Phi. Tell it I say, if thou can.

Liti. Cã? yes by ye masse I cã wel enough: but I wil have my tong pulled out, rather thã tell it, unlesse he tell it first: doe you not perceive sir, what he goeth about?

Cle. Well, I will tell you then, my name you know alredy: my wife his mothers name was *Sophronia*, the house that I came of, they call *Spiagia*.

Liti. I never heard him speake of *Spiagia* but in deede I have heard him say, his mothers name was *Sophronia*: but what of yt? a great matter I promise you. It is like enoughe that you two have compact together to deceive my maister.

Cle. What nedeth me more evident tokens? this is my sonne out of doubt whom I lost eighteen yeares since, and a thousand thousand times have I lamented for him: he shuld have also a mould on his left shoulder.

Li. He hath a moulde there in deede: and an hole in an other place to, I would your nose were in it.

Cle. Faire wordes fellow *Litio*: oh I pray you let us goe talke with him, O fortune, howe much am I bounde to thee if I finde my sonne?

Phi. Yea how little am I beholdẽ to fortune, that know not where my sonne is become, and you whome I chose to be mine advocate, will nowe (by the meanes of this *Dulipo*) become mine adversarie?

Cle. Sir, let us first goe find mine: and I warrant you yours will be founde also ere it be long. A right suppose.

Phi. God graunt: goe we then[.]

Cle. Since the dore is open, I will ne[ith]er knocke nor cal, but we will be bolde to goe in.

Li. Sir, take you heede, least he leade you to some mischiefe.

Phi. Alas *Litio*, if my sonne be loste what care I what become of me?

Li. Well, I have tolde you my minde Sir, doe you as you please.

Exeunt: Damon and Psiteria come in.

Scena sexta.

DAMON. PSITERIA.

COme hither you olde kallat, you tatling huswife, that the devill cut oute your tong: tell me, howe could *Pasiphilo* know of this geere but by you?

Psi. Sir, he never knewe it of me, he was the firste that tolde me of it.

Da. Thou liest old drabbe, but I would advise you tel me the truth, or I wil make those old bones rattle in your skin.

Psi. Sir, if you finde me contrarie, kill me.

Da. Why? where should he talke with thee?

Psi. He talked with me of it here in the streete.

Da. What did you here?

Psi. I was going to the weavers for a webbe of clothe you have there.

Da. And what cause coulde *Pasiphilo* have to talke of it, unlesse thou began the mater first?

Psi. Nay, he began with me sir, reviling me, bycause I had tolde you of it: I asked him how he knewe of it, and he said he was in the stable when you examined me ere while.

Da. Alas, alas, what shall I doe then? in at dores olde whore, I wil plucke that tong of thine out by the rootes one day. Alas it greeveth me more that *Pasiphilo* knoweth it, than all the rest. He that will have a thing kept secrete, let him tell it to *Pasiphilo*: the people shall knowe it, and as many as have eares and no mo. By this time he hath tolde it in a hundreth places. *Cleander* was the firste, *Erostrato* the seconde, and so from one to another throughout the citie. Alas, what dower, what mariage shall I nowe prepare for my daughter? O poore doloro[u]s *Damon*, more miserable than

miserie it selfe, would God it were true that *Polynesta* tolde me ere while: that he who hathe deflowred hir, is of no servile estate, (as hitherto he hath bene supposed in my service) but that he is a gentleman borne of a good parentage in *Sicilia*. Alas, small riches shoulde content me, if he be but of an honest familie: but I feare that he hathe devised these toyes to allure my daughtres love. Well I wil goe examine hir againe, my minde giveth me that I shall perceive by hir tale whether it be true or not. But is not this *Pasiphilo* that cõmeth out of my neighbours house? what the devill ayleth him to leape and laughe so like a foole in ye high way?

The first suppose brought to conclusion.

Pasiphilo commeth out of the [*house*] *laughing.*

Scena septima.

P[ASIPHIL]O. DAMON.

O God, that I might finde *Damon* at home.

Da. What the divill would he with me?

Pas. That I may be the firste that shall bring him these newes.

Da. What will he tell me, in the name of God?

Pas. O Lord, how happie am I? loke where he is.

Da. What newes *Pasiphilo*, that thou arte so merie?

Pas. Sir I am mery to make you glad: I bring you joyfull newes.

Da. And that I have nede of *Pasiphilo.*

Pas. I knowe sir, that you are a sorowfull man for this mishap that hath chaunced in your house, peradventure you thoughte I had not knowen of it. But let it passe, plucke up your sprits, and rejoyce: for he that hath done you this injurie is so well borne, and hath so riche parents, that you may be glad to make him your sonne in law.

Da. How knowest thou?

Pas. His father *Philogano* one of the worthiest men in all *Cathanea*, is nowe come to the citie, and is here in your neighbours house.

Da. What, in *Erostratos* house?

Pas. Nay in *Dulipos* house: for where you have alwayes supposed this gentlemã to be *Erostrato*, it is not so, but your servaunt whom you have emprisoned hitherto, supposed to be *Dulipo*, he is in dede *Erostrato*: and that other is *Dulipo.* And thus they have alwayes, even since their first arival in this citie, exchaunged names, to the ende that *Erostrato* the maister, under ye name of *Dulipo* a servant, might be entertained in your house, & so winne the love of your daughter.

Da. Wel, then I perceive it is evẽ as *Polinesta* told me.

Pas. Why, did she tell you so?

Da. Yea: But I thought it but a tale.

Pas. Well, it is a true tale: and here they will be with you by and by: both *Philogano* this worthie man, and maister doctor *Cleander.*

Da. Cleander? what to doe?

Pas. Cleander? Why therby lies another tale, the moste fortunate adventure that ever you heard: wot you what? this other *Dulipo*, whome all this while we supposed to be *Erostrato*, is founde to be the sonne of *Cleander*, whome he lost at the losse of *Otranto*, and was after solde in *Sicilia* too this *Philogano*: the strangest case that ever you heard: a mã might make a Comedie of it. They wil come even straight, and tell you the whole circumstance of it themselves.

Da. Nay I will first goe heare the storie of this *Dulipo*, be it *Dulipo* or *Erostrato* that I have here within, before I speake with *Philogano.*

Pas. So shall you doe well sir, I will goe tell them that they may stay a while, but loke where they come.

Damon goeth in, Scenese, Cleander and Philogano come upon the stage.

Scena. viii.

SCENESE. CLEANDER. PHILOGANO.

SIr, you shal not nede to excuse ye matter any further, since I have received no greater injurie than by words, let thẽ passe like wind, I take them well in worthe: and am rather well pleased than offended: for it shall bothe be a good

warning to me another time howe to trust every man at the first sighte, yea, and I shall have good game here after to tel this pleasant story another day in mine owne countrey.

Cle. Gentleman, you have reason: and be you sure, that as many as heare it, will take great pleasure in it. And you *Philogano* may thinke, that god in heaven above, hath ordained your comming hither at this present to the ende I mighte recover my lost sonne, whom by no other meanes I coulde ever have founde oute.

Phi. Surely sir I thinke no lesse, for I think that not so much as a leafe falleth from the tree, without the ordinance of god. But let us goe seke *Damon*, for me thinketh every day a yeare, every houre a daye, and every minute to much till I see my *Erostrato*.

Cle. I cannot blame you, goe we then. *Carino* take you that gentleman home in the meane time, the fewer the better to be present at such affaires.

Pasiphilo stayeth their going in.

Scena. ix.

P[ASIPHILO.] CLEANDER.

MAister doctor, will you not shew me this favour, to tell me the cause of your displeasure?

Cle. Gentle *Pasiphilo*, I muste needes confesse I have done thee wrong, and that I beleved tales of thee, whiche in deede I finde now contrary.

Pas. I am glad then that it proceede[d] rather of ignorance than of malice.

Cle. Yea beleve me *Pasiphilo*.

Pas. O sir, but yet you shoulde not have given me suche foule wordes.

Cle. Well, content thy selfe *Pasiphilo*, I am thy frende as I have alwayes bene: for proofe whereof, come suppe with me to night, & from day to day this seven night be thou my guest. But beholde, here cõmeth *Damõ* out of his house.

Here they come all togither.

Scena decima.

CLEANDER. PHILOGANO. DAMON. EROSTRATO.
PASIPHILO. POLINESTA. NEVOLA.
and other servaunts.

WE are come unto you sir, to turne you[r] sorowe into joy and gladnesse: the sorow, we meane, that of force you have sustained since this mishappe of late fallen in your house. But be you of good comforte sir, and assure your selfe, that this yong man which youthfully and not maliciously hath commited this amorous offence, is verie well able (with consent of this worthie man his father) to make you sufficient amendes: being borne in *Cathanea* of *Sicilia*, of a noble house, no way inferiour unto you, and of wealth (by ye reporte of suche as knowe it) farre exceeding that of yours.

Phi. And I here in proper person, doe presente unto you sir, not onely my assured frendship and brotherhoode, but do earnestly desire you to accepte my poore childe (though unworthy) as your sonne in lawe: and for recompence of the injurie he hath done you, I profer my whole lands in dower to your daughter: yea and more would, if more I might.

Cle. And I sir, who have hitherto so earnestly desired your daughter in mariage, doe now willingly yelde up and quite claime to this yong man, who both for his yeares and for the love he beareth hir, is most meetest to be hir husbãd. For wher I was desirous of a wife by whom I might have yssue, to leave that litle which god hath sent me: now have I litle neede, that (thankes be to god) have founde my deerely beloved sonne, whõ I loste of a childe at ye siege of *Otranto*.

Da. Worthy gentlemã, your friendship, your alliaunce, and the nobilitie of your birthe are suche, as I have muche more cause to desire them of you than you to request of me that which is already graunted. Therfore I gladly, and willingly receive the same, and thinke my selfe moste happie now of all my life past, that I have gottẽ so toward a sonne in lawe to my selfe, and so worthye a father in lawe to my daughter: yea and muche the greater is my contentation, since this

worthie gentleman maister *Cleander*, doth holde himselfe satisfied. And now behold your sonne.

Ero. O father.

Pas. Beholde the naturall love of the childe to the father: for inwarde joye he cannot pronounce one worde, in steade wherof he sendeth sobbes and teares to tell the effect of his inward in[t]ention. But why doe you abide here abrode? wil it please you to goe into the house sir?

Da. *Pasiphilo* hath saide well: will it please you to goe in sir?

Ne. Here I have brought you sir, bothe fetters & boltes.

Da. Away with them now.

Ne. Yea, but what shal I doe with them?

Da. Marie I will tell thee *Nevola*: to make a righte ende of our supposes, lay one of those boltes in the fire, and make thee a suppositorie as long as mine arme, God save the sample. Nobles and gentlemen, if you suppose that our supposes have given you sufficient cause of delighte, shewe some token, whereby we may suppose you are content.

Et plauserunt.

FINIS.

JOCASTA:

A Tragedie written in Greeke by *Euripides*, translated and digested into Acte by George Gascoygne, and Francis Kinwelmershe of Grayes Inne, and there by them presented, 1566.

The argument of the Tragedie.

To scourge the cryme of wicked Laius,
And wrecke the foule Incest of Oedipus,
The angry Gods styrred up theyr sonnes, by strife
With blades embrewed to reave eache others life:
The wife, the mother, and the concubyne,
(Whose fearefull hart foredrad theyr fatall fine,)
Hir sonnes thus dead, disdayneth longer lyfe,
And slayes hirself with selfsame bloudy knyfe:
The daughter she, surprisde with childish dreade
(That durst not dye) a lothsome lyfe doth leade,
Yet rather chose to guide hir banisht sire,
Than cruell Creon should have his desire.
Creon is King, the *type of Tyranny,
And Oedipus, myrrour of misery.

* *Fygure.*

Fortunatus Infœlix.

The names of the Interloquutors.

Iocasta, the Queene.
Servus, a noble man of the Queenes traine.
Bailo, governour to the Queenes sonnes.
Antygone, daughter to the Queene.
Chorus, foure *Thebane* dames.
Pollynices & *Eteocles*. } sonnes to *Oedipus* & the Queene.
Creon, the Queenes brother.
Meneceus, sonne to *Creon*.
Tyresias, the divine priest.
Manto, the daughter of *Tyresias*.
Sacerdos, the sacrifycing priest.
Nuntii, three messangers from the campe.
Oedipus, the olde King father to *Eteocles* and *Pollynices*, sonne and husbande to *Iocasta* the Queene.

The Tragedie presented as it were
in *Thebes*.

¶ The order of the dumme shewes and Musickes before every Acte.

FIrste, before the beginning of the first Acte, did sounde a dolefull & straunge noyse of violles, Cythren, Bandurion, and such like, during the whiche, there came in uppon the Stage a king with an Imperial crown uppon his head, very richely apparelled: a Scepter in his righte hande, a Mounde with a Crosse in his lefte hande, sitting in a Chariote very richely furnished, drawne in by foure Kinges in their Dublettes and Hosen, with Crownes also upon their heades. Representing unto us Ambition, by the hystorie of *Sesostres* king of *Egypt*, who beeing in his time and reigne a mightie Conquerour, yet not content to have subdued many princes, and taken from them their kingdomes and dominions, did in like maner cause those Kinges whome he had so overcome, to draw in his Chariote like Beastes and Oxen, thereby to content his unbrideled ambitious desire. After he had beene drawne twyce about the Stage, and retyred, the Musicke ceased, and *Jocasta* the Queene issued out of hir house, beginning the firste Acte, as followeth. *Jocasta* the Queene issueth out of hir Pallace, before hir twelve Gentlemen, following after hir eight Gentle women, whereof foure be the *Chorus* that remayne on the Stage after hir departure. At hir entrance the Trumpettes sounded, and after she had gone once about the Stage, she turneth to one of hir most trustie and esteemed servaunts, and unto him she discloseth hir griefe, as foloweth.

JOCASTA

The first Acte. The first Scene.

JOCASTA. SERVUS.

O Faithfull servaunt of mine auncient sire,
Though unto thee, sufficiently be knowne
The whole discourse of my recurelesse griefe
By seing me from Princes royall state
Thus basely brought into so great cõtempt,
As mine own sonnes repine to heare my plaint,
Now of a Queene but barely bearing name,
Seyng this towne, seing my fleshe and bloude,
Against it selfe to levie threatning armes,
(Whereof to talke my heart it rendes in twaine)
Yet once againe, I must to thee recompte
The wailefull thing that is already spred,
Bicause I know, that pitie will compell
Thy tender hart, more than my naturall childe,
With ruthfull teares to mone my mourning case.
Ser. My gracious Queene, as no man might surmount
The constant faith I beare my sovraine Lorde,
So doe I thinke, for love and trustie zeale,
No Sonne you have, doth owe you more than I:
For hereunto I am by dutie bounde,
With service meete no lesse to honor you,
Than that renoumed Prince your deere father.
And as my duties be most infinite,
So infinite, must also be my love:
Then if my life or spending of my bloude
May be employde to doe your highnesse good,
Commaunde (O Queene) commaund this carcasse here,
In spite of death to satisfie thy will,
So, though I die, yet shall my willing ghost
Contentedly forsake this withered corps,
For joy to thinke I never shewde my selfe
Ingrateful once to such a worthy Queene.
Joca. Thou knowst what care my carefull father tooke,
In wedlockes sacred state to settle me

With *Laius*, king of this unhappie *Thebs*,
That most unhappie now our Citie is:
Thou knowst, how he, desirous still to searche
The hidden secrets of supernall powers,
Unto Divines did make his ofte recourse,
Of them to learne when he should have a sonne,
That in his Realme might after him succeede:
Of whom receiving answere sharpe and sowre,
That his owne sonne should worke his wailfull ende,
The wretched king (though all in vayne) did seeke
For to eschew that could not be eschewed:
And so, forgetting lawes of natures love,
No sooner had this paynfull wombe brought foorth
His eldest sonne to this desired light,
But straight he chargde a trustie man of his
To beare the childe into a desert wood,
And leave it there, for Tigers to devoure.
Ser. O lucklesse babe, begot in wofull houre.
Joc. His servant thus obedient to his hest,
Up by the heeles did hang this faultlesse Impe,
And percing with a knife his tender feete,
Through both the wounds did drawe the slender twigs,
Which being bound about his feeble limmes,
Were strong inough to holde the little soule.
Thus did he leave this infant scarcely borne,
That in short time must needes have lost his life,
If destenie (that for our greater greefes
Decreede before to keepe it still alive)
Had not unto this childe sent present helpe:
For so it chaunst, a shepheard passing by,
With pitie movde, did stay his giltlesse death:
He tooke him home, and gave him to his wife,
With homelie fare to feede and foster up:
Now harken how the heavens have wrought the way
To *Laius* death, and to mine owne decay.
„*Ser.* Experience proves, and daily is it seene,
„In vaine (too vaine) man strives against the heavens.
Joca. Not farre fro thence, the mightie *Polibus*,
Of *Corinth* King, did keepe his princely court,
Unto whose wofull wife (lamenting muche

Shee had no ofspring by hir noble pheere)
The curteous shepherd gave my little sonne:
Which gratefull gift, the Queene did so accept,
As nothing seemde more precious in hir sight:
Partly, for that, his faitures were so fine,
Partly, for that, he was so beautifull,
And partly, for bicause his comely grace
Gave great suspicion of his royall bloude.
The infant grewe, and many yeares was demde
Polibus sonne, till time, that *Oedipus*
(For so he named was) did understande
That *Polibus* was not his sire in deede,
Whereby forsaking frendes and countrie there,
He did returne to seeke his native stocke:
And being come into *Phocides* lande,
Toke notice of the cursed oracle,
How first he shoulde his father doe to death,
And then become his mothers wedded mate.
Ser. O fierce aspect of cruell planets all,
That can decree such seas of heynous faultes.
Joca. Then *Oedipus*, fraight full of chilling feare,
By all meanes sought t'avoyde this furious fate,
But whiles he weende to shunne the shameful deede,
Unluckly guided by his owne mishappe,
He fell into the snare that most he feared:
For loe, in *Phocides* did *Laius* lye,
To ende the broyles that civill discorde then
Had raysed up in that unquiet lande,
By meanes whereof my wofull *Oedipus*,
Affording ayde unto the other side,
With murdring blade unwares his father slewe.
Thus heavenly doome, thus fate, thus powers divine,
Thus wicked reade of Prophets tooke effect:
Now onely restes to ende the bitter happe
Of me, of me his miserable mother.
Alas, how colde I feele the quaking bloud
Passe too and fro within my trembling brest?
Oedipus, when this bloudy deede was doone,
Forst foorth by fatall doome, to *Thebes* came,
Where as full soone with glory he atchievde

The crowne and scepter of this noble lande,
By conquering *Sphinx* that cruell monster loe,
That earst destroyde this goodly flouring soyle:
And thus did I (O hatefull thing to heare)
To my owne sonne become a wretched wife.
Ser. No mervayle, though the golden Sunne withdrew
His glittering beames from suche a sinfull facte.
Joca. And so by him that from this belly sprang,
I brought to light (O cursed that I am)
Aswell two sonnes, as daughters also twaine:
But when this monstrous mariage was disclosde,
So sore began the rage of boyling wrath
To swell within the furious brest of him,
As he him selfe by stresse of his owne nayles,
Out of his head did teare his griefull eyne,
Unworthy more to see the shining light.
Ser. How could it be, that knowing he had done
So foule a blot, he would remayne alive?
„ *Joca.* So deepely faulteth none, the which unwares
„ Doth fall into the crime he can not shunne:
And he (alas) unto his greater greefe,
Prolongs the date of his accursed dayes,
Knowing that life doth more and more increase
The cruell plages of his detested gilte,
„ Where stroke of griesly death dothe set an ende
„ Unto the pangs of mans increasing payne.
Ser. Of others all, moste cause have we to mone
Thy wofull smarte (O miserable Queene)
Such and so many are thy greevous harmes.
Joca. Now to the ende this blinde outrageous sire
Should reape no joye of his unnaturall fruite,
His wretched sons, prickt foorth by furious spight,
Adjudge their father to perpetuall prison:
There buried in the depthe of dungeon darke,
(Alas) he leades his discontented life,
Accursing still his stony harted sonnes,
And wishing all th' infernall sprites of hell,
To breathe suche poysned hate into their brestes,
As eche with other fall to bloudy warres,
And so with pricking poynt of piercing blade,

To rippe their bowels out, that eche of them
With others bloud might st[a]yne his giltie hands,
And bothe at once by stroke of speedie death
Be foorthwith throwne into the *Stigian* lake.
Ser. The mightie Gods prevent so fowle a deede.
Joca. They to avoyde the wicked blasphemies,
And sinfull prayer of their angrie sire,
Agreed thus, that of this noble realme,
Untill the course of one ful yere was runne,
Eteocles should sway the kingly mace,
And *Polynice* as exul should departe,
Till time expyrde: and then to *Polynice*
Eteocles should yeelde the scepter up:
Thus yere by yere the one succeeding other,
This royall crowne should unto bothe remayne.
Ser. Oh thunbridled mindes of ambicious men.
Joca. *Et*[*e*]*ocles* thus plast in princely seate,
Drunke with the sugred taste of kingly raigne,
Not onely shut his brother from the crowne,
But also from his native country soyle.
Alas poore *Polynice*, what might he doe,
Unjustly by his brother thus betrayed?
To *Argos* he, with sad and heavie cheere
Forthwith convayde him selfe, on whom at length
With fauning face good fortune smyled so,
As with *Adrastus* king of *Argives* there,
He founde such favour and affinitie,
As (to restore my sonne unto his raigne,)
He hath besie[gd]e this noble citie *Thebes*,
And hence proceedes my most extreme annoye:
For, of my sonnes, who ever doe prevaile,
The victorie will turne unto my griefe:
Alas, I feare (such is the chaunce of warre)
That one, or both shall purchase death therby.
Wherfore, to shunne the worst that may befall,
Thoughe comfortlesse, yet as a pitifull mother
Whom nature binds to love hir loving sonnes,
And to provide the best for their availe,
I have thought good by prayers to entreate
The two brethren (nay rather cruel foes)

A while to staie their fierce and furious fight,
Till I have tried by meanes for to apease
The swelling wrath of their outraging willes,
And so with much to doe, at my request
They have forborne unto this onely houre.
Ser. Small space g[o]d wot, to stint so great a strife.
Joca. And even right now, a trustie man of mine,
Returned from the campe, enforming me
That *Polynice* will straight to *Thebes* come,
Thus of my woe, this is the wailefull sũme.
And for bycause, in vaine and bootelesse plainte
I have small neede to spend this litle time,
Here will I cease, in wordes more to bewray
The restlesse state of my afflicted minde,
Desiring thee, thou goe to *Eteocles*,
Hartly on my behalfe beseching him,
That out of hand according to his promise,
He will vouchsafe to come unto my courte,
I know he loves thee well, and to thy wordes
I thinke thou knowst he will give willing eare.
Ser. (O noble Queene) sith unto such affayres
My spedie diligence is requisite,
I will applie effectually to doe
What so your highnesse hath commaunded me.
Joca. I will goe in, and pray the Gods therwhile,
With tender pitie to appease my griefe.

Jocasta goeth off the stage into hir pallace, hir foure handmaides follow hir, the foure Chorus also follow hir to the gates of hir pallace, after comming on the stage, take their place, where they cõtinue to the end of the Tragedie.

SERVUS SOLUS.

„ THe simple man, whose mervaile is so great
„ At stately courts, and princes regall seate,
„ With gasing eye but onely doth regarde
„ The golden glosse that outwardly appeares,
The courte lively painted. „ The crownes bedeckt with pearle and precious stones,
„ The riche attire imbost with beaten golde,

„ The glittering mace, the pompe of swarming traine,
„ The mightie halles heapt full of flattering frendes,
„ The chambers huge, the goodly gorgeous beddes,
„ The gilted roofes embowde with curious worke,
„ The faces sweete of fine disdayning dames,
„ The vaine suppose of wanton raigne at luste:
„ But never viewes with eye of inward thought,
„ The painefull toile, the great and grevous cares,
„ The troubles still, the newe increasing feares,
„ That princes nourish in their jealous brestes:
„ He wayeth not the charge that *Jove* hath laid
„ On princes, how for themselves they raigne not:
„ He weenes, the law must stoope to princely will,
„ But princes frame their noble wills to lawe:
„ He knoweth not, that as the boystrous winde
„ Doth shake the toppes of highest reared towres,
„ So doth the force of frowarde fortune strike
„ The wight that highest sits in haughtie state.
Lo *Oedipus*, that sometime raigned king
Of *Thebane* soyle, that wonted to suppresse
The mightest Prince, and kepe him under checke,
That fearefull was unto his forraine foes,
Now like a poore afflicted prisoner,
In dungeon darke, shut up from cheerefull light,
In every part so plagued with annoy,
As he abhorrs to leade a longer life,
By meanes wherof, the one against the other
His wrathfull sonnes have planted all their force,
And *Thebes* here, this auncient worthy towne,
With threatning siege girt in on everie side,
In daunger lyes to be subverted quite,
If helpe of hevenly *Jove* upholde it not,
But as darke night succedes the shining day,
So lowring griefe comes after pleasant joy.
Well now the charge hir highnesse did commaund
I must fulfill, though haply all in vaine.

Servus goeth off the stage by the gates called Electræ. Antygone attended with .iii. gentlewomen and hir governour commeth out of the Queene hir mothers Pallace.

BAILO. ANTIGONE.

O Gentle daughter of King *Oedipus*,
O sister deare to that unhappie wight
Whom brothers rage hath reaved of his right,
To whom, thou knowst, in yong and tender yeares
I was a friend and faithfull gove[r]nour,
Come forth, sith that hir grace hath graunted leave,
And let me knowe what cause hath moved nowe
So chaste a maide to set hir daintie foote
Over the thresholde of hir secrete lodge?
Since that the towne is furnishte every where
With men of armes and warlike instrumentes,
Unto our eares there cõmes no other noyse,
But sounde of trumpe, and neigh of trampling stedes,
Which running up and downe from place to place,
With hideous cries betoken bloude and death:
The blasing sunne ne shineth halfe so brighte,
As it was wont to doe at dawne of day:
The wretched dames throughout the wofull towne,
Together clustring to the temples goe,
Beseching *Jove* by way of humble plainte,
With tender ruthe to pitie their distresse.
An. The love I beare to my sweete *Polynice*,
My deare brother, is onely cause hereof.
Bai. Why daughter, knowst thou any remedie
How to defend thy fathers citie here
From that outrage and fierce repyning wrathe,
Which he against it, justly hath conceived?
An. Oh governour might this my faultlesse bloude
Suffise to stay my brethrens dyre debate,
With glad content I coulde afford my life
Betwixte them both to plant a perfect peace.
But since (alas) I cannot as I woulde,
A hote desire enflames my fervent mind
To have a sight of my sweete *Polynice*.
Wherfore (good guide) vouchsafe to guide me up
Into some tower about this hugie court,
From whence I may behold our enmies campe,
Therby at least to feede my hungry eyes

But with the sight of my beloved brother:
Then if I die, contented shall I die.
Bai. O princly dame, the tender care thou takste
Of thy deare brother, deserveth double praise:
Yet crav'st thou that, which cannot be obtainde,
By reason of the distance from the towne
Unto the plaine, where tharmie lies incampte:
And furthermore, besemeth not a maide
To shew hir selfe in such unseemly place,
Whereas among such yong and lustie troupes
Of harebrainde souldiers marching to and fro,
Both honest name and honour is empairde:
But yet rejoyce, sith this thy great desire,
Without long let, or yet without thy paine,
At wishe and will shortly may be fulfillde.
For *Polynice* forthwith will hither come,
Even I my selfe was lately at the campe,
Commaunded by the Queene to bid him come,
Who laboureth still to linke in frendly league,
Hir jarring sonnes (which happe so hoped for,
Eftsones I pray the gracious gods to graunt)
And sure I am, that ere this hour passe,
Thou shalt him here in person safely see.
Anti. O loving frend, doest thou then warrant me,
That *Polynice* will come unto this courte?
Bai. Ere thou be ware thou shalt him here beholde.
Anti. And who (alas) doth warrant his adventure,
That of *Eteocles* he take no harme?
Bai. For constant pledge, he hath his brothers faith,
He hath also the truce that yet endures.
An. I feare alas, alas I greatly feare,
Some trustlesse snare his cruell brother layes
To trappe him in.
Bai. Daughter, god knowes how willing I would be
With sweete reliefe to comforte thy distresse,
But I cannot impart to thee, the good
Which I my selfe doe not as yet enjoye.
The wailefull cause that moves *Eteocles*
With *Polynice* to enter civil warres
Is overgreat, and for this onely cause

Full many men have broke the lawes of truth,
And topsieturvie turned many townes,
„ To gredie (daughter) too too gredie is
„ Desire to rule and raigne in kingly state.
Ne can he bide, that swaise a realme alone
To have another joynde with him therin:
Yet must we hope for helpe of heavenly powers,
Sith they be juste, their mercy is at hand,
To helpe the weake when worldly force doth faile.
An. As both my brethren be, so both I beare
As much good will as any sister may,
But yet the wrong that unto *Polynice*
This trothlesse tyrant hath unjustlie shewd,
Doth lead me more, to wishe the prosperous life
Of *Polynice*, than of that cruell wretch,
Besides that, *Polynice* whiles he remainde
In *Thebes* here, did ever love me more,
Than did *Eteocles*, whose swelling hate
Is towards me increased more and more:
Wherof I partely may assure my selfe,
Considering he disdaynes to visite me,
Yea, happly he intends to reave my life,
And having power he will not sticke to doe it.
This therefore makes me earnestly desire
Oft tymes to see him: yet ever as I thinke
For to discharge the duetie of a sister,
The feare I have of hurt, doth chaunge as fast
My doubtfull love into disdainefull spight.
Bai. Yet daughter, must ye trust in mightie *Jove*,
His will is not, that for thoffence of one
So many suffer undeserved smarte:
I meane of thee, I meane of *Polynice*,
Of *Jocasta* thy wofull aged mother,
And of *Ismena* thy beloved sister.
Who though for this she doth not outwardly
From drearie eyen distill lamenting teares,
Yet do I thinke, no lesse aflicting griefe
Doth inwardly torment hir tender brest.
An. Besides all this, a certaine jelousie,
Lately conceyvde (I know not whence it springs)

Of *Creon*, my mothers brother, appaules me much,
Him doubt I more than any danger else.
Bai. Deare daughter, leave this foolishe jelousie,
And seeing that thou shalt heere shortly finde
Thy brother *Polynice*, go in agayne.
An. O joyfull would it be to me therwhile,
To understande the order of the hoste,
Whether it be such as have sufficient power
To overthrowe this mightie towne of *Thebes*.
What place supplies my brother *Polynice*?
Where founde ye him? what answere did he give?
And though so great a care perteineth not
Unto a mayde of my unskill[full] yeres,
Yet, forbicause my selfe partaker am
Of good and evill with this my countreysoyle,
I long to heare thee tell those fearefull newes,
Which otherwise I cannot understand.
Bai. So noble a desire (O worthy dame)
I much commende: and briefly as I can,
Will satisfie thy hungry minde herein.
The power of men that *Polynice* hath brought,
(Wherof he, (being *Adrastus* sonne in lawe)
Takes chiefest charge) is even the floure of *Grece*,
Whose hugie traine so mightie seemes to be,
As I see not, how this our drouping towne
Is able to withstand so strong a siege.
Entring the fielde their armie did I finde
So orderly in forme of battaile set,
As though they would forthwith have given the charge:
In battailes seaven the host devided is,
To eche of which, by order of the king,
A valiant knight for captaine is assignde:
And as you know this citie hath seven gates,
So everie captaine hath his gate prescribde,
With fierce assault to make his entrie at.
And further, passing through our frouning foes
(That gave me countnaunce of a messanger)
Harde by the King I spied *Polynice*,
In golden glistring armes most richely cladde,
Whose person many a stately prince enpalde,

And many a comely crowned head enclosde:
At sight of me his colour straight he chaungde,
And like a loving childe, in clasped armes
He caught me up, and frendly kist my cheke,
Then hearing what his mother did demaunde
With glad consent according to hir hest
Gave me his hand, to come unto the court,
Of mutuall truce desirous so he seemde,
He askt me of *Antygone* and *Ismena*,
But chiefelie unto thee above the rest
He gave me charge most heartly to commend him.
An. The gods give grace he may at length possesse
His kingly right, and I his wished sight.
Bai. Daughter no more, t'is time ye nowe returne:
It standes not with the honor of your state
Thus to be seene suspiciously abrode:
„ For vulgar tongues are armed evermore
„ With slaunderous brute to bleamishe the renoume
„ Of vertues dames, which though at first it spring
„ Of slender cause, yet doth it swell so fast,
A glasse for yong women. „ As in short space it filleth everie eare
„ With swifte report[e] of undeserved blame:
„ You cannot be to curious of your name:
„ Fond shewe of evill (though still the minde be chast)
„ Decayes the credite oft, that Ladies had,
„ Sometimes the place presumes a wanton mynde:
„ Repayre sometymes of some, doth hurt their honor:
„ Sometimes the light and garishe proude attire
„ Persuades a yelding bent of pleasing youthes.
The voyce that goeth of your unspotted fame,
Is like a tender floure, that with the blast
Of everie litle winde doth fade away.
Goe in deere childe, this way will I goe see
If I can meete thy brother *Polynice*.

Antigone with hir maides returneth into hir mothers pallace, hir governour goeth out by the gates Homoloydes.

CHORUS.

IF greedie lust of mans ambitious eye
(That thristeth so for swaye of earthly things)
Would eke foresee, what mischefes growe therby,
What carefull toyle to quiet state it brings,
What endlesse griefe from such a fountaine springs:
Then should he swimme in seas of sweete delight,
That nowe complaines of fortunes cruell spight.
For then he would so safely shielde himselfe
With sacred rules of wisdomes sage advise,
As no alluring trayne of trustles pelfe,
To fonde affectes his fancie should entise,
Then warie heede would quickly make him wise:
Where contrary (such is our skillesse kind)
We most doe seeke, that most may hurt the minde.
Amid the troupe of these unstable toyes,
Some fancies loe to beautie must be bent,
Some hunt for wealth, and some set all their joyes,
In regall power of princely governement,
Yet none of these from care are cleane exempt:
For either they be got with grievous toyle,
Or in the end forgone with shamefull foyle.
This flitting world doth firmely nought retaine,
Wherin a man may boldly rest his trust,
Such fickle chaunce in fortune doth remaine,
As when she lust, she threatneth whom she lust,
From high renoume to throwe him in the dust:
Thus may we see that eche triumphing joye
By fortunes froune is turned to annoye.
Those elder heades may well be thought to erre,
The which for easie life and quiet dayes,
The vulgar sorte would seeme for to preferre,
If glorious *Phœbe* with-holde his glistring rayes,
From such a peere as crowne and scepter swayes,
No mervaile though he hide his heavenly face,
From us that come of lesse renoumed race.
Selde shall you see the ruine of a Prince, *Argumentū à maiore.*
But that the people eke like brunt doe beare,
And olde recordes of auncient time long since,

From age to age, yea almost everie where,
With proofe herof hath glutted every eare:
Thus by the follies of the princes hart,
The bounden subject still receiveth smart.
Loe, how unbrideled lust of privat raigne,
Hath pricked both the brethren unto warre:
Yet *Polynice*, with signe of lesse disdaine,
Against this lande hath brought from countries farre,
A forraine power, to end this cruell jarre,
Forgetting quite the dutie, love, and zeale,
He ought to beare unto this common weale.
But whosoever gets the victorie,
We wretched dames, and thou O noble towne,
Shall feele therof the wofull miserie,
Thy gorgeous pompe, thy glorious high renoume,
Thy stately towers, and all shal fall a downe,
Sith raging *Mars* will eache of them assist
In others brest to bathe his bloudie fist.

Bacchus.

But thou(*) O sonne of *Semel*, and of *Jove*,
(That tamde the proude attempt of giaunts strong)
Doe thou defende, even of thy tender love,
Thy humble thralls from this afflicting wrong,
Whom wast of warre hath now tormented long:
So shall we never faile ne day ne night
With reverence due thy prayses to resight.

Bacchus was the God whom they most honored in Thebes.

Finis Actus primi.

Done by F. Kinwelmarshe.

The order of the second dumbe shewe.

BEfore the beginning of this seconde Acte dyd soũd a very dolefull noise of flutes: during the which there came in upon the stage two coffines covered with hearclothes, & brought in by .viii. in mourning weed: & accõpanied with .viii. other mourners: & after they had caried the coffins about the stage, there opened & appeared a Grave, wherin they buried ye coffins & put fire to them: but the flames did sever & parte in twaine, signifying discord by the history of two brethrẽ, whose discord in their life was not onely to be wondred at, but being buried both in one Tombe (as some writers affirme) the flames of their funeralls did yet parte the one frõ the other in like maner, and would in no wise joyne into one flame. After the Funerals were ended & the fire cõsumed, the grave was closed up again, the mourners withdrew thẽ off the stage, & immediately by ye gates *Homoloydes* entred *Pollinyces* accompanied with vi. gentlemen and a page that carried his helmet and Target: he & his men unarmed saving their gorgets, for that they were permitted to come into the towne in time of truce, to the end *Jocasta* might bring the two brethrẽ to a parle: and *Pollinyces* after good regard takẽ round about him, speake as foloweth.

Actus. 2. Scena. 1.

POLINICES. CHORUS. JOCASTA. ETEOCLES.

LOe here mine owne citie and native soyle,
Loe here the nest I ought to nestle in,
Yet being thus entrencht with mine owne towres,
And that, from him the safeconduct is given
Which doth enjoye as much as mine should be,
My feete can treade no step without suspect:
For where my brother bides, even there behoves
More warie scout than in an enmies campe.
Yet while I may w[i]thin this right hand holde
[Sworde.] This (*) bronde, this blade, (unyeldē ever yet)
My life shall not be lefte without revenge.
But here beholde the holy sanćturie,
Of *Bacc*[*u*]*s* eke the worthie Image, loe
The aultars where the sacred flames have shone,
And where of yore these giltlesse hands of mine
Full oft have offered to our mightie gods:
I see also a worthie companie
Of *Thebane* dames, resembling unto me
The traine of *Jocasta* my deare mother:
Beholde them clad in clothes of griesly blacke,
[Never.] That hellishe hewe that (*) nay for other harmes
So well besemed wretched wightes to weare:
For why, ere long their selves, themselves shall see
(Gramercy to their princes tyrannie)
Some spoyled of their sweete and sucking babes,
Some lese their husband, other some their sire,
And some their friends that were to them full dere.
But now tis time to lay the sworde aside,
And eke of them to knowe where is the Queene:
O worthie dames, heavie, unhappie ye,
Where resteth now the restlesse queene of *Thebes?*
Chor. O woorthie impe sprong out of worthie race,

Renoumed Prince, whom wee have lookt for long,
And nowe in happie houre arte come to us,
Some quiet bring to this unquiet realme.
O queene, O queene, come foorth and see thy sonne,
The gentle frute of all thy joyfull seede.
Jocast. My faithfull frends, my deare beloved maydes,
I come at call, and at your wordes I move
My feebled feete with age and agonie:
Where is my sonne? O tell me where is he,
For whome I sighed have so often syth,
For whom I spende both nightes and dayes in teares?
Poli. Here noble mother, here, not as the king,
Nor as a Citizen of stately *Thebes*,
But as a straunger nowe, I thanke my brother.
Jocast. O sonne, O sweete and my desyred sonne,
These eyes they see, these handes of myne thee touche,
Yet scarsly can this mynde beleeve the same,
And scarsly can this brused breast susteyne
The sodeyne joye that is inclosde therein:
O gladsome glasse, wherein I see my selfe.
Chor. So graunt the Gods, for our common good,
You frendly may your sonnes both frendes beholde.
Jocast. At thy departe, O lovely chylde, thou lefte
My house in teares, and mee thy wretched dame,
Myrrour of martirdome, (*)waymenting still
Th' unworthie exile thy brother to thee gave:
Ne was there ever sonne or friende farre off,
Of his deare frendes or mother so desyred,
As thy returne, in all the towne of *Thebes*.
And of my selfe more than the rest to speake,
I have as thou mayste see, cleane cast asyde
My princely roabes, and thus in wofull weede,
Bewrapped have these lustlesse limmes of myne:
Naught else but teares have trickled from myne eyes,
And eke thy wretched blynde and aged syre,
Since first he hearde what warre tweene you there was,
As one that did his bitter cursse repent,
Or that he prayed to Jove for your decaye,
With stretching string, or else with bloudie knyfe
Hath sought full ofte to ende his loathed lyfe.

Lamenting.

Thou this meane whyle my sonne, hast lingred long
In farre and forreyn coastes, and wedded eke,
By whome thou mayste, (when heavens appoyntes it so)
Straunge issue have by one a stranger borne,
Whiche greeves me sore, and much the more deare chylde,
Bicause I was not present at the same,
There to performe thy loving mothers due.
But for I fynde thy noble matche so meete,
And woorthie bothe for thy degree and byrthe,
I seeke to comforte thee by myne advise,
That thou returne this citie to inhabite,
Whiche best of all may seeme to be the bowre,
Bothe for thy selfe and for thy noble spouse.
Forget thou then thy brothers injuries,
And knowe deare chylde, the harme of all missehap
That happes twixt you, must happe likewise to mee:
Ne can the cruell sworde so slightly touche
Your tender fleshe, but that the selfe same wounde
Shall deepely bruse this aged brest of myne.
„ *Cho.* There is no love may be comparde to that,
„ The tender mother beares unto hir chyld:
„ For even somuche the more it dothe encrease,
„ As their griefe growes, or contentations cease.
Poli. I knowe not mother, if I prayse deserve,
(That you to please, whome I ought not displease)
Have traynde my selfe among my trustlesse foes:
But Nature drawes (whether he will or nill)
Eche man to love his native countrey soyle:
And who shoulde say, that otherwise it were,
His toung should never with his hearte agree.
This hath me drawne besyde my bounden due,
To set full light this lucklesse lyfe of myne:
For of my brother, what may I else hope,
But traynes of treason, force and falshoode bothe?
Yet neyther perill present, nor to come,
Can holde me from my due obedience:
I graunte I can not grieflesse, wel beholde
My fathers pallace, the holie aultars,
Ne lovely lodge wherin I fostred was:
From whence driven out, and chaste unworthily,

I have to long aboade in forreyn coastes:
And as the growing greene and pleasant plante,
Dothe beare freshe braunches one above another,
Even so amidde the huge heape of my woes,
Doth growe one grudge more greevous than the rest,
To see my deare and dolefull mother, cladde
In mourning tyre, to tyre hir mourning minde,
Wretched alonely for my wretchednesse,
So lykes that enimie my brother best:
Soone shall you see that in this wandring worlde,
No enmitie is equall unto that
That dark disdayne (the cause of every evill)
Dooth breede full ofte in consanguinitie.
But Jove, he knowes what dole I doe endure,
For you and for my fathers wretched woe,
And eke how deepely I desire to knowe
What wearie lyfe my loving sisters leade,
And what anoye myne absence them hath given.
Jocast. Alas, alas, howe wrekefull wrath of Gods
Doth still afflicte *Oedipus* progenie:
The fyrste cause was thy fathers wicked bedde,
And then (oh why doe I my plagues recompte?)
My burden borne, and your unhappie birth:
„ But needes we must with pacient heartes abyde,
„ What so from high the heavens doe provide.
With thee my chylde, fayne would I question yet
Of certaine things: ne woulde I that my wordes
Might thee anoye, ne yet renewe thy griefe.
Poli. Saye on, deare mother, say what so you please:
What pleaseth you, shall never mee disease.
Jocast. And seemes it not a heavie happe my sonne,
To be deprived of thy countrey coastes?
Poly. So heavie happe as toung can not expresse.
Jocast. And what may moste molest the mynde of man
Th[at] is exiled from his native soyle?
Poli. The libertie hee with his countrey loste,
„ And that he lacketh freedome for to speake,
„ What seemeth best, without controll or checke.
Jocast. Why so? eche servant lacketh libertie
To speake his minde, without his maisters leave.

Exile an exceding griefe to an honest mynde.

All exyles are like bondmen.

„ *Poli.* In exile, every man, or bonde or free,
„ Of noble race, or meaner parentage,
„ Is not in this unlike unto the slave,
„ That muste of force obey to eche mans will,
„ And prayse the peevishnesse of eche mans pryde.
Jocast. And seemed this so grievous unto thee?
Poli. What griefe can greater be, than so constraynde
Slavelike to serve gaynst right and reason bothe,
Yea muche the more, to him that noble is,
By stately lyne, or yet by vertuous lyfe,
And hath a heart lyke to his noble mynde.

Hope the help in miserye.

Jocast. What helpeth moste in suche adversitie?
Poli. Hope helpeth moste to comfort miserie.
Joca. Hope to returne from whence he fyrst was driven?
Poli. Yea, hope that happeneth oftentymes to late,
And many die before such hap may fall.
Jocast. And howe didst thou before thy mariage sonne,
Mainteyne thy lyfe, a straunger so bestad?
Poli. Sometyme I founde (though seldome so it were)
Some gentle heart, that coulde for curtesye,
Contente himselfe to succour myne estate.
Jocast. Thy fathers friends and thyne, did they not helpe
For to releeve that naked neede of thyne?

Fuw frends in miserye.

„ *Poli.* Mother, he hath a foolishe fantasie,
„ That thinkes to fynd a frende in miserie.
Jocast. Thou mightest have helpe by thy nobilitie.
„ *Poli.* Covered alas, in cloake of povertie?
„ *Jocast.* Wel ought we then that are but mortall heere,
„ Above all treasure counte our countrey deare:
Yea let me knowe my sonne, what cause thee moved
To goe to *Grece*?
Poli. The flying fame that thundred in myne eares,
How king *Adrastus*, governour of *Greece*,
Was answered by Oracle, that he
Shoulde knitte in linkes of lawfull mariage,
His two faire daughters, and his onely heires,
One to a Lyon, th'other to a Boare:
An answere suche as eche man wondred at.
Jocast. And how belongs this answere now to thee?
Poli. I toke my gesse even by this ensigne heere,

A Lyon loe, which I did alwayes beare:
Yet thinke I not, but Jove alonely brought
These handes of myne to suche an high exploite.
Jocast. And howe yet came it to this straunge effect?
Poli. The shining day had runne his hasted course,
And deawie night bespread hir mantell darke,
When I that wandred after wearie toyle,
To seke some harbrough for myne irked limmes,
Gan fynde at last a little cabbin, close
Adjoyned faste unto the stately walles,
Where king *Adrastus* held his royall towres.
Scarce was I there in quiet well ycought,
But thither came another exile eke,
Named *Tydeus*, who strave perforce to drive
Mee from this sorie seate, and so at laste,
We settled us to fell and bloudie fight,
Whereof the rumour grewe so great foorthwith,
That straight the king enformed was therof,
Who seeing then the ensignes that wee bare,
To be even such as were to him foresayde,
Chose eche of us to be his sonne by lawe,
And sithens did solemnize eke the same.

Smal causes may move the needy to contend.

Jocast. Yet woulde I know, if that thy wyfe be suche
As thou canst joy in hir? or what she is?
P[o]li. O mother deare, fayrer ne wyser dame
Is none in *Greece*, *Argia* is hir name.
Jocast. Howe couldst thou to this doubtfull enterprise,
So many bring, thus armed all at once?
Poli. *Adrastus* sware, that he woulde soone restore
Unto our right both *Tydeus*, and me:
And fyrst for mee, that had the greater neede,
Whereby the best and boldest blouds in *Greece*,
Have followed me unto this enterpryse.
A thing both just and grievous unto me,
Greevous I saye, for that I doe lament
To be constrayned by such open wrong,
To warre agaynst myne owne deare countrey feeres.
But unto you (O mother) dothe pertain
To stinte this stryfe, and both deliver mee
From exile now, and eke the towne from siege:

For otherwise, I sweare you here by heavens,
Eteocles, who now doth me disdayne
For brother, shortly shall see me his lorde.
I aske the seate, wherof I ought of right
Possesse the halfe, I am *Oedipus* sonne,
And yours, so am I true sonne to you both.
Wherfore I hope that as in my defence,
The worlde will weygh, so Jove wil me assiste.

Eteocles commeth in here by the gates Electræ, himself armed, and before him .xx. gentlemen in armour, his two pages, wherof the one beareth his Target, the other his helme.

The dames did love Polynice and hate Eteocles.

Chor. Beholde O queene, beholde O worthie queene,
Unwoorthie he, *Eteocles* here cõmes,
So, woulde the Gods, that in this [n]oble realme
Shoulde never long unnoble tyrant reigne,
Or that with wrong the right and doutlesse heire,
Shoulde banisht be out of his princely seate.
Yet thou O queene, so fyle thy sugred toung[,]
And with such counsell decke thy mothers tale,
That peace may both the brothers hartes inflame,
And rancour yelde, that erst possesse the same.

Eteocl. Mother, beholde, your hestes for to obey,
In person nowe am I resorted hither:
In haste therefore, fayne woulde I knowe what cause
With hastie speede, so moved hath your minde
To call me nowe so causelesse out of time,
When common wealth moste craves my onely ayde:
Fayne woulde I knowe what quent commoditie
Perswades you thus to take a truce for tyme,
And yeld the gates wide open to my foe,
The gates that myght our stately state defende,
And now are made the path of our decay.

„ *Joca.* Represse deare son, those raging stormes of wrath,
„ That so bedimme the eyes of thine intent,
„ As when the tongue (a redy Instrument)
„ Would fayne pronounce the meaning of the minde,
„ It cannot speake one honest seemely worde.
„ But when disdayne is shrunke, or sette asyde,
„ And mynde of man with leysure can discourse

„ What seemely wordes his tale may best beseeme,
„ And that the toung unfoldes without affectes
„ Then may proceede an answere sage and grave,
„ And every sentence sawst with sobernesse:
Wherefore unbende thine angrie browes deare childe,
And caste thy rolling eyes none other waye,
That here doest not *Medusaes* (*a*) face beholde,
But him, even him, thy bloud and brother deare.
And thou behold, my *Polinices* eke,
Thy brothers face, wherein when thou mayst see
Thine owne image, remember therewithall,
That what offence thou wouldst to him were done,
The blowes thereof rebounde unto thy selfe.
And hereof eke, I would you both forewarne,
When frendes or brethren, kinsfolke or allies,
(Whose hastie hearts some angrie moode had moved)
Be face to face by some of pitie brought,
Who seekes to ende their discorde and debate:
They onely ought consider well the cause
For which they come, and cast out of their minde
For evermore the olde offences past:
So shall sweete peace drive pleading out of place.
Wherfore the first shall *Polinices* be,
To tell what reason first his minde did rule,
That thus our walles with forrein foes enclosde
In sharpe revenge of causelesse wrongs receiv'd,
As he alledgeth by his brothers doome:
And of this wicked woe and dire (*b*) debate,
Some God of pitie be the equall judge,
Whome I beseeche, to breath in both your breasts
A yelding heart to deepe desire of peace.
„ *Poli.* My woorthie dame, I finde that tried truthe
„ Doth beste beseeme a simple naked tale,
„ Ne needes to be with painted proces prickt,
„ That in hir selfe hath no diversitie,
„ But alwayes shewes one undisguised face,
„ Where deepe deceipt and lies must seeke the shade,
„ And wrap their wordes in guilefull eloquence,
„ As ever fraught with contrarietie:
So have I often sayde, and say againe,

One of the furies.

Rehersall of olde grudges doth hinder al recon-cili[a]tion.

(b) Cruell or vengeable.

Truth plead-eth simply when falsse hood useth eloquence.

That to avoide our fathers foule reproche
And bitter curse, I parted from this lande
With right good will, yet thus with him agreed,
That while the whirling wings of flying time
Might roll one yeare aboute the heavenly spheare,
So long alone he might with peace possesse
Our fathers seate in princely (*c*) Diademe,
And when the yeare should eke his course renue,
Might I succeede to rule againe as long.
And that this lawe might still be kept for aye,
He bound him selfe by vowe of solemne othe
By Gods, by men, by heaven, and eke by earth:
Yet that forgot, without all reverence
Unto the Gods, without respect to right,
Without respect that reason ought to rule,
His faith and troth both troden under foote,
He still usurps most tyrantlike with wrong
The right that doth of right to me belong.
But if he can with equall doome consent,
That I retourne into my native soyle
To sway with him alike the kingly seate
And evenly beare the bridle both in hand,
Deare mother mine I sweare by all the Gods
To raise with speede the siege from these our walles,
And send the souldiers home from whence they came:
Which if he graunt me not, then must I do
(Though loth) as much as right and reason would,
To venge my cause that is both good and just.
Yet this in heaven the Gods my records be,
And here in earth each mortall man may know,
That never yet my giltlesse heart did fayle
Brotherly duetie to *Eteocles*,
And that causlesse he holdes me from mine owne.
Thus have I said O mother, even as much
As needefull is, wherein I me assure:
That in the judgement both of good and badde,
My words may seeme of reason to proceede,
Constrained thus in my defence to speake.

(c) Crown or sceptre.

Chor. None may denie, O pere of princely race,
But that thy words, are honest, good and just,

And such as well beseeme that tong of thine.
„ *Eteo.* If what to some seemes honest good and just,
„ Could seeme even so in every doubtfull mind,
„ No darke debate nor quarell could arise:
„ But looke, how many men so many minds,
„ And that, that one man judgeth good and just,
„ Some other deemes as deepely to be wrong.
To say the truth (mother) this minde of mine
Doth fleete full farre from that farfetch of his,
Ne will I longer cover my conceit:
If I could rule or reigne in heaven above,
And eke commaund in depth of darksome hell,
No toile ne travell should my sprites abashe,
To take the way unto my restlesse will,
To climbe aloft, nor downe for to descend.
Then thinke you not, that I can give consent
To yeld a part of my possession,
Wherin I live and lead the (*) monarchie.
„ A witlesse foole may every man him gesse,
„ That leaves the more and takes him to the lesse.
With this, reproch might to my name redound,
If he, that hath with forren power spoilde
Our pleasaunt fields, might reave from me perforce,
What so he list by force of armes demand.
No lesse reproofe the citizens ensewes,
If I, for dread of Greekish hosts, should graunt
That he might climbe to heigth of his desire.
In fine, he ought not thus of me to crave
Accord, or peace, with bloudy sword in hand,
But with humilitie and prayer both,
For often is it seene, and proofe doth teach,
„ Swete words prevaile, where sword and fire do faile.
Yet this, if here within these stately walles
He list to live, the sonne of *Oedipus*,
And not as king of *Thebes*, I stand content.
But let him thinke, since now I can commaunde,
This necke of mine shall never yeld to yoke
Of servitude: let bring his banners splayde,
Let speare and shield, sharpe sworde, and cyndring flames
Procure the parte that he so vainely claimes:

Sundrye men sundry minds.

Onely rule.

As long as life within this brest doth last,
Wil not. I nill (*) consent that he should reigne with me.
If lawe of right may any way be broke,
„ Desire of rule within a climbing brest
Tullyes opinyon. „ To breake a vow may beare the buckler best.
„ *Cho.* Who once hath past the bounds of honestie
„ In ernest deedes, may passe it well in words.
Joca. O sonne, amongst so many miseries
This benefite hath croked age, I find,
That as the tracke of trustlesse time hath taught,
Youth seeth not so much as age. „ It seeth much, and many things discernes,
„ Which recklesse youth can never rightly judge,
Oh, cast aside that vaine ambition,
That corosive, that cruell pestilence,
That most infects the minds of mortall men:
Ambition doth destroye al: equalytie doth mayntеyne al things. „ In princely palace and in stately townes
„ It crepeth ofte, and close with it convayes,
„ (To leave behind it) damage and decayes:
„ By it be love and amitie destroyde,
„ It breakes the lawes and common concord beates,
„ Kingdomes and realmes it topsie turvie turnes,
And now, even thee, hir gall so poisoned hath,
That the weake eies of thine affection
Are blinded quite, and see not to them selfe[.]
But worthy childe, drive from thy doubtfull brest
This monstrous mate, in steade wherof embrace
„ Equalitie, which stately states defends
„ And binds the minde with true and trustie knots
„ Of frendly faith which never can be broke[.]
„ This, man of right should properly possesse,
And who that other doth the more embrace,
Shall purchase paine to be his just reward
By wrathfull wo, or else by cruell death.
„ This, first devided all by equall bonds
„ What so the earth did yeld for our availe:
„ This, did devide the nightes and dayes alike,
„ And that the vaile of darke and dreadfull night
„ (Which shrowds in misty clouds the pleasaunt light,)
„ Ne yet the golden beames of *Phœbus* rayes
„ (Which cleares the dimmed ayre with gladsome gleams)

„ Can yet heape hate in either of them both.
If then the dayes and nightes to serve our turne
Content themselves to yeld each other place,
Well oughtest thou with waightie dome to graunt
Thy brothers right to rule the reigne with thee,
Which heavens ordeyned common to you both:
If so thou nill O sonne, O cruell sonne,
„ In whose high brest may justice builde hir boure
„ When princes harts wide open lye to wrong?
Why likes thee so the tipe of tyrannie
With others losse to gather greedy gaine?
„ Alas how farre he wanders from the truth
„ That compts a pompe, all other to command,
„ Yet can not rule his owne unbridled will,
„ A vaine desire much riches to possesse
„ Whereby the brest is brusde and battered still,
„ With dread, with daunger, care and cold suspecte.
„ Who seekes to have the thing we call inough,
„ Acquainte him first with contentation,
„ For plenteousnesse is but a naked name.
„ And what suffiseth use of mortall men,
„ Shall best apay the meane and modest hearts.
„ These hoorded heapes of golde and worldly wealth
„ Are not the proper goods of any one,
„ But pawnes which *Jove* powres out aboundantly
„ That we likewise might use them equally,
„ And as he seemes to lend them for a time,
„ Even so in time he takes them home agayne,
„ And would that we acknowledge every houre,
„ That from his handes we did the same receive:
„ There nothing is so firme and stayde to man,
„ But whyrles about with wheeles of restlesse time.
Now if I should this one thing thee demaunde,
Which of these two thou wouldest chuse to keepe,
The towne quiet or unquiet tyrannie?
And wouldest thou say I chuse my kingly chayre?
O witlesse answere sent from wicked heart,
For if so fall (which mightie God defende)
Thine enimies hand should overcome thy might,
And thou shouldest see them sacke the towne of *Thebes*,

If the head be evill the body cannot be good.

Content is riche

Riches are but borowed ware.

More care to loose than plesure to posses.

The chastest virgins ravished for wrecke,
The worthy children in captivitie,
„ Then shouldest thou feele that scepter, crowne, & wealth
„ Yeelde deeper care to see them tane away,
„ Than to possesse them yeldeth deepe content.
Now to conclude my sonne, Ambition
Is it that most offends thy blynded thought,
Blame not thy brother, blame ambition
From whome if so thou not redeeme thy selfe,
I feare to see thee buy repentance deare.
Cho. Yea deare, too deare when it shal come too late.
Joc. And now to thee my *Polinices* deare,
I say that sillie was *Adrastus* reade,
And thou God knowes a simple sillie soule,
He to be ruled by thy heady wil,
And thou, to warre against the *Thebane* walls,
These walls I say whose gates thy selfe should garde:
Tell me I pray thee, if the Citie yeelde,
Or thou it take by force in bloudie fight,
(Which never graunt the Gods I them beseeke)
What spoyles? what Palmes? what signe of victorie
Small glory for a rebel to see his owne countrey spoyled.
Canst thou set up to have thy countrie woonne?
What title worthie of immortall fame,
Shall blased be in honor of thy name?
O sonne, deare sonne, beleeve thy trustie dame,
The name of glorie shall thy name refuse,
And flie full farre from all thy fonde attemptes.
But if so fall thou shouldst be overcome,
Then with what face canst thou returne to *Greece*,
That here hast lefte so many *Greekes* on grounde?
Eache one shall curse and blame thee to thy face,
As him that onely caused their decaye,
And eke condemne *Adrastus* simple heade,
That such a pheere had chosen for his childe.
So may it fall, in one accursed houre,
That thou mayst loose thy wife and countrie both,
Both which thou mayst with little toyle attaine,
If thou canst leave high minde and darke disdaine.
Cho. O mightie Gods of goodnesse, never graunt
Unto these evilles, but set desired peace

Betwene the hearts of these two friendly foes.
Ete. The question that betwixt us two is growen,
Beleeve me mother, can not ende with words:
You waste your breath, and I but loose my time,
And all your travell lost and spent in vaine:
For this I sweare, that peace you never get
Betweene us two, but with condition,
That whilst I live, I will be Lord of *Thebes*.
Then set aside these vaine forwasted wordes,
And yeelde me leave to go where neede doth presse:
And now good sir, get you out of these walles,
Unlesse you meane to buy abode with bloude.
Po. And who is he that seekes to have my bloude,
And shall not shed his owne as fast as myne?
Ete. By thee he standes, and thou standst him before:
Loe here the sworde that shall perfourme his worde.
Po. And this shall eke mainteine my rightfull cause.
Joc. O sonnes, dear sonnes, away with glittring armes:
And first, before you touch eache others flesh,
With doubled blowes come pierce this brest of mine.
Po. Ah wretch, thou art both vile and cowarde like,
Thy high estate esteemes thy life to deare.
Ete. If with a wretch or coward shouldst thou fighte,
Oh dastard villaine, what first moved thee
With swarmes of Greekes to take this enterprise?
Po. For well I wist, that cankred heart of thine
Coulde safely kepe thy heade within these walles,
And flee the fielde when combate should be callde.
Ete. This truce assureth thee *Polynices*,
And makes thee bolde to give such bosting wordes:
So be thou sure, that had this truce not bene,
Then long ere this, these handes had bene embrude,
And eke this soyle besprinkled with thy bloude.
Po. Not one small drop of my bloude shalt thou spill,
But buy it deare against thy cankred will.
Joc. O sonnes, my sonnes, for pittie yet refrayne.
Ch. Good Gods, who ever sawe so strange a sight?
True love and frindship both be put to flight.
Po. Yelde villein, yelde my right which thou witholdst.
Ete. Cut of thy hope to reigne in *Thebane* walles,

Nought hast thou here, nor nought shal ever have,
Away. *Po.* O aultars of my countrie soyle.
Ete. Whome thou art come to spoyle and to deface.
Po. O Gods, give eare unto my honest cause.
Ete. With forreine power his countrie to invade.
Po. O holy temples of the heavenly Gods.
Ete. That for thy wicked deedes do hate thy name
Po. Out of my kingdome am I driven by force.
Ete. Out of the which thou camst me for to drive.
Po. Punish O Gods this wicked tyrant here.
Ete. Pray to the Gods in *Greece* and not in *Thebes*.
Po. No savage beast so cruell nor unjust.
Ete. Not cruel to my countrie like to thee.
Po. Since from my right I am with wrong deprived.
Ete. Eke from thy life if long thou tarie here.
Po. O father heare what injuries I take.
Ete. As though thy divelishe deedes were hid from him.
Po. And you mother. *Eteo.* Have done thou not deservest
With that false tong thy mother once to name.
Po. O deare Citie. *Eteo.* When thou arivest in *Greece*,
Chuse out thy dwelling in some mustie Moores.
Po. I must departe, and parting must I prayse
Oh deare mother the depth of your good will.
Joc. O sonne. *Eteo.* Away I say out of these walls.
Po. I can not chuse but must thy will obey,
Yet graunt me once my father for to see.
Ete. I heare no prayers of my enemie.
Po. Where be my sweete sisters? *Eteo.* And canst thou yet
With shamelesse tong once name thy noble race
That art become a common foe to *Thebes*?
Be sure thou shall them never see againe,
Nor other friend that in these walls remaine.
Po. Rest you in peace, O worthy mother myne.
Joc. Howe can that be and thou my joye in warre?
Po. Hence forth n'am I your joy ne yet your sonne.
Joc. Alas the heavens me whelme with all mishap.
Po. Lo here the cause that stirreth me by wrong.
Ete. Much more is that he profereth unto me.
Po. Well, speake, darest thou come armed to the fielde?
Ete. So dare I come, wherfore dost thou demaunde?

Po. For needs or thou must ende this life of mine,
Or quenche my thirst with pouring out thy bloud.
Eteo. Ah wretch, my thirst is all as drie as thine.
Joc. Alas and welaway, what heare I sonnes?
How can it be? deare children can it be
That brethrens heartes such rancour should enrage?
Eteo. And that right soone the proofe shall playnely shew.
Jo. Oh say not so, yet say not so deare sonnes.
Po. O royall race of *Thebes* now take thine ende.
Cho. God shield. *Eteo.* O slow & sluggish heart of mine,
Why do I stay t'embrew these slothfull hands?
But for his greater griefe I will departe,
And at returne if here I finde my foe,
This hastie hande shall ende our hote debate.
Eteocles here goeth out by the gates Electræ.
Po. Deare Citizens, and you eternall Gods,
Beare witnesse with me here before the worlde,
How this my fierce and cruell enimie,
Whom causelesse now my brother I do call,
With threates of death my lingri[n]g steps doth drive
Both from my right and from my countrey soyle,
Not as beseemes the sonne of *Oedipus*,
But as a slave, an abject, or a wretche:
And since you be both pitifull and juste,
Vouchsafe O Gods, that as I part with griefe,
So may I yet returne with joyfull spoyle
Of this accursed tyraunt and (he slayne)
I may recover quietly mine owne.
Polynice goeth out by the gates Homoloides.
Jo. O wretched wretch *Jocasta*, wher is founde
The miserie that may compare to thine?
O would I had nor gasing eyes to see,
Nor listning eares to heare that now I dread:
But what remaines, save onely to entreate
That cruell dole wold yet so curteous be
To reave the breath out of this wofull brest,
Before I harken to some wofull newes.
Rest you here dames, and pray unto the Gods
For our redresse, and I in that meane while
Will shut my selfe from sight of lothsome light.
Jocasta goeth into hir Pallace.

Cho. O mightie God, the governour of *Thebes*
Pitie with speede the payne *Jocasta* bydes,
And eke our needes O mightie *Bacchus* helpe,
Bende willing eare unto our just complaint:
Leave them not comfortlesse that trust in thee,
We have no golde nor silver thee to give,
Ne sacrifice to those thine aultars due,
In steede wherof we consecrate our harts
To serve thy will, and hestes for to obey.

Whyles the Chorus is thus praying to Bacchus, Eteocles returneth by the gates called Electræ.

Scena .2. Actus .2.

ETEOCLES. CREON.

SInce I have ridde mine enmie out of sight,
The best shall be for *Creon* now to sende,
(My mothers brother) that with him I may
Reason, consulte, conferre, and counsell bothe,
What shall be best to use in our defence,
Before we venter forth into the fielde.
But of this travayle, loe, he me acquites
That comes in haste towards these royall towres.

Here Creon attended by foure gentlemen, commeth in by the gates Homoloydes.

Cre. O mightie king, not causelesse nowe I come,
To finde, that long have sought your maistie.
So to discharge the duetie that I owe
To you, by comforte and by counsell bothe.

Ete. No lesse desire this harte of mine did presse,
To send for thee *Creon*, since that in vaine
My mother hath hir words and travayle spent,
To reconcile *Polynices* and me:
For he (so dull was his capa[c]itie)
Did thinke, he could by dread of daunger, winne
My princely heart to yeeld to him his realme.

Cre. I understande, the armie that he brings

Agaynst these walles, is such, that I me doubte
Our cities force may scarce the same resist.
Yet true it is, that right and reason both
Are on our side, which bring the victorie
Oftetimes: for we our countrey to defend,
They to subdue the same in armes are come.
But what I would unto your highnesse shewe,
Is of more weight, and more behoves to know.
Ete. And what is that? oh quickly tell it me.
Cre. A Greeke prisner is come unto my hands.
Ete. And what sayth he that doth so much importe?
Cre. That even alredy b[e] their ranks in raye,
And streight will give assault to these our walles.
Ete. Then must I streight prepare our Citizens
In glittring arms to march into the fielde.
Cre. O Prince (and pardon me) thy youthfull yers
Nor see them selfe, ne let thee once discerne,
What best behoveth in this doubtfull case.
„ For Prudence, she that is the mightie queene
„ Of all good workes, growes by experience,
„ Which is not founde with fewe dayes seeking for.
Ete. And were not this both sounde and wise advise,
Boldly to looke our foemen in the face,
Before they spred our fields with hugie hoste,
And all the towne beset by siege at once?
Cre. We be but few, and they in number great.
Ete. Our men have yet more courage farre than they.
Cre. That know I not, nor am I sure to say.
Ete. Those eyes of thine in little space shall see
How many I my selfe can bring to grounde.
Cre. That would I like, but harde it is to doe.
Et[e]. I nill penne up our men within the walles.
Cre. In counsell yet the victorie consistes.
Ete. And wilt thou then I use some other reade?
Cre. What else? be still a while, for hast makes wast.
Ete. By night I will the Cammassado give.
Cre. So may you do and take the overthrowe.
Ete. The vauntage is to him that doth assaulte.
Cr[e]. Yet skirmishe given by night is perillous.
Ete. Let set upon them as they sit at meat.

Cre. Sodayne assaults affray the minde no doubt,
But we had neede to overcome. *Ete.* So shall we do.
Cre. No sure, unlesse some other counsell helpe.
Ete. Amid their trenches shall we them invade?
Cre. As who should say, were none to make defence.
Ete. Should I then yeeld the Citie to my foes?
Cre. No, but advise you well if you be wise.
Ete. That were thy parte, that knowest more than I.
Cre. Then shall I say that best doth seeme to me?
Ete. Yea *Creon* yea, thy counsell holde I deare.
Cre. Seven men of courage have they chosen out.
Ete. A slender number for so great emprise.
Cre. But they them chose for guides and capitaynes.
Ete. To such an hoste? why they may not suffise.
Cre. Nay, to assault the seven gates of the citie.
Ete. What then behoveth so bestad to done?
Cre. With equall number see you do them match.
Ete. And then commit our men in charge to them?
Cre. Chusing the best and boldest blouds in *Thebes.*
Ete. And how shall I the Citie then defende?
Cre. Well with the rest, for one man sees not all.
Ete. And shall I chuse the boldest or the wisest?
Cre. Nay both, for one without that other fayles.
„*Ete.* Force without wisedome then is little worth.
Cre. That one must be fast to that other joynde.
Ete. *Creon* I will thy counsell follow still,
For why, I hold it wise and trusty both,
And out of hand for now I will departe
That I in time the better may provide
Before occasion slip out of my hands,
Kyll. And that I may this *Polynices* (*) quell:
For well may I with bloudy knife him slea
That comes in armes my countrie for to spoyle.
But if so please to fortune and to fate
That other ende than I do thinke may fall,
To thee my frend it resteth to procure
The mariage twixt my sister *Antygone*
And thy deare sonne *Hæmone*, to whom for dowre
At parting thus I promise to performe
Promisse. As much as late I did (*) beheste to thee:

My mothers bloude and brother deare thou arte,
Ne neede I crave of thee to gard hir well,
As for my father care I not, for if
So chaunce I dye, it may full well be sayd
His bitter curses brougnt me to my bane.
Cre. The Lord defend, for that unworthy were.
Ete. Of *Thebes* towne the rule and scepter loe
I neede nor ought it otherwise dispose
Than unto thee, if I dye without heyre.
Yet longs my lingring mynde to understand,
The doubtfull ende of this unhappie warre:
Wherfore I will thou send thy sonne to seke
Tyresias the devine, and learne of him,
For at my call I knowe he will not come
That often have his artes and him reprovde.
Cre. As you commaund, so ought I to performe.
Ete. And last, I thee and citie both commaund,
If fortune frendly favour our attemptes,
And make our men triumphant victors all,
That none there be so hardie ne so bolde
For *Polynices* bones to give a grave:
And who presumes to breake my heste herein,
Shall dye the death in penaunce of his paine:
For though I were by bloud to him conjoynde
I part it now, and justice goeth with me
To guide my steppes victoriously before.
Pray you to Jove he deigne for to defende,
Our Citie safe both now and evermore.
Cre. Gramercie worthie prince, for all thy love
And faithfull trust thou doest in me repose,
And if should hap, that I hope never shall,
I promise yet to doe what best behoves,
But chieflie this I sweare and make a vowe,
For *Polynices* nowe our cruell foe,
To holde the hest that thou doest me commaunde.

Creon attendeth Eteocles to the gates Electræ he returneth and goeth out by the gates called Homoloydes.

CHORUS.

O Fierce and furious *Mars*, whose harmefull harte,
Rejoyceth most to shed the giltlesse blood,
Whose headie wil doth all the world subvert,
And doth envie the pleasant mery moode,
Of our estate that erst in quiet stoode.
Why doest thou thus our harmelesse towne annoye,
Which mightie *Bacchus* governed in joye?
Father of warre and death, that dost remove
With wrathfull wrecke from wofull mothers breast,
The trustie pledges of their tender love,
So graunt the Gods, that for our finall rest,
Dame Venus pleasant lookes may please thee best,
Wherby when thou shalt all amazed stand,
The sword may fall out of thy trembling hand.
And thou maist prove some other way full well
The bloudie prowesse of thy mightie speare,
Wherwith thou raisest from the depth of hell,
The wrathfull sprites of all the furies there,
Who when the[y] w[a]ke, doe wander every where,
And never rest to range about the coastes,
Tenriche that pit with spoile of damned ghostes.
And when thou hast our fieldes forsaken thus,
Let cruell discorde beare thee companie,
Engirt with snakes and serpents venemous,
Even she that can with red virmilion dye
The gladsome greene that florisht pleasantly,
And make the greedie ground a drinking cup,
To sup the bloud of murdered bodyes up.
Yet thou returne O joye and pleasant peace,
From whence thou didst against our wil depart,
Ne let thy worthie minde from travell cease,
To chase disdaine out of the poysned harte,
That raised warre to all our paynes and smarte,
Even from the brest of *Oedipus* his sonne,
Whose swelling pride hath all this jarre begonne.
And thou great God, that doest all things decree,
And sitst on highe above the starrie skies,

Thou chiefest cause of causes all that bee,
Regard not his offence but heare our cries,
And spedily redresse our miseries,
For what ca[n] we poore wofull wretches doe
But crave thy aide, and onely cleave therto?

Finis Actus secundi.

Done by G. Gascoygne.

The order of the thirde dumbe shewe.

BEfore the beginning of this .iii. Act did sound a very dolefull noise of cornettes, during the which there opened and appeared in the stage a great Gulfe. Immediatly came in .vi. gentlemẽ in their dublets & hose, bringing upon their shulders baskets full of earth and threwe them into the Gulfe to fill it up, but it would not so close up nor be filled. Then came the ladyes and dames that stoode by, throwing in their cheynes & Jewels, so to cause it stoppe up and close it selfe: but when it would not so be filled, came in a knighte with his sword drawen, armed at all poyntes, who walking twise or thrise about it, & perusing it, seing that it would nether be filled with earth nor with their Jewells and ornaments, after solempne reverence done to the gods, and curteous leave taken of the Ladyes and standers by, sodeinly lepte into the Gulfe, the which did close up immediatly: betokning unto us the love that every worthy person oweth unto his native coũtrie, by the historye of *Curtius*, who for the lyke cause adventured the like in Rome. This done, blinde *Tyresias* the devine prophete led in by hys daughter, and conducted by *Meneceus* the son of *Creon*, entreth by the gates *Electræ*, and sayth as followeth.

Actus .iii. Scena .i.

TYRESIAS. CREON. MANTO. MENECEUS. SACERDOS.

THou trustie guide of my so trustlesse steppes
Deer daughter mine go we, lead thou ye way,
For since the day I first did leese this light
Thou only art the light of these mine eyes:
And for thou knowst I am both old & weake
And ever longing after lovely rest,
Direct my steppes amyd the playnest pathes,
That so my febled feete may feele lesse paine.
Meneceus thou gentle childe, tell me,
Is it farre hence, the place where we must goe,
Where as thy father for my comming stayes?
For like unto the slouthfull snayle I drawe,
(Deare sonne) with paine these aged legges of mine,
Creon returneth by the gates Homoloydes.
And though my minde be quicke, scarce can I move.
Cre. Comfort thy selfe devine, *Creon* thy frend
Loe standeth here, and came to meete with thee
To ease the paine that thou mightst else sustaine,
„For unto elde eche travell yeldes annoy
And thou his daughter and his faithfull guide,
Loe rest him here, and rest thou there withall
Thy virgins hands, that in sustayning him
Doest well acquite the duetie of a childe.
„For crooked age and hory silver heares
„Still craveth helpe of lustie youthfull yeares.
Tyr. Gramercie Lorde what is your noble will?
Cre. What I would have of thee *Tyresias*
Is not a thing so soone for to be sayde.
But rest a whyle thy weake and weary limmes
And take some breath now after wearie walke,
And tell I pray thee, what this crowne doth meane,
That sits so kingly on thy skilfull heade?
Tyr. Know this, that for I did with grave advise,
Foretell the Citizens of *Athens* towne,
How they might best with losse of litle bloude,

ge must be
lped by
uth.

Have victories against their enimies,
Hath bene the cause why I doe weare this Crowne,
As right rewarde and not unmeete for me.
Cre. So take I then this thy victorious crowne,
For our availe in token of good lucke,
That knowest, how the discord and debate
Which late is fallen betwene these brethren twaine,
Hath brought all *Thebes* in daunger and in dreade.
Eteocles our king, with threatning armes,
Is gone against his greekish enimies,
Commaunding me to learne of thee (who arte
A true divine of things that be to come)
What were for us the safest to be done,
From perill now our countrey to preserve.
Tyr. Long have I bene within the towne of *Thebes*,
Since that I tyed this trustie toung of mine
From telling truth, fearing *Eteocles*:
Yet, since thou doest in so great neede desire
I should reveale things hidden unto thee,
For common cause of this our common weale,
I stand content to pleasure thee herein.
But first (that to this mightie God of yours
There might some worthie sacrifice be made)
Let kill the fairest goate that is in *Thebes*
Within whose bowelles when the Preest shall loke,
And tell to me what he hath there espyed,
I trust t'advise thee what is best to doen.
Cre. Lo here the temple, and ere long I looke
To see the holy preest that hither cõmes,
Bringing with him the pure and faire offrings,
Which thou requirest: for not long since, I sent
For him, as one that am not ignorant
Of all your rytes and sacred ceremonyes:
He went to choose amid our herd of goates,
The fattest there: and loke where now he commes.

Sacerdos accompanyed with .xvi. Bacchanales and all his rytes and ceremonies, entreth by the gates Homoloydes.

Sacer. O famous Citizens, that holde full deare
Your quiet country: Loe where I doe come

Most joyfully, with wonted sacrifice,
So to beseeche the supreme Citizens,
To stay our state that staggringly doth stand,
And plant us peace where warre and discord growes:
Wherfore, with hart devoute and humble cheere,
Whiles I breake up the bowels of this beast,
(That oft thy veneyarde *Bacchus* hath destroyed,)
Let every wight crave pardon for his faults,
With bending knee about his aultars here.
Tyr. Take here the salt, and sprincle therwithall
About the necke: that done, cast all the rest
Into the sacred fire, and then annoynte
The knife prepared for the sacrifice.
O mightie Jove, preserve the precious gifte
Venus made him blynde for giving sentence against hir.
That thou me gave, when first thine angrie Queene,
For deepe disdayne did both mine eyes do out,
Graunt me, I may foretell the truth in this,
For, but by thee, I know that I ne may,
Ne wil, ne can, one trustie sentence say.
Sa. This due is done. *Tyr.* With knife then stick ye kid.
Sac. Thou daughter of devine *Tyresias*,
With those unspotted virgins hands of thine
Receive the bloude within this vessell here,
And then devoutly it to *Bacchus* yelde.
Man. O holy God of *Thebes*, that doest both praise
Swete peace, and doest in hart also disdayne
The noysome noyse, the furies and the fight
Of bloudie *Mars* and of *Bellona* both:
O thou the giver both of joy and health,
Receive in gree and with well willing hand
These holy whole brunt offrings unto thee:
And as this towne doth wholy thee adore,
So by thy helpe do graunt that it may stand
Safe from the enimies outrage evermore.
Sac. Now in thy sacred name I bowell here
This sacrifice. *Tyre.* And what entralls hath it?
Sac. Faire and welformed all in every poynt,
The liver cleane, the hart is not infect,
Save loe, I finde but onely one hart string
By which I finde something I wote nere what,

That seemes corrupt, and were not onely that,
In all the rest, they are both sound and hole.
Tyr. Now cast at once into the holy flame
The swete incense, and then advertise mee
What hew it beares, and every other ryte
That ought may helpe the truth for to conjecte.
Sac. I see the flames doe sundrie coulours cast,
Now bloudy sanguine, straight way purple, blew,
Some partes seeme blacke, some gray, and some be greene.
Tyr. Stay there, suffyseth this for to have seene.
Know *Creon*, that these outward seemely signes
(By that the Gods have let me understand
Who know the truth of every secrete thing)
Betoken that the Citie great of *Thebes*
Shall Victor be against the Greekish host,
If so consent be given: but more than this
I lyst not say. *Cre.* Alas, for curtesie
Say on *Tyresias*, never have respect
To any living man, but tell the truth.

Sacerdos returneth with the Bacchanales, by the gates Homoloides.

Sac. In this meane while I will returne with speede
From whence I came: for lawfull is it not,
That suche as I should heare your secresies.
Tyr. Contrary then to that which I have sayde,
The incest foule, and childbirth monstruous
Of *Jocasta*, so stirres the wrath of Jove,
This citie shall with bloudy channels swimme,
And angry *Mars* shall overcome it all
With famine, flame, rape, murther, dole and death:
These lustie towres shall have a headlong fall,
These houses burnde, and all the rest be razde,
And soone be sayde, here whilome *Thebes* stoode.
One onely way I finde for to escape,
Which bothe would thee displease to heare it tolde,
And me to tell percase were perillous.
Thee therfore with my travell I commende
To *Jove*, and with the rest I will endure,
What so shall chaunce for our adversitie.
Cre. Yet stay a whyle, *Tyr.* *Creon* make me not stay

By force. *Cre.* Why fleest thou? *Tyr.* Syr tis not from thee
I flee, but from this fortune foule and fell.
Cre. Yet tell me what behoves the citie doe?
Tyr. Thou *Creon* seemest now desirous still
It to preserve: but if as well as I
Thou knewest that which is to thee unknowne,
Then wouldst thou not so soone consent thereto.
Cre. And would not I with eagre minde desire
The thing that may for *Thebes* ought avayle?
Tyr. And dost thou then so instantly request
To know which way thou mayest the same preserve?
Cre. For nothing else I sent my sonne of late
To seeke for thee. *Tyr.* Then will I satisfie
Thy greedie minde in this: but first tell me,
Menetius where is he? *Cre.* Not farre from me.
Tyr. I pray thee sende him out some other where.
Cre. Why wouldest thou that he should not be here?
Tyr. I would not have him heare what I should say.
Cre. He is my sonne, ne will he it reveale.
Tyr. And shall I then while he is present speake?
Cre. Yea, be thou sure that he no lesse than I,
Doth wishe full well unto this common weale.
Tyr. Then *Creon* shalt thou knowe: the meane to save
This Citie, is, that thou shalt slea thy sonne,
And of his bodie make a sacrifice
For his countrey: lo heere is all you seeke
So much to knowe, and since you have me forst
To tell the thing that I would not have tolde,
If I have you offended with my words,
Blame then your selfe, and eke your frowarde fate.
Cre. Oh cruel words, oh, oh, what hast thou sayde,
Thou cruell sothsayer? *Tyr.* Even that, that heaven
Hath ordeined once, and needes it must ensue.
Cre. How many evils hast thou knit up in one?
Tyr. Though evill for thee, yet for thy countrey good.
Cre. And let my countrey perishe, what care I?
„*Tyr.* Above all things we ought to holde it deare.
Cre. Cruell were he, that would not love his childe.
„*Tyr.* For cõmõ weale, were well, that one man waile.
Cre. To loose mine owne, I liste none other save.

„*Tyr.* Best Citizens care least for privat gayne.
Cre. Depart, for nowe, with all thy prophecies.
„*Tyr.* Lo, thus the truth doth alwayes hatred get.
Cre. Yet pray I thee by these thy silver heares,
„*Tyr.* The harme that cõmes from heaven can not be
Cre. And by thy holy spirite of prophecie, (scapt.
„*Tyr.* What heaven hath done, that cannot I undoe.
Cre. That to no moe this secrete thou reveale.
Tyr. And wouldst thou have me learne to make a lye?
Cre. I pray thee hold thy peace. *Tyr.* That will I not:
But in thy woe to yeelde thee some reliefe,
I tell thee once, thou shalt be Lorde of *Thebes*,
Which happe of thine this string did well declare,
Which from the heart doth out alonely growe.
So did the peece corrupted playnly shewe,
An argument most evident to prove
Thy sonne his death. *Cre.* Well, yet be thou content
To keepe full close this secrete hidden griefe.
Tyr. I neither ought, ne will keepe it so close.
Cre. Shall I be then the murtherer of mine owne?
Tyr. Ne blame not me, but blame the starres for this.
Cre. Can heavens condemne but him alone to dye?
Tyr. We ought beleeve the cause is good and just.
„*Cre.* Unjust is he condemnes the innocent.
„*Tyr.* A foole is he accuseth heavens of wrongs.
„*Cre.* There can no ill thing come from heavẽs above.
Tyr. Then this that heaven commaunds can not be ill.
Cre. I not beleeve that thou hast talkt with God.
Tyr. Bicause I tell thee that doth thee displease.
Cre. Out of my sight accursed lying wretch.
Tyr. Go daughter go, oh what foole is he
That puts in ure to publish prophecies?
„For if he do fore tell a froward fate,
„Though it be true, yet shall he purchase hate:
„And if he silence keepe, or hide the truth,
„The heavy wrath of mightie Gods ensuth.
Appollo he might well tell things to come,
That had no dread the angry to offende.
But hye we daughter hence some other way.

Great follye to accuse the gods.

A thankles office to fore-tell a mis-chiefe.

Tyresias with Manto his daughter, returneth by the gates called Electræ.

Scena. 2.

CREON. MENECEUS.

OH my deare childe, well hast thou heard with eare
These weery newes, or rather wicked tales
That this devine of thee devined hath:
Yet will thy father never be thy foe,
With cruell doome thy death for to consent.
Me. You rather ought, O father, to consent
No greater honor than to dye for thy countrey.
Unto my death, since that my death may bring
Unto this towne both peace and victorie.
„Ne can I purchase more prayse worthy death
„Than for my countries wealth to lose my breath.
Cre. I cannot prayse this witlesse will of thine.
„ *Me.* You know deare father, that this life of ours
„Is brittle, short, and nothing else in deede
„But tedious toyle and pangs of endlesse payne:
„And death, whose darte to some men seemes so fell,
Death (indeed) yeldeth more pleasure than lyfe.
„Brings quiet ende to this unquiet life.
„Unto which ende who soonest doth arrive,
„Finds soonest rest of all his restlesse griefe.
„And were it so, that here on earth we felte
„No pricke of paine, nor that our flattring dayes
„Were never dasht by froward fortunes frowne,
„Yet beeing borne (as all men are) to dye,
„Were not this worthy glory and renowne,
„To yeelde the countrey soyle where I was borne,
„For so long time, so shorte a time as mine?
I can not thinke that this can be denied.
Then if to shunne this haughtie high behest,
Mine onely cause, O father, doth you move,
Be sure, you seeke to take from me your sonne,
The greatest honor that I can attayne:
But if your owne commoditie you move,
So much the lesse you ought the same allowe:
For looke, how much the more you have in *Thebes*,
So much the more you ought to love the same:
Here have you *Hemone*, he that in my steade
(O my deare father) may with you remaine,

So that, although you be deprived of me
Yet shall you not be quite deprived of heires.
Cre. I can not chuse, deare sonne, but disalowe
This thy too hastie, hote desire of death:
For if thy life thou settest all so lighte,
Yet oughtest thou thy father me respect,
Who as I drawe the more to lumpishe age,
So much more neede have I to crave thine ayde:
Ne will I yet, with stubborne tong denye,
„That for his common weale to spende his life,
„Doth win the subject high renoumed name.
„But howe? in armour to defende the state,
„Not like a beast to bleede in sacrifice:
And therwithal, if any shoulde consent
To such a death, then should the same be I,
That have prolonged life even long enough,
Nay many dayes have I nowe to drawe on.
And more availe might to the countrie come,
Deare sonne, to hold that lustie life of thine,
That art both yong and eke of courage stout
Than may by me that feeble am and olde.
Then live deare sonne in high prosperitie,
And give me leave that worthy am to dye.
Mene. Yet worthy were not that unworthy chaunge.
Cre. If such a death bring glorie, give it me.
Mene. Not you, but me, the heavens cal to die.
Cre. We be but one in flesh and body both.
Mene. I father ought, so ought not you, to die.
Cre. If thou sonne die, thinke not that I can live:
Then let me die, and so shall he first die,
That ought to die, and yet but one shal die.
Me. Although I, father, ought t' obey your hestes,
Yet evill it were in this to yelde your will.
Cre. Thy wit is wylie for to worke thy wo.
Me. Oh, tender pitie moveth me thereto.
„*Cre.* A beast is he, that kils himselfe with a knife,
„Of pitie to preserve an others life.
„*Me.* Yet wise is he, that doth obey the Gods.
Cre. The Gods will not the death of any wight.
„*Me.* Whose life they take, they give him life also.

Cre. But thou dost strive to take thy life thy selfe.
Me. Nay them to obey, that will I shall not live.
Cre. What fault, O sonne, condemneth thee to death?
„ *Me.* Who liveth (father) here without a fault?
Cre. I see no gylte in thee that death deserves.
Me. But God it seeth that every secrete seeth.
Cre. How shoulde we knowe what is the will of God?
Me. We knowe it then, when he reveales the same.
Cre. As though he would come doune to tell it us,
Me. By divers meanes his secrets he discloseth.
Cre. Oh, fonde is he, who thinkes to understand
The mysteries of *Jove* his secrete mynde:
And for to ende this controversie here,
Loe thus I say, I will we both live yet:
Comaundements. Prepare thee then, my (*) hestes to holde and keepe,
And pull a downe that stubborne heart of thyne,
Me. You may of me, as of your selfe dispose,
And since my life doth seeme so deare to you,
I will preserve the same to your availe,
That I may spende it alwayes to your wil.
Cre. Then, thee behoves out of this towne to flie:
Before the bold and blinde *Tyresias*
Doe publish this that is as yet unknowne.
Me. And where, or in what place shall I become?
Cre. Where thou mayste be hence furthest out of sight.
Me. You may commaunde, and I ought to obey.
Cre. Go to the lande of *Thesbeoita.*
Me. Where *Dodona* doth sit in sacred chaire?
Cre. Even there my childe.
Me. And who shall guide my wandring steps? *Cre.* high
Me. Who shal give sustenance for my reliefe? (*Jove.*
Cre. There will I send thee heapes of glistring golde.
Me. But when shall I eftesoones my father see?
Cre. Ere long I hope: but now, for now depart,
For every lingring let or little stay,
May purchase payne and torment both to me.
Me. First would I take my conge of the Queene,
That since the day my mother lost hir life,
Hath nourisht me as if I were hir owne.

Creon goeth out by the gates Homoloydes.

Cre. Oh, tarry not my deare sonne, tarry not.
Me. Beholde father, I goe. You dames of *Thebes*,
Pray to almightie *Jove* for my retourne:
You see how mine unhappie starres me drive
To go my countrie fro: and if so chaunce,
I ende in woe my pryme and lustie yeares
Before the course of Nature do them call,
Honor my death yet with your drery plaints:
And I shall eke, where so this carkas come,
Pray to the Gods that they preserve this towne.
Meneceus departeth by the gates Electræ.

CHORUS.

WHen she that rules the rolling wheele of chaunce,
Doth turne aside hir angrie frowning face,
On him, whom erst she deigned to advance,
She never leaves to gaulde him with disgrace,
To tosse and turne his state in every place,
Till at the last she hurle him from on high
And yeld him subject unto miserie:
And as the braunche that from the roote is reft,
He never winnes like life to that he lefte:
Yea though he do, yet can not tast of joy
Compare with pangs that past in his annoy.

Well did the heavens ordeine for our behoofe
Necessitie, and fates by them alowde,
That when we see our high mishappes aloofe
(As though our eyes were mufled with a cloude)
Our froward will doth shrinke it selfe and shrowde
From our availe wherwith we runne so far[r]e:
As none amends can make that we do marre:
Then drawes evill happe & strives to shew his strẽgth,
And such as yeld unto his might, at length
He leades them by necessitie the way
That destinie preparde for our decay.

The Mariner amidde the swelling seas
Who seeth his barke with many a billowe beaten,
Now here, now there, as wind and waves best please,
When thundring Jove with tempest list to threaten,
And dreades in depest gulfe for to be eaten,
Yet learnes a meane by mere necessitie
To save himselfe in such extremitie:
For when he seeth no man hath witte nor powre
To flie from fate when fortune list to lowre,
His only hope on mightie Jove doth caste,
Whereby he winnes the wished heaven at last.

How fond is that man in his fantasie,
Who thinks that Jove the maker of us al,
And he that tempers all in heaven on high,
The sunne, the mone, the starres celestiall,
So that no leafe without his leave can fall,
Hath not in him omnipotence also
To guide and governe all things here below?
O blinded eies, O wretched mortall wights,
O subject slaves to every ill that lights,
To scape such woe, such paine, such shame and scorne,
Happie were he that never had bin borne.

Well might duke *Creon* driven by destinie,
(If true it be that olde *Tyresias* saith)
Redeme our citie from this miserie,
By his consent unto *Meneceus* death,
Who of himselfe wold faine have lost his breth:
„But every man is loth for to fulfill
„The heavenly hest that pleaseth not his will.
„That publique weale must needes to ruine go
„Where private profite is preferred so.
Yet mightie God, thy only aide we crave,
This towne from siege, and us from sorowe save.

Finis Actus tertii. done by G. Gascoygne.

The order of the fourth dumbe shewe.

BEfore the beginning of this fourth Acte, the Trumpets, drummes and fifes sounded, and a greate peale of ordinaunce was shot of: in the which ther entred upon the stage .vi. knights armed at al points: wherof three came in by the Gates *Electræ*, and the other three by the Gates *Homoloides*: either parte beeing accompanied with .vii. other armed men: and after they had marched twice or thrice about the Stage, the one partie menacing the other by their furious lookes and gestures, the .vi. knights caused their other attendants to stand by, and drawing their Swords, fell to cruell and couragious combate, continuing therein, till two on the one side were slayne. The third perceiving, that he only remayned to withstand the force of .iii. enimies, did politiquely rũne aside: wherewith immediatly one of the .iii. followed after him, and when he had drawen his enimie thus from his companie, hee turned againe and slewe him. Then the seconde also ranne after him, whom he slewe in like mãner, and consequently the thirde, and then triumphantly marched aboute the Stage wyth hys sword in his hand. Hereby was noted the incomparable force of concorde betwene brethren, who as long as they holde togither may not easily by any meanes be overcome, and being once dissevered by any meanes, are easily overthrowen. The history of the brethren *Horatii* & *Curiatii*, who agreed to like combate and came to like ende. After that the dead carkasses were caried from the Stage by the armed men on both parties, and that the victor was triumphantly accompanied out, also came in a messanger armed from the campe, seeking the Queene, and to hir spake as foloweth.

Actus .iiii. Scena .i.

NUNCIUS. JOCASTA.

Nuncius commeth in by the gates Homoloides.

O Sage and sober dames, O shamefast maids,
O faithful servants of our aged Queene,
Come leade hir forth, sith unto hir I bring
Such secrete newes as are of great importe.
Come forth, O Queene, surceasse thy wofull plaint,
And to my words vouchsafe a willing eare.
The Queene with hir traine commeth out of hir Pallace.
Joca. My servant deare, doest thou yet bring me newes
Of more mishappe? ah werie wretch, alas,
How doth *Eteocles*? whom heretofore
In his encreasing yeares, I wonted ay
From daungerous happe with favoure to defend,
Doth he yet live? or hath untimely death
In cruell fight berefte his flowring life?
Nun. He lives (O Queene) hereof have ye no doubt,
From such suspecte my selfe will quit you soone.
Joca. The vẽtrous Greekes have haply tane the towne?
Nun. The Gods forbid.
Joca. Our souldiers then, perchance,
Dispersed bene and yelden to the sword.
Nun. Not so, they were at first in daunger sure,
But in the end obteined victorie.
Joca. Alas, what then becõmes of *Polynice*?
Oh canst thou tell? is he dead or alive?
Nun. You have (O Queene) yet both your sonnes alive.
Joca. Oh, how my harte is eased of his paine.
Well, then proceede, and briefly let me heare,
How ye repulst your proud presuming foes,
That thereby yet at least I may assuage
The swelling sorrowes in my dolefull brest,
In that the towne is hitherto preservde:

And for the rest, I trust that might[ie] *Jove*
Will yeld us ayde.
Nun. No soner had your worthy valiant sonne,
Severde the Dukes into seaven severall partes,
And set them to defence of severall gates,
And brought in brave arraye his horssemen out,
First to encounter with their mightie foen,
And likewise pitcht, the footemen face to face
Against the footemen of their enimies,
But fiercely straight, the armies did approche,
Swarming so thicke, as coverde cleane the fielde,
When dreadfull blast of braying trumpets sounde,
Of dolefull drummes, and thundring cannon shot,
Gave hideous signe of horrour of the fight,
Then gan the *Greekes* to give their sharpe assaulte,
Then from the walls our stout couragious men,
With rolling stones, with paisse of hugie beames,
With flying dartes, with flakes of burning fire,
And deadly blowes, did beate them backe againe:
Thus striving long, with stout and bloudie fighte,
(Whereby full many thousande slaughtered were)
The hardie *Greeks* came underneath the walls:
Of whome, first *Capaney* (a lustie Knight)
Did scale the walls, and on the top thereof
Did vaunt himselfe, when many hundred moe,
With fierce assaultes did follow him as fast.
Then loe, the Captaines seaven bestirrde themselves,
(Whose names ye have alreadie understoode)
Some here, some there, nought dreading losse of life,
With newe reliefe to feede the fainting breach:
And *Polynice*, he bended all the force
Of his whole charge, against the greatest gate,
When sodenly a flashe of lightning flame
From angrie skies strake captaine *Capaney*
That there downe dead he fell: at sight whereof
The gazers on were fraught with soden feare.
The rest, that strove to mount the walles so fast,
From ladders toppe did headlong tumble downe.
Herewith our men encouragde by good happe,
Toke hardy harts, and so repulst the Grekes.

Ther was *Eteocles*, and I with him,
Who setting first those souldiers to their charge,
Ranne streight to thother gates: unto the weake
He manly comforte gave: unto the bold
His lusty words encreased courage still:
In so much as th' amased Grecian king
When he did heare of *Capaney* his death,
Fearing thereby the Gods became his foen,
Out from the trench withdrewe his wearie host.
But rashe *Eteocles* (presuming too too much
Uppon their flight) did issue out of *Thebes*,
And forwarde straight with strength of chivalrie,
His flying foes couragiously pursude.
Too long it were to make recompt of all
That wounded bene, or slaine, or captive now:
The cloudy ayre was filled round aboute
With houling cries and wofull wayling plaints:
So great a slaughter (O renowmed Queene)
Before this day I thinke was never seene.
Thus have we now cut of the fruitlesse hope
The Grecians had, to sacke this noble towne.
What joyfull end will happen hereunto
Yet know I not: the gods tourne all to good.
„To conquere, lo, is doubtlesse worthy praise,
„But wisely for to use the conquest gotte,
„Hath ever wonne immortall sound of fame.
Well, yet therewhile in this we may rejoyce,
Sith heaven and heavenly powers are pleasde therewith.

Joca. This good successe was luckie sure, and such,
As for my parte I little loked for:
To save the towne and eke to have my sonnes
(As you report) preserved yet alive.
But yet proceede, and further let me know
The finall ende that they agreed upon.

Nun. No more (O queene) let this for now suffise,
Sith hitherto your state is safe inough.

Joca. These words of thine, do whelme my jealous mind
With great suspecte of other mischiefes hidde.

Nun. What would you more, alredy being sure
That both your sonnes in safetie do remaine?

Joca. I long to know the rest, or good or bad.
Nun. O let me now retourne to *Eteocles*,
That of my service greatly stands in neede.
Joca. Right well I see, thou doest conceale the woorst.
Nun. Oh force me not, the good now beeing past,
To tell the yll.
Joca. Tell it I say, on paine of our displeasure.
Nun. Since thus ye seeke to heare a dolefull tale,
I will no longer stay: witte ye therefore,
Your desperate sonnes togither be agreed
For to attempt a wicked enterprise:
To private fight they have betroutht themselves,
Of which conflicte, the ende must needes be this,
That one do live, that other die the death.
Joca. Alas, alas, this did I ever feare.
Nun. Now, sith in summe I have revealed that,
Which you have heard with great remorse of mind,
I will proceede, at large to tell the whole.
When your victorious sonne, with valiant force
Had chast his foes into their joyning tents,
Even there he staide, and straight at sound of trumpe
With stretched voice the herault thus proclaimde:
You princely Greekes, that hither be arrived
To spoile the fruite of these our fertile fields,
And us to drive from this our Native soile,
O suffer not so many giltlesse soules
By this debate descend in Stygian lake,
For private cause of wicked *Polynice*,
But rather let the brethren, hand to hand,
By mutuall blowes appease their furious rage,
And so to cease from sheding further bloud:
And, to the end you all might understand
The profite that to every side may fall,
Thus much my Lord thought good to profer you,
This is his will, if he be overcome,
Then *Polynice* to rule this kingly realme:
If so it happe (as reason would it should)
Our rightfull prince to conquere *Polynice*,
That then no one of you make more adoo,
But straight to *Argos* Ile hast home againe.

This, thus pronounst unto the noble Greeks,
No soner did the sound of trumpet cease,
But *Polynice* stept forth before the host,
And to these words this answere did he make:
O thou, (not brother) but my mortall foe,
Thy profer here hath pleased me so well,
As presently, without more long delay,
I yeld my selfe prepared to the field.
Our noble King no soner heard this vaunt,
But forth as fast he prest his princely steppes,
With eger mind, as hoovering falcon woonts
To make hir stoope, when pray appeares in sight:
At all assayes they both were bravely armed,
To eithers side his sword fast being girt,
In eithers hand was put a sturdy launce:
About *Eteocles* our souldiers cloong,
To comforte him, and put him then in mind,
He fought for safetie of his country soile,
And that in him consisted all their hope.
To *Polynice* the king *Adrastus* swore,
If he escaped victor from the fielde,
At his returne he would in *Greece* erecte
A golden Image unto mightie *Jove*
In signe of his triumphing victorie.
But all this while seeke you (O noble queene)
To hinder this your furious sonnes attempte:
Intreat the Gods it may not take effecte,
Els must you needes ere long deprived be
Of both your sonnes, or of the one at least.

Nuncius returneth to the camp by the gates Homoloydes.

IOCASTA. ANTIGONE.

ANtigone my swete daughter, come forth
Out of this house, that nought but woe retaines,
Come forth I say, not for to sing or daunce,
But to prevent (if in our powers it lie)
That thy malicious brethren (swolne with ire)

And I alas, their miserable mother,
Be not destroide by stroke of dreadfull death.
Antigone commeth out of hir mothers Pallace.
Anti. Ah swete mother, ah my beloved mother,
Alas alas, what cause doth move ye now
From trembling voice to send such carefull cries?
What painefull pang? what griefe doth gripe you now?
Joca. O deare daughter, thy most unhappie brethren
That sometimes lodgde within these wretched loynes
Shall die this day, if *Jove* prevent it not.
Anti. Alas what say you? alas what do you say?
Can I (alas) endure to see him dead,
Whom I thus long have sought to see alive?
Joca. They both have vowde (I quake alas to tell)
With trenchant blade to spill eche others blood.
Antig. O cruell *Eteocles*, ah ruthlesse wretch,
Of this outrage thou only art the cause,
Not *Polynice*, whom thou with hatefull spight
Hast reaved first of crowne and countrie soyle,
And now doest seeke to reave him of his life.
Joca. Daughter no more delay, lets go, lets go.
Anti. Ah my sweete mother, whither shall I go?
Joca. With me, deere daughter, to the greekish host.
Anti. Alas how can I go? unles I go
In daunger of my life, or of good name?
Joca. Time serves not now (my well beloved childe)
To way the losse of life or honest name,
But rather to prevent (if so we may)
That wicked deede, which only but to thinke,
Doth hale my hart out of my heavie brest.
Anti. Come then, lets go, good mother let us go,
But what shall we be able for to doe,
You a weake old woman forworne with yeares,
And I God knowes a silly simple mayde?
Joca. Our wofull wordes, our prayers & our plaintes,
Pourde out with streames of overflowing teares,
(Where Nature rules) may happen to prevayle,
When reason, power, and force of armes do fayle.
But if the glowing heate of boyling wrath
So furious be, as it may not relent,

Then I atwixt them both will throw my selfe,
And this my brest shal beare the deadly blowes,
That otherwise should light upon my sonnes:
So shall they shead my bloud and not their owne.
Well now deere daughter, let us hasten hence,
For if in time we stay this raging strife,
Then haply may my life prolonged be:
If ere we come the bloudy deede be done,
Then must my ghost forsake this feeble corps:
And thou, deare childe, with dolour shalt bewaile,
Thy brothers death and mothers all at once.

Jocasta with Antigone, and all hir traine (excepte the Chorus) goeth towards the campe, by the gates Homoloydes.

CHORUS.

WHoso hath felt, what faith and fervent love
A mother beares unto hir tender sonnes,
She and none other sure, can comprehende
The dolefull griefe, the pangs and secret paine,
That presently doth pierce the princely brest
Of our afflicted Queene: alas, I thinke
No martyrdome might well compare with hirs.
So ofte as I recorde hir restlesse state,
Alas me thinkes I feele a shivering feare
Flit to and fro along my flushing vaines.
Alas for ruth, that thus two brethren shoulde,
Enforce themselves to shed each others bloud.
Where are the lawes of nature nowe become?
Can fleshe of fleshe, alas can bloud of bloud,
So far forget it selfe, as slay it selfe?
O lowring starres, O dimme and angrie skies,
O geltie fate, suche mischiefe set aside.
But if supernall powers decreed have,
That death must be the ende of this debate,
Alas what floudes of teares shall then suffise,
To weepe and waile the neere approching death:

I meane the death of sonnes and mother both,
And with their death the ruine and decay,
Of *Oedipus* and his princely race?
But loe, here *Creon* cõmes with carefull cheare:
Tis time that now I ende my just complaint.
Creon commeth in by the gates Homoloydes.

CREON. NUNCIUS.

ALthough I straightly charg[d]e my tender childe
To flee from *Thebes* for safegarde of him selfe,
And that long since he parted from my sight,
Yet doe I greatly hang in lingring doubt,
Least passing through the gates, the privie watch
Hath stayed him by some suspect of treason.
And so therewhile, the prophets having skride
His hidden fate, he purchast have the death
Which I by all meanes sought he might eschewe:
And this mischaunce so much I feare the more,
How much the wished conquest at the first,
Fell happily unto the towne of *Thebes*,
„But wise men ought with patience to sustaine
„The sundrie haps that slipperie fortune frames.
Nuncius commeth in by the gates Electræ.

Nun. Alas, who can direct my hastie steppes
Unto the brother of our wofull Queene?
But loe where carefully he standeth here.

Cre. If so the minde may dread his owne mishap,
Then dread I much, this man that seekes me thus,
Hath brought the death of my beloved sonne.

Nun. My Lorde, the thing you feare is very true,
Your sonne *Meneceus* no longer lives.

Cre. Alas who can withstand the heavenly powers?
Well, it beseemes not me, ne yet my yeares,
In bootelesse plaint to wast my wailefull teares:
Do thou recount to me his lucklesse deathe,
The order, forme, and manner of the same.

Nun. Your sonne (my Lorde) came to *Eteocles*,

And tolde him this in presence of the rest:
Renoumed King, neither your victorie,
Ne yet the safetie of this princely Realme
In armour doth consist, but in the death
Of me, of me, (O most victorious King)
So heavenly dome of mightie Jove commaunds.
I (knowing what avayle my death should yeeld
Unto your grace, and unto native land)
Might well be deemde a most ungratefull sonne
Unto this worthy towne, if I would shunne
The sharpest death to do my countrie good:
In mourning weede now let the vestall Nimphes,
With [pl]ainyng tunes commend my faultlesse ghost
To highest heavens, while I despoyle my selfe,
That afterwarde (sith *Jove* will have it so)
To save your lives, I may receyve my death,
Of you I crave, O curteous Citizens,
To shrine my corps in tombe of marble stone:
Whereon grave this: *Meneceus here doth lie,*
For countries cause that was content to die.
This saide, alas, he made no more a doe,
But drewe his sword, and sheathde it in his brest.
Cre. No more, I have inough, returne ye nowe
From whence ye came.
Nuncius returneth by the gates Electræ.
Well, since the bloud of my beloved sonne,
Must serve to slake the wrath of angrie *Jove*,
And since his onely death must bring to *Thebes*
A quiet ende of hir unquiet state,
Me thinkes good reason would, that I henceforth
Of *Thebane* soyle should beare the kingly swaye:
Yea sure, and so I will ere it be long,
Either by right, or else by force of armes.
Of al mishap loe here the wicked broode,
My sister first espoused hath hir sonne
That slewe his sire, of whose accursed seede
Two brethren sprang, whose raging hatefull hearts,
By force of boyling yre are bolne so sore
As each do thyrst to sucke the others bloude:
But why do I sustaine the smart hereof?

Why should my bloud be spilt for others gilte?
Oh welcome were that messenger to me
That brought me word of both my nephewes deathes:
Then should it soone be sene in every eye,
Twixt prince and prince what difference would appeare,
Then should experience shewe what griefe it is
To serve the humours of unbridled youth.
Now will I goe for to prepare with speede
The funerals of my yong giltlesse sonne,
The which perhaps may be accompanyed
With th' obsequies of proude *Eteocles*.

Creon goeth out by the gates Homoloydes.

Any messẽger is welcome that bringeth tydings of advancement.

Finis Actus. 4.

CHORUS.

O Blisful concord, bredde in sacred brest
Of him that guides the restlesse rolling sky,
That to the earth for mans assured rest
From heigth of heavens vouchsafest downe to flie,
In thee alone the mightie power doth lie,
With swete accorde to kepe the frouning starres
And every planet else from hurtfull warres.

In thee, in thee such noble vertue bydes,
As may commaund the mightiest Gods to bend,
From thee alone such sugred frendship slydes
As mortall wightes can scarcely comprehend,
To greatest strife thou setst delightfull ende,
O holy peace, by thee are onely founde
The passing joyes that every where abound.

Thou onely thou, through thy celestiall might,
Didst first of al, the heavenly pole devide
From th'olde confused heape that *Chaos* hight:
Thou madste the Sunne, the Moone, and starres to glide,
With ordred course about this world so wide:
Thou hast ordainde *Dan Tytans* shining light,
By dawne of day to chase the darkesome night.

When tract of time returnes the lustie *Ver*,
By thee alone, the buddes and blossomes spring,
The fieldes with floures be garnisht every where,
The blooming trees, aboundant fruite do bring,
The cherefull birds melodiously do sing,
Thou dost appoint, the crop of sommers seede
For mans reliefe, to serve the winters neede.

Thou doest inspire the heartes of princely peeres
By providence, proceeding from above,
In flowring youth to choose their worthie feeres,
With whome they live in league of lasting love,
Till fearefull death doth flitting life remove,
And loke how fast, to death man payes his due,
So fast againe, doste thou his stocke renue.

By thee, the basest thing advaunced is,
Thou everie where, dost graffe such golden peace,
As filleth man, with more than earthly blisse,
The earth by thee, doth yelde hir swete increase
At becke of thee, all bloudy discords cease,
And mightiest Realmes in quiet do remaine,
Wheras thy hand doth holde the royall raine.

But if thou faile, then al things gone to wracke,
The mother then, doth dread hir naturall childe,
Then every towne is subject to the sacke,
Then spotlesse maids, the virgins be defilde,
Then rigor rules, then reason is exilde:
And this, thou wofull *Thebes*, to our great paine,
With present spoile, art likely to sustaine.

Me thinke[s] I heare the wailfull weeping cries
Of wretched dames, in everie coast resound,
Me thinkes I see, how up to heavenly skies
From battred walls, the thundring clappes rebound,
Me thinke[s] I heare, how all things go to ground,
Me thinke[s] I see, how souldiers wounded lye
With gasping breath, and yet they can not dye.

By meanes wherof, oh swete *Meneceus* he,
That gives for countries cause his guiltlesse life,
Of others all, most happy shall he be:
His ghost shall flit from broiles of bloudy strife,
To heavenly blisse, where pleasing joyes be rife:
And would to God, that this his fatall ende
From further plagues, our citie might defend.

O sacred God, give eare unto thy thrall,
That humbly here upon thy name doth call,
O let not now, our faultlesse bloud be spilt,
For hote revenge of any others gilt.

Finis Actus quarti.

Done by F. Kinwelmarshe.

The order of the laste dumbe shewe.

FIrst the Stillpipes sounded a very mournful melody, in which time came upon the Stage a womã clothed in a white garment, on hir head a piller, double faced, the formost face fair & smiling, the other behinde blacke & louring, muffled with a white laune about hir eyes, hir lap ful of Jewelles, sitting in a charyot, hir legges naked, hir fete set upõ a great roũd bal, & beyng drawẽ in by .iiii. noble personages, she led in a string on hir right hand .ii. kings crowned, and in hir lefte hand .ii. poore slaves very meanly attyred. After she was drawen about the stage, she stayed a little, changing the kings unto the left hande & the slaves unto the right hand, taking the crownes from the kings heads she crowned therwith the ii. slaves, & casting the vyle clothes of the slaves upon the kings, she despoyled the kings of their robes, and therwith apparelled the slaves. This done, she was drawen eftsones about the stage in this order, and then departed, leaving unto us a plaine Type or figure of unstable fortune, who dothe oftentimes raise to heigthe of dignitie the vile and unnoble, and in like manner throweth downe frõ the place of promotiõ, even those whõ before she hir selfe had thither advaunced: after hir departure came in Duke *Creon* with foure gentlemen wayting upon him and lamented the death of *Meneceus* his sonne in this maner.

JOCASTA

Actus .[v]. Scena. 1.

CREON. CHORUS.

ALas what shall I do? bemone my selfe?
Or rue the ruine of my Native lande,
About the which such cloudes I see enclosde,
As darker cannot cover dreadfull hell.
With mine own eyes I saw my own deare sonne
All gorde with bloud of his too bloudy brest,
Which he hath shed full like a friend, too deare
To his countrey, and yet a cruell foe
To me, that was his friend and father both.
Thus to him selfe he gaynde a famous name,
And glory great, to me redoubled payne:
Whose haplesse death in my afflicted house,
Hath put suche playnt, as I ne can espie
What comfort might acquiet their distresse.
I hither come my sister for to seeke,
Jocasta, she that might in wofull wise
Amid hir high and overpining cares,
Prepare the baynes for his so wretched corps,
And eke for him that nowe is not in life,
May pay the due that to the dead pertaynes,
And for the honor he did well deserve,
To give some giftes unto infernall Gods.

Cho. My Lorde, your sister is gone forth long since,
Into the campe, and with hir *Antigone*,
Hir daughter deare.

Cre. Into the campe? alas and what to do?

Cho. She understoode, that for this realme foorthwith
Hir sonnes were greed in combate for to joyne.

Cre. Alas, the funerals of my deare sonne
Dismayed me so, that I ne did receive,
Ne seeke to knowe these newe unwelcome newes.
But loe, beholde a playne apparant signe
Of further feares: the furious troubled lookes
Of him that commeth heere so hastilye.

Scena. 2.

NUNCIUS. CREON. CHORUS.

ALas, alas, what shall I doe? alas,
What shriching voyce may serve my wofull wordes?
O wretched I, ten thousande times a wretch,
The messanger of dread and cruell death
Cre. Yet more mishap? and what unhappie newes:
Nun. My Lord, your nephues both have lost their lives.
Cre. Out and alas, to me and to this towne,
Thou doest accompt great ruine and decay,
You royall familie of *Oedipus*:
And heare you this? your liege and soveraigne Lordes
The brethren both are slayne and done to death.
Cho. O cruell newes, most cruell that can come,
O newes that might these stony walles provoke
For tender ruthe to brust in bitter teares,
And so they would, had they the sense of man.
Cesers tears. *Cre.* O worthy yong Lordes, that unworthy were
Of such unworthy death, O me moste wretch.
Nun. More wretched shall ye deeme your selfe, my lord,
When you shall heare of further miserie.
Cre. And can there be more miserie than this?
Nun. With hir deare sonnes the queene hir self is slaine.
Cho. Bewayle ladies, alas good ladies waile,
This harde mischaunce, this cruell common evill,
Ne hencefoorth hope for ever to rejoyce.
Cre. O *Jocasta*, miserable mother,
What haplesse ende thy life alas hath hent?
Percase the heavens purveyed had the same,
Moved therto by the wicked wedlocke
Of *Oedipus* thy sonne yet might thy scuse
But justly made, that knewe not of the crime.
We harken somtime[s] willingly to wofull news. But tell me messanger, oh tell me yet
The death of these two brethren, driven therto,
Not thus all onely by their drearie fate,
But by the banning and the bitter cursse

Of their cruell sire, borne for our annoy,
And here on earth the onely sourse of evill.
Nun. Then know my Lorde, the battell that begonne
Under the walles, was brought to luckie ende.
Eteocles had made his fo[e]men flee
Within their trenches, to their foule reproche:
But herewithall the brethren both straightway
Eche other chalenge foorth into the fielde,
By combate so to stinte their cruell strife,
Who armed thus amid the fielde appeard,
First *Polynice* turning toward Greece
His lovely lookes, gan *Juno* thus beseeche:
O heavenly queene, thou seest, that since the day
I first did wedde *Adrastus* daughter deare,
And stayde in Greece, thy servaunt have I bene:
Then (be it not for mine unworthinesse)
Graunt me this grace, the victorie to winne,
Graunt me, that I with high triumphant hande,
May bathe this blade within my brothers brest:
I know I crave unworthy victorie,
Unworthy triumphes, and unworthy spoyles,
Lo he the cause, my cruell enimie.
The people wept to heare the wofull wordes
Of *Polynice*, foreseeing eke the ende
Of this outrage and cruell combate tane,
Eche man gan looke upon his drouping mate,
With mindes amazed, and trembling hearts for dread,
Whom pitie perced for these youthfull knightes.
Eteocles with eyes up cast to heaven,
Thus sayde:
O mightie *Jove* his daughter graunt to me,
That this right hande with this sharpe armed launce
(Passing amid my brothers cankred brest,)
It may eke pierce that cowarde hart of his,
And so him slea that thus unworthily
Disturbes the quiet of our common weale.
So sayde *Eteocles*, and trumpets blowne,
To sende the summons of their bloudy fighte,
That one the other fiercely did encounter,
Like Lions two yfraught with boyling wrath,

Bothe coucht their launces full agaynst the face,
* would not But heaven it *nolde that there they should them teinte:
Upon the battred shields the mightie speares
Are bothe ybroke, and in a thousande shivers
Amid the ayre flowne up into the heavens:
Beholde agayne, with naked sworde in hande,
Eche one the other furiously assaultes.
Here they of *Thebes*, there stoode the *Greekes* in doubt,
Of whom doth eche man feele more chilling dread,
Least any of the twayne should lose his life,
Than any of the twayne did feele in fight.
Their angry lookes, their deadly daunting blowes,
Might witnesse well, that in their heartes remaynde
As cankred hate, disdayne, and furious moode,
As ever bred in beare or tygers brest.
The first that hapt to hurt was *Polinice*,
Who smote the righte thighe of *Eteocles*:
But as we deeme, the blow was nothing deepe,
Then cryed the Greekes, and lepte with lightned harts,
But streight agayne they helde their peace, for why?
Eteocles gan thrust his wicked sworde
In the lefte arme of unarmed *Pollinice*,
And let the bloud from bare unfenced fleshe,
With falling drops distill upon the ground,
Ne long he stayes, but with an other thrust
His brothers belly boweld with his blade,
Then wretched he, with bridle left at large,
From of his horsse fell pale upon the ground,
Ne long it was, but downe our duke dismountes
From of his startling steede, and runnes in hast,
His brothers haplesse helme for to unlace,
And with such hungry minde desired spoyle,
(As one that thought the fielde already woonne)
That at unwares, his brothers dagger drawne,
And griped fast within the dying hand,
Under his side he recklesse doth receive,
That made the way to his wyde open hart.
Thus falles *Eteocles* his brother by,
From both whose breasts the bloud fast bubling, gave
A sory shewe to Greekes and *Thebanes* both.

Cho. Oh wretched ende of our unhappie Lordes.
Cre. Oh *Oedipus*, I must bewaile the death
Of thy deare sonnes, that were my nephewes both,
But of these blowes thou oughtest feele the smarte,
That with thy wonted prayers, thus hast brought
Such noble blouds to this unnoble end.
But now tell on, what followed of the Queene?
Nun. Whẽ thus with pierced harts, by their owne hands
The brothers fell and wallowed in their bloud,
(That one still tumbling on the others gore)
Came their afflicted mother, then to late,
And eke with hir, chast childe *Antygone*,
Who saw no sooner how their fates had falne,
But with the doubled echo of alas,
She dymmde the ayre with loude complaints and cryes:
Oh sonnes (quod she) too late came all my helpe,
And all to late have I my succour sent:
And with these wordes, upon their carcas colde
She shriched so, as might have stayed the Sunne
To mourne with hir: the wofull sister eke,
(That both hir chekes did bathe in flowing teares)
Out from the depth of hir tormented brest,
With scalding sighes gan draw these weary words,
O my deare brethren, why abandon ye
Our mother deare, when these hir aged yeares,
(That of themselves are weake and growne with griefe,)
Stoode most in neede of your sustaining helpe?
Why doe you leave hir thus disconsolate?
At sounde of such hir weeping long lament,
Eteocles our king helde up his hand,
And sent from bottome of his wofull brest
A doubled sighe, devided with his griefe,
In faithfull token of his feeble will
To recomfort his mother and sister both:
And in [the] steade of sweete contenting words,
The trickling teares raynde downe his paled chekes:
Then claspt his hands, and shut his dying eyes.
But *Polynice*, that turned his rolling eyen
Unto his mother and his sister deare,
With hollow voyce and fumbling toung, thus spake:

Mother, you see how I am now arryved
Unto the h[a]ven of mine unhappie ende:
Now nothing doth remaine to me, but this,
That I lament my sisters life and yours,
Left thus in everlasting woe and griefe:
So am I sory for *Eteocles*,
Who though he were my cruell enimie,
He was your sonne, and brother yet to me:
But since these ghostes of ours must needes go downe
With staggring steppes into the *Stigian* reigne,
I you besech, mother and sister bothe,
Of pitie yet, that you will me procure
A royall tombe within my native realme:
And now shut up with those your tender handes,
These grieffull eyes of mine, whose dazeled light
Shadowes of dreadfull death be come to close.
Now rest in peace, this sayde, he yeelded up
His fainting ghost, that ready was to part.
The mother thus beholding both hir sonnes
Ydone to death, and overcome with dole,
Drewe out the dagger of hir *Pollinice*,
From brothers brest, and gorde therewyth her throte,
Falling betweene hir sonnes:
Then with hir feebled armes, she doth [e]nfolde
Their bodies both, as if for company
Hir uncontented corps were yet content
To passe with them in *Charons* ferrie boate.
When cruell fate had thus with force bereft
The wofull mother and hir two deare sonnes,
All sodenly allarme, allarme, they crye,
And hote conflict began for to aryse
Betwene our armie and our enemyes:
For either part would have the victorye.
A while they did with equall force maintaine
The bloudy fight, at last the Greekes do flie,
Of whom could hardly any one escape,
For in such hugie heapes our men them slew.
The ground was coverde all with carcases:
And of our souldiers, some gan spoyle the dead,
Some other were that parted out the pray,

And some pursuing. *Antigone* toke up
The Queene *Jocasta*, and the brethren both,
Whom in a chariot hither they will bring
Ere long: and thus, although we gotten have
The victory over our enemies,
Yet have we lost much more than we have wonne.
Creon exit.

Cho. O hard mishap, we doe not onely heare
The wearie newes of their untimely death,
But eke we must with wayling eyes beholde
Their bodies deade, for loke where they be brought.

Scena. 3.

ANTIGONE. CHORUS.

MOst bitter plaint, O ladyes, us behoves
Behoveth eke not onely bitter plainte,
But that our heares dyshevylde from our heades
About our shoulders hang, and that our brests
With bouncing blowes be all be battered,
Our gastly faces with our nayles defaced:
Behold, your Queene twixt both hir sonnes lyes slayne,
The Queene whom you did love and honour both,
The Queene that did so tenderly bring up
And nourishe you, eche one like to hir owne,
Now hath she left you all (O cruell hap)
With hir too cruell death in dying dreade,
Pyning with pensifenesse without all helpe.
O weary life, why bydste thou in my breast
And I contented be that these mine eyes
Should see hir dye that gave to me this life,
And I not venge hir death by losse of life?
Who can me give a fountaine made of mone,
That I may weepe as muche as is my will,
To sowsse this sorow up in swelling teares?

Cho. What stony hart could leave for to lament?

Anti. O *Polinice*, now hast thou with thy bloud
Bought all too deare the title to this realme,
That cruell he *Eteocles* thee refte,
And now also hath reft thee of thy life,
Alas, what wicked dede can wrath not doe?
And out alas for mee.
Whyle thou yet livedst, I had a lively hope
To have some noble wight to be my pheere,
By whome I might be crownde a royall Queene:
But now, thy hastie death hath done to dye
This dying hope of mine, that hope hencefoorth
None other wedlocke, but tormenting woe,
If so these trembling hands for cowarde dread
Dare not presume to ende this wretched life.
Cho. Alas deare dame, let not thy raging griefe
Heape one mishap upon anothers head.
Anti. O dolefull day, wherein my sory sire
Was borne, and yet O more unhappie houre
When he was crowned king of stately *Thebes*
The *Hymenei* in unhappie bed,
And wicked wedlocke, wittingly did joyne,
The giltlesse mother with hir giltie sonne,
Out of which roote we be the braunches borne,
To beare the scourge of their so foule offence:
And thou, O father, thou that for this facte,
Haste torne thine eyes from thy tormented head,
Give eare to this, come foorth, and bende thine eare
To bloudie newes, that canst not them beholde:
Happie in that, for if thine eyes could see
Thy sonnes bothe slayne, and even betweene them bothe
Thy wife and mother dead, bathed and imbrude
All in one bloud, then wouldst thou dye for dole,
And so might ende all our unluckie stocke.
But most unhappie nowe, that lacke of sighte
Shall linger life within thy lucklesse brest,
And still tormented in suche miserie,
Shall alwayes dye, bicause thou canst not dye.

Oedipus entreth.

Scena. 4.

OEDIPUS. ANTIGONE. CHORUS.

WHy dost thou call out of this darkesome denne,
(The lustlesse lodge of my lamenting yeres,)
(O daughter deare) thy fathers blinded eyes,
Into the light I was not worthy of?
Or what suche sight (O cruell destenie)
Without tormenting cares might I beholde,
That image am of deathe and not of man?

Anti. O father mine, I bring unluckie newes
Unto your eares, your sonnes are nowe both slayne,
Ne doth your wife (that wonted was to guyde
So piteously your staylesse stumbling steppes)
Now see this light, alas and welaway.

Oed. O heape of infinite calamities,
And canst thou yet encrease when I thought least
That any griefe more great could grow in thee?
But tell me yet, what kinde of cruell death
Had these three sory soules?

Anti. Without offence to speake, deare father mine,
The lucklesse lotte, the frowarde frowning fate
That gave you life to ende your fathers life,
Have ledde your sonnes to reave eche others life.

Oed. Of them I thought no lesse, but tell me yet
What causelesse death hath caught from me my deare,
(What shall I call hir) mother or my wife?

Anti. When as my mother sawe hir deare sonnes dead,
As pensive pangs had prest hir tender heart,
With bloudlesse cheekes and gastly lookes she fell,
Drawing the dagger from *Eteocles* side,
She gorde hirselfe with wide recurelesse wounde:
And thus, without mo words, gave up the ghost,
Embracing both hir sonnes with both hir armes.
In these affrightes this frosen heart of mine,
By feare of death maynteines my dying life.

Cho. This drearie day is cause of many evils,
Poore *Oedipus*, unto thy progenie,
The Gods yet graunt it may become the cause
Of better happe to this afflicted realme.

Scena. 5.

CREON. OEDIPUS. ANTIGONE.

GOod Ladies leave your bootelesse vayne complaynt,
Leave to lament, cut off your wofull cryes,
High time it is as now for to provide
The funerals for the renowmed king:
And thou *Oedipus* hearken to my wordes,
And know thus muche, that for thy daughters dower,
Antigone with *Hemone* shall be wedde.
Thy sonne our king not long before his death
Assigned hath the kingdome should descende
To me, that am his mothers brother borne,
And so the same might to my sonne succeede.
Now I that am the lorde and king of *Thebes*,
Will not permit that thou abide therein:
Ne marvell yet of this my heady will,
Ne blame thou me, for why, the heavens above
(Which onely rule the rolling life of man,)
Have so ordeynde, and that my words be true,
Tyresias he that knoweth things to come,
By trustie tokens hath foretolde the towne,
That while thou didst within the walles remayne,
It should be plagued still with penurie:
Wherfore departe, and thinke not that I speake
These wofull wordes for hate I beare to thee,
But for the weale of this afflicted realme.

Oedipus. O foule accursed fate, that hast me bredde
To beare the burthen of the miserie
Of this colde death, which we accompt for life:
Before my birth my father understoode
I should him slea, and scarcely was I borne,
When he me made a pray for savage beastes.
But what? I slew him yet, then caught the crowne,
And last of all defilde my mothers bedde,
By whom I have this wicked ofspring got:
And to this heinous crime and filthy facte
The heavens have from highe enforced me,

Agaynst whose doome no counsell can prevayle.
Thus hate I now my life, and last of all,
Lo by the newes of this so cruell death
Of bothe my sonnes and deare beloved wife,
Mine angrie constellation me commaundes
Withouten eyes to wander in mine age,
When these my weery, weake, and crooked limmes
Have greatest neede to crave their quiet rest.
O cruell *Creon*, wilt thou slea me so,
For cruelly thou doste but murther me,
Out of my kingdome now to chase me thus:
Yet can I not with humble minde beseeche
Thy curtesie, ne fall before thy feete.
Let fortune take from me these worldly giftes,
She can not conquere this courageous heart,
That never yet could well be overcome,
To force me yeelde for feare to villanie:
Do what thou canst I will be *Oedipus*.
Cre. So hast thou reason *Oedipus*, to say,
And for my parte I would thee counsell eke,
Still to maynteine the high and hawtie minde,
That hath bene ever in thy noble heart:
For this be sure, if thou wouldst kisse these knees,
And practise eke by prayer to prevayle,
No pitie coulde persuade me to consent
That thou remayne one onely houre in *Thebes*.
And nowe, prepare you worthie Citizens,
The funeralls that duely doe pertayne
Unto the Queene, and to *Eteocles*,
And eke for them provide their stately tombes.
But *Pollynice*, as common enimie
Unto his countrey, carrie foorth his corps
Out of the walles, ne none so hardie be
On peine of death his bodie to engrave,
But in the fieldes let him unburied lye,
Without his honour, and without complaynte,
An open praie for savage beastes to spoyle.
And thou *Antigone*, drie up thy teares,
Plucke up thy sprites, and cheere thy harmelesse hearte
To mariage: for ere these two dayes passe,

Thou shalt espouse *Hemone* myne onely heire.
Antig. Father, I see us wrapt in endlesse woe,
And nowe muche more doe I your state lamente,
Than these that nowe be dead, not that I thinke
Theyr greate missehappes too little to bewayle,
But this, that you (you onely) doe surpasse
All wretched wightes that in this worlde remayne.
But you my Lorde, why banishe you with wrong
My father thus out of his owne perforce?
And why will you denye these guiltlesse bones
Of *Polinice*, theyr grave in countrey soyle?
Creon. So would not I, so woulde *Eteocles.*
Anti. He cruel was, you fonde to hold his hestes.
Creon. Is then a fault to doe a kings cõmaund?
Anti. When his cõmaunde is cruell and unjust.
Creon. Is it unjust that he unburied be?
Anti. He not deserv'd so cruel punishment.
Creon. He was his countreys cruell enimie.
Anti. Or else was he that helde him from his right.
Cre. Bare he not armes against his native land?
Anti. Offendeth he that sekes to winne his owne?
Cre. In spite of thee he shall unburied be.
Anti. In spite of thee these hands shall burie him.
Cre. And with him eke then will I burie thee.
Anti. So graunt the gods, I get none other grave,
Then with my *Polinices* deare to rest.
Cre. Go sirs, lay holde on hir, and take hir in.
Anti. I will not leave this corps unburied.
Cre. Canst thou undoe the thing that is decreed?
Anti. A wicked foule decree to wrong the dead.
Cre. The ground ne shall ne ought to cover him.
Anti. *Creon*, yet I beseche thee for the love,
Cre. Away I say, thy prayers not prevaile.
Anti. That thou didst beare *Jocasta* in hir life,
Cre. Thou dost but waste thy words amid the wind.
Anti. Yet graunt me leave to washe his wounded corps.
Cre. It can not be that I should graunt thee so.
Anti. O my deare *Polinice*, this tirant yet
She sheweth ye frutes of true kyndly love.
With all his w[r]longfull force can not fordoe,
But I will kisse these colde pale lippes of thine,

And washe thy wounds with my waymenting teares.
Cre. O simple wench, O fonde and foolishe girle,
Beware, beware, thy teares do not foretell
Some signe of hard mishap unto thy mariage.
Anti. No, no, for *Hemone* will I never wed.
Cre. Dost thou refuse the mariage of my sonne?
Anti. I will nor him, nor any other wed.
Cre. Against thy will then must I thee constraine.
Anti. If thou me force, I sweare thou shalt repent.
Cre. What canst thou cause that I should once repent?
Anti. With bloudy knife I can this knot unknit.
Cre. And what a foole were thou to kill thy selfe?
Anti. I will ensue some worthie womans steppes.
Cre. Speake out *Antigone*, that I may heare.
Anti. This hardie hande shall soone dispatch his life.
Cre. O simple foole, and darste thou be so bolde?
Anti. Why should I dread to do so doughtie deed?
Cre. And wherfore dost thou wedlocke so despise?
Anti. In cruel exile for to folow him. (*pointing to Oedipus*
Cre. What others might beseeme, beseemes not thee.
Anti. If neede require with him eke will I die.
Cre. Departe, departe, and with thy father die,
Rather than kill my childe with bloudie knife:
Go hellish monster, go out of the towne.

Creon exit.

Oed. Daughter, I must commende thy noble heart.
Anti. Father, I will not live in companie
And you alone wander in wildernesse.
The duty of a childe truly perfourmed.
Oed. O yes deare daughter, leave thou me alone
Amid my plagues: be merrie while thou maist.
Anti. And who shal guide these aged feete of yours,
That banisht bene, in blinde necessitie?
Oed. I will endure, as fatal lot me drives:
Resting these crooked sorie sides of mine
Where so the heavens shall lend me harborough.
And in exchange of rich and stately towers,
The woodes, the wildernesse, the darkesome dennes,
Shall be the bowre of mine unhappie bones.
Anti. O father now where is your glorie gone?
„ *Oed.* One happie day did raise me to renoune,

„ One haplesse day hath throwne mine honour doune.
Anti. Yet will I beare a part of your mishappes.
Oed. That sitteth not amid thy pleasant yeares.
„ *Anti.* Deare father yes, let youth give place to age.
Oed. Where is thy moother? let me touch hir face,
That with these handes I may yet feele the harme
That these blinde eyes forbid me to beholde.
Anti. Here father, here hir corps, here put your hande.
Oed. O wife, O moother, O both wofull names,
O wofull mother, and O wofull wyfe,
O woulde to God, alas, O woulde to God
Thou nere had bene my mother, nor my wyfe.
But where lye nowe the paled bodies two,
Of myne unluckie sonnes, Oh where be they?
Anti. Lo here they lye one by an other deade.
Oedip. Stretch out this hand, dere daughter, stretch this hande
Upon their faces.
Anti. Loe father, here, lo, nowe you touche them both.
Oedi. O bodies deare, O bodies dearely boughte
Unto your father, bought with high missehap.
Anti. O lovely name of my deare *Pollinice*,
Why can I not of cruell *Creon* crave,
Ne with my death nowe purchase thee a grave?
Oedi. Nowe commes *Apollos* oracle to passe,
That I in *Athens* towne should end my dayes:
And since thou doest, O daughter myne, desire
In this exile to be my wofull mate,
Lende mee thy hande, and let us goe togither.
Anti. Loe, here all prest my deare beloved father,
A feeble guyde, and eke a simple scowte,
To passe the perills in a doubtfull waye.
Oedi. Unto the wretched, be a wretched guyde.
Anti. In this all onely equall to my father.
Oedi. And where shall I sette foorth my trembling feete?
O reache mee yet some surer staffe, to steye
My staggryng pace amidde these wayes unknowne.
She giveth him a staffe, and stayeth hym hir self also.
Anti. Here father here, and here set forth your feete.
Oedi. Nowe can I blame none other for my harmes
But secrete spight of foredecreed fate,
Thou arte the cause, that crooked, olde and blynde,

I am exilde farre from my countrey soyle,
And suffer dole that I ought not endure.
„ *Anti.* O father, father, Justice lyes on sleepe,
„ Ne doth regarde the wrongs of wretchednesse,
„ Ne princes swelling pryde it doth redresse.
Oedi. O carefull caytife, howe am I nowe changd
From that I was? I am that *Oedipus*,
That whylome had triumphant victorie,
And was bothe dread and honored eke in *Thebes*:
But nowe (so pleaseth you my frowarde starres)
Downe headlong hurlde in depth of myserie,
So that remaynes of *Oedipus* no more
As nowe in mee, but even the naked name,
And lo, this image, that resembles more
Shadowes of death, than shape of *Oedipus*.
Antig. O father, nowe forgette the pleasaunt dayes
And happie lyfe that you did whylom leade,
The muse whereof redoubleth but you[r] griefe:
Susteyne the smarte of these your present paynes
With pacience, that best may you preserve.
Lo where I come, to live and die with you,
Not (as sometymes) the daughter of a king,
But as an abject nowe in povertie,
That you, by presence of suche faithfull guide,
May better beare the wrecke of miserie.
Oedi. O onely comforte of my cruell happe.
Anti. Your daughters pitie is but due to you:
Woulde God I might as well ingrave the corps
Of my deare *Pollinice*, but I ne maye,
And that I can not, doubleth all my dole.
Oedi. This thy desire, that is both good and juste,
Imparte to some that be thy trustie frendes,
Who movde with pitie, maye procure the same.
„ *Anti.* Beleeve me father, when dame fortune frownes,
„ Be fewe that fynde trustie companions.
Oedi. And of those fewe, yet one of those am I:
Wherefore, goe we nowe daughter, leade the waye
Into the stonie rockes and highest hilles,
Where fewest trackes of steppings may be spyde.
„ Who once hath sit in chaire of dignitie,

Justice sleepeth.

A Glasse for brittel Beuti and for lusty limmes.

„ May shame to shewe himselfe in miserie.
Anti. From thee, O countrey, am I forst to parte,
Despoiled thus in flower of my youth,
And yet I leave within my enimies rule,
Ismene my infortunate sister.
Oed. Deare citizens, beholde your Lord and King
That *Thebes* set in quiet government,
Now as you see, neglected of you all,
And in these ragged ruthfull weedes bewrapt,
Ychased from his native countrey soyle,
Betakes himself (for so this tirant will)
To everlasting banishment: but why
Do I lament my lucklesse lot in vaine?
„ Since every man must beare with quiet minde,
„ The fate that heavens have earst to him assignde.

A mirrour for Magistrates.

CHORUS.

EXample here, loe take by *Oedipus*,
You Kings and Princes in prosperitie,
And every one that is desirous
To sway the seate of worldlie dignitie,
How fickle tis to trust in Fortunes whele:
For him whome now she hoyseth up on hie,
If so he chaunce on any side to reele,
She hurles him downe in twinkling of an eye:
And him againe, that grovleth nowe on ground,
And lieth lowe in dungeon of dispaire,
Hir whirling wheele can heave up at a bounde,
And place aloft in stay of statelie chaire.
As from the Sunne the Moone withdrawes hir face,
So might of man doth yeelde dame Fortune place.

Finis Actus quinti. Done by G. Gascoigne.

EPILOGUS

LO here the fruit of high aspiring minde,
Who weenes to mount above the mooving Skies:
Lo here the trap that titles proud do finde,
See, ruine growes, when most we reach to rise:
Sweete is the name, and statelie is the raigne
Of kinglie rule, and swey of royall seate,
But bitter is the tast of Princes gaine,
When climbing heades do hunte for to be great.
Who would forecast the banke of restlesse toyle,
Ambitious wightes do freight their brestes withall,
The growing cares, the feares of dreadfull foyle,
To yll successe that on such flightes doth fall,
He would not streyne his practize to atchieve
The largest limits of the mightiest states.
But oh, what fansies sweete do still relieve
The hungrie humor of these swelling hates?
What poyson sweet inflameth high desire?
Howe soone the hautie heart is pufft with pride?
Howe soone is thirst of sceptre set on fire?
Howe soone in rising mindes doth mischief slide?
What bloudie sturres doth glut of honor breede?
Thambitious sonne doth oft surpresse his sire:
Where natures power unfained love should spread,
There malice raignes and reacheth to be higher.
O blinde unbridled search of Sovereintie,
O tickle traine of evill attayned state,
O fonde desire of princelie dignitie,
Who climbes too soone, he ofte repentes too late.
The golden meane, the happie doth suffise,
They leade the posting day in rare delight,
They fill (not feede) their uncontented eyes,
They reape such rest as doth beguile the [n]ight,
They not envie the pompe of haughtie traine,
Ne dreade the dinte of proude usurping swoorde,
But plaste alowe, more sugred joyes attaine,
Than swaye of loftie Scepter can afoorde.

EPILOGUS

Cease to aspire then, cease to soare so hie,
And shunne the plague that pierceth noble breastes.
To glittring courtes what fondnesse is to flie,
When better state in baser Towers rests?

Finis Epilogi. Done by Chr. Yelverton.

NOte (Reader) that there were in *Thebes* fowre principall gates, wherof the chief and most commonly used were the gates called *Electræ* and the gates *Homolaydes*. Thys I have thought good to explane: as also certẽ words which are not cõmon in use are noted and expounded in the margent. I did begin those notes at request of a gentlewoman who understode not poëtycall words or termes. I trust those and the rest of my notes throughout the booke, shall not be hurtfull to any Reader.

The Frute of reconciliation,

Written uppon a reconciliation betwene two freendes.

THe hatefull man that heapeth in his mynde,
Cruell revenge of wronges forepast and done,
May not (with ease) ye pleasaunt pathway finde,
Of friendly verse which I have now begone,
Unlesse at first his angry brest untwinde,
The crooked knot which canckred choller knit,
And then recule with reconciled grace.
Likewise I finde it sayde in holy write,
If thou entend to turne thy fearefull face,
To God above: make thyne agreement yet,
First with thy Brother whom thou didst abuse,
Confesse thy faultes, thy frowardnesse and all,
So that the Lord thy prayer not refuse.
When I consider this, and then the brall,
Which raging youth (I will not me excuse)
Did whilome breede in mine unmellowed brayne,
I thought it meete before I did assay,
To write in ryme the double golden gayne,
Of amitie: first yet to take away
The grutch of grief, as thou doest me constrayne,
By due desert whereto I now must yeeld,
And drowne for aye in depth of *Lethes* lake,
Disdaynefull moodes whom frendship cannot weelde:
Pleading for peace which for my parte I make
Of former strife, and henceforth let us write
The pleasant fruites of faythfull friends delight.

Si fortunatus infœlix.

Two gentlemen did run three courses at the Ring for one kisse to be takē of a fair gentlewoman being then present, with this condicion, that the winner should have the kisse, and the loser be bound to write some verses upon the gaine or losse therof. Now it fortuned that the winner triumphed, saying, he much lamented that in youth he had not seen the warres. Whereupon the loser compyled these following, in discharge of the condition above rehearsed.

THis vaine availe which thou by *Mars* hast woonne,
Should not allure thy flitting minde to feelde,
Where sturdie steeds in depth of dangers roonne,
By guttes wel gnawen by clappes that Canons yeelde.
Where faithlesse friendes by warrefare waxen ware,
And runne to him that giveth best rewarde:
No feare of lawes can cause them for to care,
But robbe and reave, and steale without regarde,
The fathers coate, the brothers steede from stall:
The deare friendes purse shall picked be for pence,
The native soile, the parentes left and all,
With *Tant tra tant*, the Campe is marching hence.
But when bare beggrie bidds them to beware,
And late repentance rules them to retire,
Like hivelesse Bees they wander here and there,
And hang on them who (earst) did dreade their ire.
This cut throte life (me seemes) thou shouldst not like,
And shunne the happie haven of meane estate:
High *Jove* (perdy) may sende what thou doest seeke,
And heape up poundes within thy quiet gate.
Nor yet I would that thou shouldst spende thy dayes
In idlenesse to teare a golden time:
Like countrey loutes, which compt none other praise,
But grease a sheepē, and learne to serve the swine.
In vaine were then the giftes which nature lent,
If *Pan* so presse to passe dame *Pallas* lore:
But my good friende, let thus thy youth be spent,
Serve God thy Lord, and prayse him evermore.
Search out the skill which learned bookes do teach,
And serve in feeld when shadowes make thee sure:
Hold with the head, and row not past thy reach.

But plead for peace which plenty may procure.
And (for my life) if thou canst run this race,
Thy bagges of coyne will multiply apace.

Si fortunatus infœlix.

Not long after the writing hereof: he departed from the company of his sayd friend (whom he entirely loved) into the west of Englande, and feeling himselfe so consumed by womens craft that he doubted of a safe returne: wrote before his departure as followeth.

THe feeble thred which *Lachesis* hath sponne,
To drawe my dayes in short abode with thee,
Hath wrought a webbe which now (welneare) is donne,
The wale is worne: and (all to late) I see
That lingring life doth dally but in vaine,
For *Atropos* will cut the twist in twaine.

I not discerne what life but lothsome were,
When faithfull friends are kept in twayne by want:
Nor yet perceive what pleasure doth appeere,
To deepe desires where good successe is skant.
Such spight yet showes dame fortune (if she frowne,)
The haughty harts in high mishaps to drowne.

Hot be the flames which boyle in friendly mindes,
Cruell the care and dreadfull is the doome:
Slipper the knot which tract of time untwynds,
Hatefull the life and welcome were the toome.
Blest were the day which might devoure such youth,
And curst the want that seekes to choke such trueth.

This wayling verse I bathe in flowing teares,
And would my life might end with these my lines:
Yet strive I not to force into thine eares,
Such fayned plaints as fickell faith resignes.
But high forsight in dreames hath stopt my breath,
And causde the Swanne to sing before his death.

For lo these naked walles do well declare,
My latest leave of thee I taken have:
And unknowne coastes which I must seeke with care
Do well divine that there shalbe my grave:
There shall my death make many for to mone,
Skarce knowne to them, well knowne to thee alone.

This bowne of thee (as last request) I crave,
When true report shall sounde my death with fame:
Vouchsafe yet then to go unto my grave,
And there first write my byrth and then my name:
And how my life was shortned many yeares,
By womens wyles as to the world appeares.

And in reward of graunt to this request,
Permit O God my toung these woordes to tell:
(When as his pen shall write upon my chest)
With shriking voyce mine owne deare friend farewell:
No care on earth did seeme so much to me,
As when my corps was forst to part from thee.

Si fortunatus infœlix.

He wrote to the same friend from Excester, this Sonet following.

A Hundreth sonnes (in course but not in kind)
Can witnesse well that I possesse no joye:
The feare of death which fretteth in my mind
Consumes my hart with dread of darke anoye.
And for eche sonne a thousand broken sleepes
Devide my dreames with fresh recourse of cares:
The youngest sister sharpe hir sheare she keepes,
To cut my thred, and thus my life it weares.
Yet let such daies, such thousand restlesse nights,
Spit forth their spite, let fates eke showe their force:
Deathes daunting dart where so his buffet lights,
Shall shape no change within my friendly corse:
But dead or live, in heaven, in earth, in hell
I wilbe thine where so my carkase dwell.

Si fortunatus infœlix.

He wrote to the same friend from Founteine belle eaü in Fraunce, this Sonnet in commendation of the said house of Fountaine bel'eaü.

NOt stately *Troye* though *Priam* yet did live,
Could now compare *Founteine bel'eaü* to passe:
Nor *Syrian* towers, whose loftie steppes did strive,
To climbe the throne where angry *Saturne* was,
For outward shew the ports are of such price,
As skorne the cost which Cesar spilt in Rome:
Such works within as stayne the rare devise,
Which whilome he *Apelles* wrought on toome.
Swift *Tiber* floud which fed the Romayne pooles,
Puddle to this where Christall melts in streames,
The pleasaunt place where *Muses* kept their schooles,
(Not parcht with *Phœbe*, nor banisht from his beames)
Yeeld to those Dames, nor sight, nor fruite, nor smell,
Which may be thought these gardens to excell.

Si fortunatus infœlix.

He wrote unto a Skotish Dame whom he chose for his Mistresse in the French Court, as followeth.

LAdy receyve, receive in gracious wise,
This ragged verse, these rude ill skribled lines:
Too base an object for your heavenly eyes,
For he that writes his freedome (lo) resignes
Into your handes: and freely yeelds as thrall
His sturdy necke (earst subject to no yoke)
But bending now, and headlong prest to fall,
Before your feete, such force hath beauties stroke.
Since then mine eyes (which skornd our English dames)
In forrayne courtes have chosen you for fayre,
Let be this verse true token of my flames,
And do not drench your owne in deepe dispayre.
Onely I crave (as I nill change for new)
That you vouchsafe to thinke your servaunt trew.

Si fortunatus infœlix.

A Sonet written in prayse of the browne beautie, compiled for the love of Mistresse E. P. as foloweth.

THe thriftles thred which pampred beauty spinnes,
In thraldom binds the foolish gazing eyes:
As cruell Spiders with their crafty ginnes,
In worthlesse webbes doe snare the simple Flies.
The garments gay, the glittring golden gite,
The tysing talk which flowes from *Pallas* pooles:
The painted pale, the (too much) red made white,
Are smiling baytes to fishe for loving fooles.
But lo, when eld in toothlesse mouth appeares,
And hoary heares in steede of beauties blaze:
Then had I wist, doth teach repenting yeares,
The tickle track of craftie *Cupides* maze.
Twixt faire and foule therfore, twixt great and small,
A lovely nutbrowne face is best of all.

Si fortunatus infœlix.

Now to begin with another man, take these verses written to be sent with a ryng, wherein were engraved a Partrich in a Merlines foote.

THe Partridge in the pretie Merlines foote,
Who feeles hir force supprest with fearfulnesse,
And findes that strength nor strife can do hir boote,
To scape the danger of hir deepe distresse:
These wofull wordes may seeme for to reherse
Which I must write in this waymenting verse.

What helpeth now (sayeth she) dame natures skill,
To die my feathers like the dustie ground?
Or what prevayles to lend me winges at will
Which in the ayre can make my bodie bound?
Since from the earth the dogges me drave perforce,
And now aloft the Hauke hath caught my corse.

If chaunge of colours, could not me convey,
Yet mought my wings have scapt the dogges despite:
And if my wings did fayle to flie away,
Yet mought my strength resist the Merlines might.
But nature made the Merline mee to kill,
And me to yeeld unto the Merlines will.

My lot is like (deere Dame) beleve me well,
The quiet life which I full closely kept,
Was not content in happie state to dwell,
But forth in hast to gaze on thee it lept.
Desire thy dogge did spring me up in hast,
Thou wert the Hauke, whose tallents caught me fast.

What should I then, seeke meanes to flie away?
Or strive by force, to breake out of thy feete?
No, no, perdie, I may no strength assay,
To strive with thee ywis, it were not meete.
Thou art that Hauke, whom nature made to hent me,
And I the Byrd, that must therewith content me.

And since Dame nature hath ordayned so,
Hir happie hest I gladly shall embrace:
I yeeld my will, although it were to wo,
I stand content to take my griefe for grace:
And seale it up within my secrete hart,
Which seale receive, as token of my smart.

Spræta tamen vivunt.

A loving Lady being wounded in the spring time, and now galded eftsones with the remembrance of the spring, doth therfore thus bewayle.

THis tenth of March when *Aries* receyvd,
Dame *Phœbus* rayes, into his horned head:
And I my selfe, by learned lore perceyv'd,
That *Ver* approcht, and frostie winter fled:
I crost the *Thames*, to take the cherefull ayre,
In open feeldes, the weather was so fayre.

And as I rowed, fast by the further shore,
I heard a voyce, which seemed to lament:
Whereat I stay'd, and by a stately dore,
I left my Boate, and up on land I went:
Till at the last by lasting paine I found,
The wofull wight, which made this dolefull sound.

In pleasant garden (placed all alone)
I sawe a Dame, who sat in weary wise,
With scalding sighes, she uttred all hir mone,
The ruefull teares, downe rayned from hir eyes:
Hir lowring head, full lowe on hand she layde,
On knee hir arme: and thus this Lady sayde.

Alas (quod she) behold eche pleasaunt greene,
Will now renew his sommers livery,
The fragrant flowers, which have not long bene seene,
Will florish now, (ere long) in bravery:
The tender buddes, whom colde hath long kept in,
Will spring and sproute, as they do now begin.

But I (alas) within whose mourning minde,
The graffes of grief, are onely given to growe,
Cannot enjoy the spring which others finde,
But still my will, must wither all in woe:
The cold of care, so nippes my joyes at roote,
No sunne doth shine, that well can do them boote.

The lustie *Ver*, which whilome might exchange
My griefe to joy, and then my joyes encrease,
Springs now elsewhere, and showes to me but strange,
My winters woe, therefore can never cease:
In other coasts, his sunne full cleare doth shine,
And comforts lends to ev'ry mould but mine.

What plant can spring, that feeles no force of *Ver*?
What floure can florish, where no sunne doth shine?
These Bales (quod she) within my breast I beare,
To breake my barke, and make my pith to pine:
Needes must I fall, I fade both roote and rinde,
My braunches bowe at blast of ev'ry winde.

This sayde: shee cast a glance and spied my face,
By sight whereof, Lord how she chaunged hew?
So that for shame, I turned backe apace
And to my home, my selfe in hast I drew:
And as I could hir wofull wordes reherse,
I set them downe in this waymenting verse.

Now Ladies you, that know by whom I sing,
And feele the winter, of such frozen wills:
Of curtesie, yet cause this noble spring,
To send his sunne, above the highest hilles:
And so to shyne, uppon hir fading sprayes,
Which now in woe, do wyther thus alwayes.

Spræta tamen vivunt.

An absent Dame thus complayneth.

MUch like the seely Byrd, which close in Cage is pent,
So sing I now, not notes of joye, but layes of deep lament.
And as the hooded Hauke, which heares the Partrich spring,
Who though she feele hir self fast tied, yet beats her bating wing:
So strive I now to shewe, my feeble forward will,
Although I know my labour lost, to hop against the Hill.
The droppes of darke disdayne, did never drench my hart,
For well I know I am belov'd, if that might ease my smart.
Ne yet the privy coales, of glowing jellosie,
Could ever kindle needlesse feare, within my fantasie.
The rigor of repulse, doth not renew my playnt,
Nor choyce of change doth move my mone, nor force me thus to faint.
Onely that pang of payne, which passeth all the rest,
And cankerlike doth fret the hart, within the giltlesse brest.
Which is if any bee, most like the panges of death,
That present grief now gripeth me, and strives to stop my breath.
When friendes in mind may meete, and hart in hart embrace,
And absent yet are faine to playne, for lacke of time and place:
Then may I compt their love, like seede that soone is sowen,
Yet lacking droppes of heavẽly dew, with weedes is overgrowẽ.

The Greyhound is agreev'd, although he see his game,
If stil in slippe he must be stayde, when he would chase the same.
So fares it now by me, who know my selfe belov'd
Of one the best, in eche respect, that ever yet was prov'd.
But since my lucklesse lot, forbids me now to taste,
The dulcet fruites of my delight, therfore in woes I wast.
And Swallow like I sing, as one enforced so,
Since others reape the gaineful crop, which I with pain did sow.
Yet you that marke my song, excuse my Swallowes voyce,
And beare with hir unpleasant tunes, which cannot wel rejoyce.
Had I or lucke in love, or lease of libertie, (would be.
Then should you heare some sweeter notes, so cleere my throte
But take it thus in gree, and marke my playnsong well,
No hart feeles so much hurt, as that, which doth in absence dwell.

Spræta tamen vivunt.

In prayse of a Countesse.

DEsire of Fame would force my feeble skill,
To prayse a Countesse by hir dew desert:
But dread of blame holds backe my forward will,
And quencht the coales which kindled in my hart.
Thus am I plongd twene dread and deepe desire,
To pay the dew which dutie doth require.

And when I call the mighty Gods in ayd
To further forth some fine invention:
My bashefull spirits be full ill afrayd
To purchase payne by my presumption.
Such malice reignes (sometimes) in heavenly minds,
To punish him that prayseth as he finds.

For *Pallas* first, whose filed flowing skill,
Should guyde my pen some pleasant words to write,
With angry mood hath fram'd a froward will,
To dashe devise as oft as I endite.
For why? if once my Ladies gifts were knowne,
Pallas should loose the prayses of hir owne.

And bloudy *Mars* by chaunge of his delight
Hath made *Joves* daughter now mine enemie:
In whose conceipt my Countesse shines so bright,
That *Venus* pines for burning jelousie:
She may go home to *Vulcane* now agayne,
For *Mars* is sworne to be my Ladies swayne.

Of hir bright beames Dan *Phœbus* stands in dread,
And shames to shine within our Horizon:
Dame *Cynthia* holds in hir horned head,
For feare to loose by like comparison:
Lo thus shee lives, and laughes them all to skorne,
Countesse on earth, in heaven a Goddesse borne.

And I sometimes hir servaunt, now hir friend,
Whom heaven and earth for hir (thus) hate and blame:
Have yet presumde in friendly wise to spend,
This ragged verse, in honor of hir name;
A simple gift compared by the skill,
Yet what may seeme so deere as such good will.

Meritum petere, grave.

The Lover declareth his affection, togither with the cause thereof.

WHen first I thee beheld in colours black and white,
Thy face in forme wel framde wt favor blooming stil:
My burning brest in cares did choose his chief delight,
With pen to painte thy prayse, contrary to my skill:
Whose worthinesse compar'd with this my rude devise,
I blush and am abasht, this worke to enterprise.

But when I call to mind thy sundry gifts of grace,
Full fraught with maners meeke in happy quiet mind:
My hasty hand forthwith doth scribble on apace,
Least willing hart might thinke, it ment to come behind:
Thus do both hand and hart these carefull meetres use,
Twixt hope and trembling feare, my duetie to excuse.

Wherfore accept these lines, and banish darke disdayne,
Be sure they come from one that loveth thee in chief:
And guerdon me thy friend in like with love agayne,
So shalt thou well be sure to yeeld me such relief,
As onely may redresse my sorrowes and my smart:
For proofe whereof I pledge (deare Dame) to thee my hart.

Meritum petere, grave.

A Lady being both wronged by false suspect, and also wounded by the durance of hir husband, doth thus bewray hir grief.

GIve me my Lute in bed now as I lie,
And lock the doores of mine unluckie bower:
So shall my voyce in mournefull verse discrie
The secrete smart which causeth me to lower:
Resound you walles an Eccho to my mone,
And thou cold bed wherein I lie alone,
Beare witnesse yet what rest thy Lady takes,
When other sleepe which may enjoy their makes.

In prime of youth when *Cupide* kindled fire,
And warmd my will with flames of fervent love:
To further forth the fruite of my desire,
My freends devisde this meane for my behove.
They made a match according to my mind,
And cast a snare my fansie for to blind:
Short tale to make: the deede was almost donne,
Before I knew which way the worke begonne.

And with this lot I did my selfe content,
I lent a liking to my parents choyse:
With hand and hart I gave my free consent,
And hung in hope for ever to rejoyce.
I liv'd and lov'd long time in greater joy,
Than shee which held king *Priams* sonne of *Troy*:
But three lewd lots have chang'd my heaven to hell
And those be these, give eare and marke them well.

First slaunder he, which alwayes beareth hate,
To happy harts in heavenly state that bide:

Gan play his part to stirre up some debate,
Whereby suspect into my choyse might glide.
And by his meanes the slime of false suspect,
Did (as I feare) my dearest friend infect.
Thus by these twayn long was I plungd in paine,
Yet in good hope my hart did still remaine.

But now (aye me) the greatest grief of all,
(Sound loud my Lute, and tell it out my toong)
The hardest hap that ever might befall,
The onely cause wherfore this song is soong,
Is this alas: my love, my Lord, my Roy,
My chosen pheare, my gemme, and all my joye,
Is kept perforce out of my dayly sight,
Whereby I lacke the stay of my delight.

In loftie walles, in strong and stately towers,
(With troubled minde in solitary sorte,)
My lovely Lord doth spend his dayes and howers,
A weary life devoyde of all disport.
And I poore soule must lie here all alone,
To tyre my trueth, and wound my will with mone:
Such is my hap to shake my blooming time,
With winters blastes before it passe the prime.

Now have you heard the summe of all my grief,
Whereof to tell my hart (oh) rends in twayne:
Good Ladies yet lend you me some relief,
And beare a parte to ease me of my payne.
My sortes are such, that waying well my trueth,
They might provoke the craggy rocks to rueth,
And move these walles with teares for to lament,
The lothsome life wherein my youth is spent.

But thou my Lute, be still, now take thy rest,
Repose thy bones uppon this bed of downe:
Thou hast dischargd some burden from my brest,
Wherefore take thou my place, here lie thee downe.
And let me walke to tyre my restlesse minde,
Untill I may entreate some curteous winde
To blow these wordes unto my noble make,
That he may see I sorow for his sake.

Meritum petere, grave.

A Riddle.

A Lady once did aske of me,
This preatie thing in privitie:
Good sir (quod she) faine would I crave,
One thing which you your selfe not have:
Nor never had yet in times past,
Nor never shall while life doth last.
And if you seeke to find it out,
You loose your labour out of doubt:
Yet if you love me as you say,
Then give it me, for sure you may.

Meritum petere, grave.

The shield of Love. &c.

L'*Escü d'amour*, the shield of perfect love,
The shield of love, the force of stedfast faith,
The force of faith which never will remove,
But standeth fast, to bide the brunts of death:
That trustie targe, hath long borne off the blowes,
And broke the thrusts, which absence at me throwes.

In dolefull dayes I lead an absent life,
And wound my will with many a weary thought:
I plead for peace, yet sterve in stormes of strife,
I find debate, where quiet rest was sought.
These panges with mo, unto my paine I prove,
Yet beare I all uppon my shield of love.

In colder cares are my conceipts consumd,
Than *Dido* felt when false *Æneas* fled:
In farre more heat, than trusty *Troylus* fumde,
When craftie *Cressyde* dwelt with *Diomed*:
My hope such frost, my hot desire such flame,
That I both fryse, and smoulder in the same.

So that I live, and die in one degree,
Healed by hope, and hurt againe with dread:
Fast bound by faith when fansie would be free,
Untied by trust, though thoughts enthrall my head:
Reviv'd by joyes, when hope doth most abound,
And yet with grief, in depth of dolors drownd.

In these assaultes I feele my feebled force
Begins to faint, thus weried still in woes:
And scarcely can my thus consumed corse,
Hold up this Buckler to beare of these blowes:
So that I crave, or presence for relief,
Or some supplie, to ease mine absent grief.

Lenvoie.

To you (deare Dame) this dolefull plaint I make,
Whose onely sight may soone redresse my smart:
Then shew your selfe, and for your servaunts sake,
Make hast post hast, to helpe a faithfull harte:
Mine owne poore shield hath me defended long,
Now lend me yours, for elles you do me wrong.

Meritum petere, grave.

Councell to *Duglasse Dive* written upon this occasion. She had a booke wherein she had collected sundry good ditties of divers mens doings, in whiche booke she would needes entreate the authhor to write some verses. And thereupon he wrote as followeth.

TO binde a bushe of thornes amongst sweete smelling floures,
May make the posie seeme the worse, and yet the fault is ours:
For throw away the thorne, and marke what will ensew?
The posie then will shew it selfe, sweete, faire, and freshe of hew.
A puttocke set on pearch, fast by a falcons side,
Will quickly shew it selfe a kight, as time hath often tride.

And in my musing minde, I feare to finde like fall,
As just reward to recompence my rash attempts withall.
Thou bidst, and I must bowe, thou wilt that I shall write,
Thou canst commaund my wery muse some verses to endite.
And yet perdie, thy booke is fraught with learned verse,
Such skill as in my musing minde I can none like reherse.
What followes then for me? but if I must needes write,
To set downe by the falcons side, my selfe a sillie kight.
And yet the sillie kight, well weyde in each degree,
May serve sometimes (as in his kinde) for mans commoditie.
The kight can weede the worme, from corne and costly seedes,
The kight cã kill the mowldiwarpe, in pleasant meads yt breeds:
Out of the stately streetes, the kight can clense the filth,
As mẽ can clẽse the worthlesse weedes, frõ fruteful fallowed tilth.
And onely set aside the hennes poore progenie,
I cannot see who can accuse the kight for fellonie.
The falcon, she must feede on partritch, and on quayle,
On pigeon, plover, ducke & drake, hearne, lapwing, teale, & raile,
Hir hungrie throte devours both foode and deintie fare,
Whereby I take occasion, thus boldly to compare.
And as a sillie kight, (not falcon like that flie,
Nor yet presume to hover by mount *Hellycon* (*a*) on hie)
I frendly yet presume, upon my frends request,
In barreine verse to shew my skill, then take it for the best.
And *Douty Douglasse* thou, that art of faulcons kinde,
Give willing eare yet to the kight, and beare his words in minde.
Serve thou first God thy Lord, and prayse him evermore,
Obey thy Prince and love thy make, by him set greatest store.
Thy Parents follow next, for honor and for awe,
Thy frends use alwaies faithfully, for so commands the lawe.
Thy seemely selfe at last, thou shalte likewise regard,
And of thy selfe this lesson learne, and take it as reward:
That looke how farre deserts, may seeme in thee to shine,
So farre thou maist set out thy selfe, without empeach or crime.
For this I dare avow, without selfe love (alight)
It can scarce be that vertue dwell, in any earthly wight.
But if in such selfe love, thou seeme to wade so farre,
As fall to foule presumption, and judge thy selfe a starre,
Beware betimes and thinke in our (*a*) *Etymologie*,
Such faults are plainly called pryde, and in french (*b*) *Surcüydrye*,

(a) The Hill where poetes fayne that the Muses sleepe.

(a) A true exposition. (b) Overweening.

Lo thus can I pore kight, adventure for to teach
The falcon flie, and yet forewarne, she row not past hir reach.
Thus can I weede the worme, which seeketh to devoure
The seeds of vertue, which might grow within thee every houre.
Thus can I kill the mowle, which else would overthrow
The good foundacion of thy fame, with every litle blowe.
And thus can I convey, out of thy comely brest,
The sluttish heapes of peevish pride, which might defile the rest.
Perchance some falcons flie, which will not greatly grutch,
To learne thee first to love thy selfe, and then to love to mutch,
But I am none of those, I list not so to range,
I have mãs meate enough at home, what need I thẽ seeke change.
I am no peacocke I: my feathers be not gay,
And though they were, I see my feete such fonde affectes to stay,
I list not set to sale a thing so litle worth,
I rather could kepe close my creast, than seeke to set it forth.
Wherefore if in this verse, which thou commandst to flowe,
Thou chaunce to fall on construing, whereby some doubtes
may grow,
Yet grant this onely boone, peruse it twice or thrice,
Disgest it well ere thou condemne the depth of my devise.
And use it like the nut, first cracke the outward shell,
Then trie the kirnell by the tast, and it may please thee well.
Do not as barbers do, which wash beards curiously,
Then cut them off, then cast them out, in open streetes to lie.
Remember therewithall, my muze is tied in chaines,
The goonshot of calamitie hath battred all my braynes.
And though this verse scape out, take thou thereat no marke,
It is but like a hedlesse flie, that tumbleth in the darke.
It was thine owne request, remember so it was,
Wherefore if thou dislike the same, then licence it to passe
Into my brest againe, from whence it flew in hast,
Full like a kight which not deserves by falcons to be plast:
And like a stubbed thorne, which may not seeme to serve,
To stãd with such sweete smelling floures, like praises to deserve.
Yet take this harmelesse thorne, to picke thy teeth withall,
A tooth picke serves some use perdie, although it be but small.
And when thy teeth therewith, be piked faire and cleane,
Then bend thy tong no worse to me, than mine to thee hath bene.

Ever or Never.

Councell given to master *Bartholmew Withipoll* a little before his latter journey to Geane. 1572.

MIne owne good *Bat*, before thou hoyse up saile,
To make a furrowe in the foming seas,
Content thy selfe to heare for thine availe,
Such harmelesse words, as ought thee not displease.
First in thy journey, jape not over much,
What? laughest thou *Batte*, bicause I write so plaine?
Beleeve me now it is a friendly touch,
To use fewe words where friendship doth remaine.
And for I finde, that fault hath runne to fast,
Both in thy flesh, and fancie too sometime,
Me thinks plaine dealing biddeth me to cast
This bone at first amid my dogrell rime.
But shall I say, to give thee grave advise?
(Which in my head is (God he knowes) full geazon)?
Then marke me well, and though I be not wise,
Yet in my rime, thou maist perhaps find reason.
First every day, beseech thy God on knee,
So to direct thy staggring steppes alway,
That he which every secrete thought doth see,
May holde thee in, when thou wouldst goe astray:
And that he deigne to sende thee safe retoure,
And quicke dispatche of that whiche is thy due:
Lette this (my *Batte*) be bothe thy prime and houre,
Wherin also commend to *Nostre Dieu*,
Thy good Companion and my verie frend,
To whom I shoulde (but time woulde not permitte)
Have taken paine some ragged ryme to sende
In trustie token, that I not forget
His curtesie: but this is debte to thee,
I promysde it, and now I meane to pay:
What was I saying? sirra, will you see
How soone my wittes were wandering astraye?
I saye, praye thou for thee and for thy mate,
So shipmen sing, and though the note be playne,
Yet sure the musike is in heavenly state,
When frends sing so, and know not how to fayne.

The nexte to GOD, thy Prince have still in mynde
Thy countreys honor, and the common wealth:
And flee from them, which fled with every wynde
From native soyle, to forraine coastes by stealth:
Theyr traynes are trustlesse, tending still to treason,
Theyr smoothed tongues are lyned all with guyle,
Their power slender, scarsly woorthe two peason,
Their malice much, their wittes are full of wyle:
Eschue them then, and when thou seest them, say,
Da, da, sir *K*, I may not come at you,
You cast a snare your countrey to betraye,
And woulde you have me trust you now for true?
Remembre *Batte* the foolish blink eyed boye
Which was at *Rome*, thou knowest whome I meane,
Remember eke the preatie beardlesse toye,
Whereby thou foundst a safe returne to *Geane*,
Doe so againe: (God shielde thou shouldst have neede,)
But rather so, than to forsweare thy selfe:
A loyall hearte, (beleeve this as thy Creede)
Is evermore more woorth than worldly pelfe.
And for one lesson, take this more of mee,
There are three Ps almost in every place,
From whiche I counsell thee alwayes to flee,
And take good hede of them in any case,
The first is poyson, perillous in deede
To such as travayle with a heavie pursse:
And thou my *Batte* beware, for thou hast neede,
Thy pursse is lynde with paper, which is wursse:
Thy billes of credite wil not they thinkst thou,
Be bayte to sette *Italyan* hands on woorke?
Yes by my faye, and never worse than nowe,
When every knave hath leysure for to lurke,
And knoweth thou commest for the shelles of Christe:
Beware therefore where ever that thou go,
It may fall out that thou shalte be entiste
To suppe sometimes with a *Magnifico*,
And have a *Fico* foysted in thy dishe,
Bycause thou shouldest disgeste thy meate the better:
Beware therefore, and rather feede on fishe,
Than learne to spell fyne fleshe with such a Letter.

There are to many of them in every countrey.

A Misterie.

Some may present thee with a pounde or twaine
Of Spanishe soape to washe thy lynnen white:
Beware therefore, and thynke it were small gayne,
To save thy shirte, and cast thy skinne off quite:
Some cunning man maye teache thee for to ryde,
And stuffe thy saddle all with Spanishe wooll,
Or in thy stirrops have a toye so tyde,
As both thy legges may swell thy buskins full:
Beware therfore, and beare a noble porte,
Drynke not for thyrste before an other taste:
Lette none outlandishe Taylour take disporte
To stuffe thy doublet full of such Bumbaste,
As it may cast thee in unkindely sweate,
And cause thy haire per companie to glyde,
Straungers are fyne in many a propre feate:
Beware therefore: the seconde *P.* is Pryde,
More perillous than was the first by farre,
For that infects but bloud and leaves the bones,
This poysons all, and mindes of men doth marre,
It findeth nookes to creepe in for the nones:
First from the minde it makes the heart to swell,
From thence the flesh is pampred every parte,
The skinne is taught in Dyers shoppes to dwell,
The haire is curlde or frisled up by arte:
Beleeve mee *Batte*, our Countreymen of late
Have caughte such knackes abroade in forayne lande,
That most men call them *Devils incarnate*,
So singular in theyr conceites they stande:
Nowe sir, if I shall see your maistershippe
Come home disguysde and cladde in queynt araye,
As with a piketoothe byting on your lippe,
Your brave *Mustachyos* turnde the *Turky* waye,
A Coptanckt hatte made on a Flemmish blocke,
A nightgowne cloake downe trayling to your toes,
A slender sloppe close couched to your docke,
A curtold slipper, and a shorte silke hose:
Bearing your Rapier pointe above the hilte,
And looking bigge like *Marquise of all Beefe*,
Then shall I coumpte your toyle and travayle spilte,
Bycause my seconde *P*, with you is cheefe.

But forwardes nowe, although I stayde a while,
My hindmost *P*, is worsse than bothe these two,
For it both bones and bodie doth defile,
With fouler blots than bothe those other doo.
Shorte tale to make, this *P*, can beare no blockes,
(God shielde me *Batte*, should beare it in his breast)
And with a dashe it spelleth piles and pockes
A perlous *P*, and woorsse than bothe the reste:
Now though I finde no cause for to suspect
My *Batte* in this, bycause he hath bene tryde,
Yet since such Spanish buttons can infect
Kings, Emperours, Princes and the world so wide,
And since those sunnes do mellowe men so fast
As most that travayle come home very ripe
Although (by sweate) they learne to live and last
When they have daunced after *Guydoes* pype:
Therfore I thought it meete to warne my frende
Of this foule *P*, and so an ende of *Ps.*
Now for thy diet marke my tale to ende,
And thanke me then, for that is all my fees.
See thou exceede not in three double *Us*,
The first is Wine, which may enflame thy bloud,
The second Women, such as haunte the stewes,
The thirde is Wilfulnesse, which dooth no good.
These three eschue, or temper them alwayes:
So shall my *Batte* prolong his youthfull yeeres,
And see long *George* againe, with happie dayes,
Who if he bee as faithfull to his feeres,
As hee was wonte, will dayly pray for *Batte*,
And for (*a*) *Pencoyde*: and if it fall out so,
That *James a Parrye* doo but make good that,
Which he hath sayde: and if he bee (no, no)
The best companion that long *George* can finde,
Then at the *Spawe* I promise for to bee
In *Auguste* nexte, if God turne not my minde,
Where as I would bee glad thy selfe to see:
Till then farewell, and thus I ende my song,
Take it in gree, for else thou doest mee wrong.

Haud ictus sapio.

(a) Sir William Morgan of Pencoyde.

Gascoignes woodmanship written to the L. Grey of Wilton upon this occasion, the sayd L. Grey delighting (amongst many other good qualities) in chusing of his winter deare, & killing the same with his bowe, did furnishe the Auc̄thor with a crossebowe *cum pertinēciis* and vouchsaved to use his company in the said exercise, calling him one of his woodmen. Now the Auc̄thor shooting very often, could never hitte any deare, yea and oftentimes he let the heard passe by as though he had not seene thē. Whereat when this noble Lord tooke some pastime, and had often put him in remembrance of his good skill in choosing, and readinesse in killing of a winter deare, he thought good thus to excuse it in verse.

MY woorthy Lord, I pray you wonder not,
To see your woodman shoote so ofte awrie,
Nor that he stands amased like a sot,
And lets the harmlesse deare (unhurt) go by.
Or if he strike a Doe which is but carren,
Laugh not good Lord, but favoure such a fault,
Take will in worth, he would faine hit the barren,
But though his harte be good, his happe is naught:
And therefore now I crave your Lordships leave,
To tell you plaine what is the cause of this:
First if it please your honour to perceyve,
What makes your woodman shoote so ofte amisse,
Beleeve me *L.* the case is nothing strange,
He shootes awrie almost at every marke,
His eyes have bene so used for to raunge,
That now God knowes they be both dimme and darke.
For proofe he beares the note of follie now,
Who shotte sometimes to hit Philosophie,
And aske you why? forsooth I make avow,
Bicause his wanton wittes went all awrie.
Next that, he shot to be a man of lawe,
And spent sometime with learned *Litleton*,
Yet in the end, he proved but a dawe,
For lawe was darke and he had quickly done.

Then could he with *Fitzharbert* such a braine,
As *Tully* had, to write the lawe by arte,
So that with pleasure, or with litle paine,
He might perhaps, have caught a trewants parte.
But all to late, he most mislikte the thing,
Which most might helpe to guide his arrow streight:
He winked wrong, and so let slippe the string,
Which cast him wide, for all his queint conceit.
From thence he shotte to catch a courtly grace,
And thought even there to wield the world at will,
But out alas he much mistooke the place,
And shot awrie at every rover still.
The blasing baits which drawe the gazing eye,
Unfethered there his first affection,
No wonder then although he shot awrie,
Wanting the feathers of discretion.
Yet more than them, the marks of dignitie,
He much mistooke and shot the wronger way,
Thinking the purse of prodigalitie,
Had bene best meane to purchase such a pray.
He thought the flattring face which fleareth still,
Had bene full fraught with all fidelitie,
And that such wordes as courtiers use at will,
Could not have varied from the veritie.
But when his bonet buttened with gold,
His comelie cape begarded all with gay,
His bumbast hose, with linings manifold,
His knit silke stocks and all his queint aray,
Had pickt his purse of all the Peter pence,
Which might have paide for his promotion,
Then (all to late) he found that light expence,
Had quite quencht out the courts devotion.
So that since then the tast of miserie,
Hath bene alwayes full bitter in his bit,
And why? forsooth bicause he shot awrie,
Mistaking still the markes which others hit.
But now behold what marke the man doth find,
He shootes to be a souldier in his age,
Mistrusting all the vertues of the minde,
He trusts the power of his personage.

As though long limmes led by a lusty hart,
Might yet suffice to make him rich againe,
But Flushyng fraies have taught him such a parte,
That now he thinks the warres yeeld no such gaine.
And sure I feare, unlesse your lordship deigne,
To traine him yet into some better trade,
It will be long before he hit the veine,
Whereby he may a richer man be made.
He cannot climbe as other catchers can.
To leade a charge before himselfe be led,
He cannot spoile the simple sakeles man,
Which is content to feede him with his bread.
He cannot pinch the painefull souldiers pay,
And sheare him out his share in ragged sheetes,
He cannot stoupe to take a greedy pray
Upon his fellowes groveling in the streetes.
He cannot pull the spoyle from such as pill,
And seeme full angrie at such foule offence,
Although the gayne content his greedie will,
Under the cloake of contrarie pretence:
And now adayes, the man that shootes not so,
May shoote amisse, even as your Woodman dothe:
But then you marvell why I lette them go,
And never shoote, but saye farewell forsooth:
Alas my Lord, while I doe muze hereon,
And call to minde my youthfull yeares myspente,
They give mee suche a boane to gnawe upon,
That all my senses are in silence pente.
My minde is rapte in contemplation,
Wherein my dazeled eyes onely beholde,
The blacke houre of my constellation,
Which framed mee so lucklesse on the molde:
Yet therewithall I can not but confesse,
That vayne presumption makes my heart to swell,
For thus I thinke, not all the worlde (I guesse,)
Shootes (*a*) bet than I, nay some shootes not so well.
In *Aristotle* somewhat did I learne,
To guyde my manners all by comelynesse,
And *Tullie* taught me somewhat to discerne
Betweene sweete speeche and barbarous rudenesse.

(a) better

HEARBES

Olde *Parkyns*, *Rastall*, and *Dan Bracten's* bookes,
Did lende mee somewhat of the lawlesse Lawe,
The craftie Courtiers with their guylefull lookes,
Must needes put some experience in my mawe:
Yet can not these with many maystries mo,
Make me shoote streyght at any gaynfull pricke,
Where some that never handled such a bow,
Can hit the white, or touch it neare the quicke,
Who can nor speake, nor write in pleasant wise,
Nor leade their life by *Aristotles* rule,
Nor argue well on questions that arise,
Nor pleade a case more than my Lord Mairs mule,
Yet can they hit the marks that I do misse,
And winne the meane which may the man mainteyne.
Now when my minde doth mumble upon this,
No wonder then although I pine for payne:
And whiles mine eyes beholde this mirrour thus,
The hearde goeth by, and farewell gentle does:
So that your Lordship quickely may discusse
What blindes mine eyes so ofte (as I suppose.)
But since my Muse can to my Lorde reherse
What makes me misse, and why I doe not shoote,
Let me imagine in this woorthlesse verse,
If right before mee, at my standings foote
There stoode a Doe, and I should strike hir deade,
And then shee prove a carrian carkas too,
What figure might I finde within my head,
To scuse the rage whiche rulde mee so to doo?
Some myght interprete by playne paraphrase,
That lacke of skill or fortune ledde the chaunce,
But I must otherwise expounde the case,
I say *Jehova* did this Doe advaunce,
And made hir bolde to stande before mee so,
Till I had thrust mine arrowe to hir harte,
That by the sodaine of hir overthrowe,
I myght endevour to amende my parte,
And turne myne eyes that they no more beholde,
Such guylefull markes as seeme more than they be:
And though they glister outwardely like golde,
Are inwardly but brasse, as men may see:

And when I see the milke hang in hir teate,
Me thinkes it sayth, olde babe now learne to sucke,
Who in thy youth couldst never learne the feate
To hitte the whytes whiche live with all good lucke.
Thus have I tolde my Lorde, (God graunt in season)
A tedious tale in rime, but little reason.

Haud ictus sapio.

Gascoignes gardnings, whereof were written in one end of a close walke whiche he hath in his Garden, this discourse following.

THe figure of this world I can compare,
To Garden plots, and such like pleasaunt places,
The world breedes men of sundry shape and share,
As hearbes in gardens, grow of sundry graces:
Some good, some bad, some amiable faces,
Some foule, some gentle, some of froward mind,
Subject like bloome, to blast of every wind.

And as you see the floures most fresh of hew,
That they prove not alwayes the holesomest,
So fayrest men are not alwayes found true:
But even as withred weedes fall from the rest,
So flatterers fall naked from their neast:
When truth hath tried, their painting tising tale,
They loose their glosse, and all their jests seeme stale.

Yet some do present pleasure most esteeme,
Till beames of braverie wither all their welth,
And some agayne there be can rightly deeme,
Those herbes for best, which may mainteine their helth.
Considering well, that age drawes on by stelth,
And when the fayrest floure is shronke and gone,
A well growne roote, will stand and shifte for one.

Then thus the restlesse life which men here leade,
May be resembled to the tender plant,
In spring it sprouts, as babes in cradle breede,
Florish in May, like youthes that wisdome want,
In Autumne ripes and rootes, least store waxe skante
In winter shrinks and shrowdes from every blast,
Like crooked age when lusty youth is past.

And as the grounde or grace whereon it grewe,
Was fatte or leane, even so by it appeares,
If barreyn soyle, why then it chaungeth hewe,
It fadeth faste, it flits to fumbling yeares,
But if he gathered roote amongst his feeres,
And light on lande that was well muckte in deede,
Then standes it still, or leaves increase of seede.

As for the reste, fall sundrie wayes (God wot)
Some faynt lyke froathe at every little puffe,
Some smarte by swoorde, like hearbes that serve the pot,
And some be weeded from the finer stuffe,
Some stande by proppes to maynteyne all their ruffe:
And thus (under correction bee it tolde)
Hath *Gascoigne* gathered in his Garden molde.

Haud ictus sapio.

In that other ende of his sayde close walke,
were written these toyes in ryme.

IF any floure that here is growne,
Or any hearbe may ease your payne,
Take and accompte it as your owne,
But recompence the lyke agayne:
For some and some is honest playe,
And so my wyfe taughte me to saye.

If here to walke you take delight,
Why come, and welcome when you will:
If I bidde you suppe here this night,
Bidde me an other time, and still
Thinke some and some is honest playe,
For so my wife taught me to saye.

Thus if you suppe or dine with mee,
If you walke here, or sitte at ease,
If you desire the thing you see,
And have the same your minde to please,
Thinke some and some is honest playe,
And so my wife taught me to saye.

Haud ictus sapio.

In a chayre in the same Garden was written this followyng.

IF thou sitte here to viewe this pleasant garden place
Think thus: at last will come a frost, & all these floures deface:
But if thou sitte at ease to rest thy wearie bones,
Remember death brings finall rest to all oure greevous grones.
So whether for delight, or here thou sitte for ease,
Thinke still upon the latter day, so shalt thou God best please.

Haud ictus sapio.

Upon a stone in the wall of his Garden he had written the yeare wherein he did the coste of these devises, and therewithall this posie in Latine.

Quoniam etiam humiliatos, amœna delectant.

Gascoignes voyage into *Hollande. An.* 1572. written to the right honourable the Lorde Grey of *Wilton.*

A Straunge conceyte, a vayne of newe delight,
Twixt weale and woe, twixte joy and bitter griefe,
Hath pricked foorth my hastie penne to write
This woorthlesse verse in hazarde of repreefe:
(a) best beloved — And to mine (*a*) *Alderlievest* Lorde I must endite
A wofull case, a chippe of sorie chaunce,
A tipe of heaven, a lively hew of hell,
A feare to fall, a hope of high advance,
A life, a death, a drearie tale to tell.
But since I know the pith of my pastaunce
Shall most consist in telling of a truth,
(b) in good worth — Vouchsafe my Lord (*b*) (*en bon gré*) for to take
This trustie tale the storie of my youth,
This Chronicle which of my selfe I make,
To shew my Lord what healplesse happe ensewth,

When heddy youth will gad without a guide,
And raunge untide in leas of libertie,
Or when bare neede a starting hole hath spide
To peepe abroade from mother Miserie,
And buildeth Castels in the Welkin wide,
In hope thereby to dwell with wealth and ease.
But he the Lord (whome my good Lord doth know)
Can bind or lose, as best to him shall please,
Can save or spill, rayse up or overthrowe,
Can gauld with griefe, and yet the payne appease.
Which thing to prove if so my L. take time,
(When greater cares his head shall not possesse)
To sitte and reade this raunging ragged rime,
I doubt not then but that he will confesse,
What falles I found when last I leapt to clime.
In March it was, that cannot I forget,
In this last March upon the nintenth day,
When from Gravesend in boate I gan to jette
To boorde our shippe in *Quinborough* that lay,
From whence the very twentith day we set
Our sayles abrode to slice the Salt sea fome,
And ancors weyde gan trust the trustlesse floud:
That day and night amid the waves we rome
To seeke the coast of *Holland* where it stoode.
And on the next when we were farre from home,
And neare the haven whereto we sought to sayle,
A fearly chaunce: (whereon alone to thinke
My hande now quakes, and all my senses fayle)
Gan us befall: the *Pylot* gan to shrinke,
And all agaste his courage seemde to quayle.
Whereat amazed, the Maister and his mate
Gan aske the cause of his so sodeyne chaunge,
And from alofte the Stewarde of our state,
(The sounding plumbe) in haste poste hast must raunge,
To trye the depth and goodnesse of our gate.
Mee thinkes (even yet) I heare his heavie voyce,
(*a*) Fadome three, foure, foote more, foote lesse, that cride: (a) Fadom & a half, three ho.
Mee thinkes I heare the fearefull whispring noyse,
Of such as sayde full softely (me beside)
God graunte this journey cause us to rejoyce,

When I poore soule, which close in caban laye,
And there had reacht till gaule was welneare burst,
With giddie head, my stumbling steppes must stay
To looke abroade as boldly as I durst.
And whyles I hearken what the Saylers saye,
The sownder sings, fadame two full no more.
Aloofe, aloofe, then cried the Maister out,
The Stearesmate strives to sende us from the shore,
And trustes the streame, whereof wee earst had doubt,
Tweene two extreeme thus were we tossed sore,
(b) When all sayl's are take downe. And went to (*b*) *Hull*, untill we leyzure had
To talke at large, and eke to know the cause
What moode had made our *Pylot* looke so sad.
At last the Dutche with butterbitten jawes,
(For so he was a Dutche, a Devill, a swadde,
A foole, a drunkarde, or a traytour tone)
(c) You be to soone (d) It is not good tide, Gan aunswere thus: (*c*) *Ghy zijt te vroegh* here come,
(*d*) *Tis niet goet tijt* and standing all alone,
Gan preache to us, which fooles were all and some
To trust him foole, in whom there skill was none.
Or what knew wee if *Albaes* subtill brayne
(So to prevent our enterpryse by treazon)
Had him subornde to tice us to this trayne
And so him selfe (*per Companye* and seazon)
For spite, for hate, or else for hope of gayne.
(e) the Duke. This must we thinke that (*e*) *Alba* would not spare
To give out gold for such a sinfull deede:
And glistring gold can oftentimes ensnare,
More perfect wits than *Holland* soyle doth breede.
But let that passe, and let us now compare
Our owne fond fact with this his foule offence.
We knew him not, nor where he wond that time,
Nor if he had *Pylots* experience,
Or *Pylats* crafte, to cleare him selfe from crime.
Yea more than that (how voyde were we of sense)
We had small smacke of any tale he tolde,
He powrde out Dutch to drowne us all in drinke,
And we (wise men) uppon his words were bolde,
To runne on head: but let me now bethinke
The masters speech: and let me so unfold

The depth of all this foolish oversight.
The master spake even like a skilfull man,
And sayde I sayle the Seas both day and night,
I know the tides as well as other can,
From pole to pole I can the courses plight:
I know France, Spaine, Greece, Denmarke, Daûsk & all,
Frize, Flaunders, Holland, every coast I know,
But truth to tell, it seldome doth befall,
That English merchants ever bend their bowe
To shoote at *Breyll*, where now our flight should fall,
They send their shafts farder for greater gayne.
So that this haven is yet (quoth he) (*a*) unkouth,
And God graunt now that England may attayne
Such gaines by *Breyll*, (a gospell on that mouth)
As is desired: thus spake the master playne.
And since (saide he) my selfe knew not the sowne,
How could I well a better *Pylot* fynde,
Than this (which first) did saye he dwelt in towne,
And knew the way where ever sat the wynde?
While we thus talke, all sayles are taken downe,
And we to *Hull* (as earst I sayd) gan wend,
Till full two houres and somewhat more were past.
Our guyde then spake in Dutch and bad us bend
All sayles againe: for now quod he (at last)
(*a*) *Die tijt is goet, dat heb ick weell bekend.*
Why staye I long to ende a wofull tale?
We trust his Dutch, and up the foresayle goes,
We fall on knees amyd the happy gale,
(Which by Gods will full kynd and calmely blowes)
And unto him we there unfolde our bale,
Whereon to thinke I wryte and weepe for joye,
That pleasant song the hundreth and seventh Psalme,
There dyd we reade to comfort our annoye,
Which to my soule (me thought) was sweete as balme,
Yea farre more sweete than any worldly toye.
And when he had with prayers praysd the Lord,
Our (*b*) *Edell Bloetts*, gan fall to eate and drinke,
And for their sauce, at takyng up the borde
The shippe so strake (as all we thought to sinke)
Against the ground. Then all with one accorde

(a) unknowen

(a) It is good tide that know I well

(b) Lusty gallants

We fell againe on knees to pray apace,
And therewithall even at the second blowe,
(The number cannot from my minde outpace)
Our helme strake of, and we must fleete and flowe,
Where winde and waves would guide us by their grace.
The winde waxt calme as I have sayde before,
(O mightie God so didst thou swage our woes)
The selly shippe was sowst and smitten sore,
With counter buffetts, blowes and double blowes.
At last the keele which might endure no more,
Gan rende in twayne and suckt the water in:
Then might you see pale lookes and wofull cheare,
Then might you heare loude cries and deadly dinne:
Well noble minds in perils best appeare,
And boldest harts in bale will never blinne.
For there were some (of whome I will not say
That I was one) which never changed hew,
But pumpt apace, and labord every way
To save themselves, and all their lovely crew,
Which cast the best fraight overboorde away,
Both corne and cloth, and all that was of weight.
Which halde and pulde at every helping corde,
Which prayed to God and made their conscience streight.
As for my self: I here protest my Lorde,
My words were these: O God in heaven on height,
Behold me not as now a wicked wight,
A sacke of sinne, a wretch ywrapt in wroth,
Let no fault past (O Lord) offende thy sight,
But weye my will which now those faults doth lothe,
And of thy mercy pittie this our plight.
Even thou good God which of thy grace didst saye
That for one good, thou wouldst all *Sodome* save,
Behold us all: thy shyning beames displaye,
Some here (I trust) thy goodnesse shall engrave,
To be chast vessels unto thee alwaye,
And so to live in honour of thy name:
Beleve me Lord, thus to the Lord I sayde.
But there were some (alas the more their blame)
Which in the pumpe their onely comfort layde,
And trusted that to turne our griefe to game.

Alas (quod I) our pumpe good God must be,
Our sayle, our sterne, our tackling, and our trust.
Some other cried to cleare the shipboate free,
To save the chiefe and leave the rest in dust.
Which word once spoke (a wondrous thing to see)
All hast post hast, was made to have it done:
And up it commes in hast much more than speede.
There did I see a wofull worke begonne,
Which now (even now) doth make my hart to bleede.
Some made such hast that in the boate they wonne,
Before it was above the hatches brought.
Straunge tale to tell, what hast some men shall make
To find their death before the same be sought.
Some twixt the boate and shippe their bane do take,
Both drownd and slayne with braynes for hast crusht out.
At last the boat halfe fraighted in the aire
Is hoyst alofte, and on the seas downe set,
When I that yet in God could not dispaire,
Still plide the pumpe, and patiently did let
All such take boate as thither made repaire.
And herewithall I safely may protest
I might have wonne the boate as wel as one,
And had that seemed a safetie for the rest
I should percase even with the first have gone.
But when I saw the boate was over prest
And pestred full with moe than it might beare,
And therwithall with cherefull looke might see
My chiefe companions whome I held most deare
(Whose companie had thither trained me)
Abiding still aboorde our shippe yfeare:
Nay then (quoth I) good God thy will be done,
For with my feeres I will both live and dye.
And eare the boate farre from our sight was gon
The wave so wrought, that they (which thought to flee
And so to scape) with waves were overronne.
Lo how he strives in vaine that strives with God
For there we lost the flowre of the band,
And of our crew full twentie soules and odde,
The Sea sucks up, whils we on hatches stand
In smarting feare to feele that selfe same rodde.

Yorke and Herle.

Well on (as yet) our battred barke did passe,
And brought the rest within a myle of lande,
Then thought I sure now neede not I to passe,
For I can swymme and so escape this sande.
Thus dyd I deeme all carelesse like an Asse,
When sodaynely the wynde our foresayle tooke,
And turnd about and brought us eft to Seas.
Then cryed we all, cast out the ancor hooke,
And here let byde such helpe as god may please:
Which ancor cast, we soone the same forsooke,
And cut it off, for feare least thereupon
Our shippe should bowge, then callde we fast for fire,
And so dischargde our great gunnes everychone,
To warne the towne thereby of our desire:
But all in vayne, for succor sent they none.
At last a Hoy from Sea came flinging fast,
And towards us helde course as streight as lyne.
Then might you see our hands to heaven up cast
To render thanks unto the power devine,
That so vouchsafte to save us yet at last:
But when this Hoy gan (welneere) boorde our barke,
And might perceive what peryll we were in,
(a) care — It turnd a way and left us still in (*a*) carke,
This tale is true (for now to lie were sin)
It lefte us there in dreade and daungers darke.
It lefte us so, and that within the sight
And hearing both of all the peare at *Breyll.*
Now ply thee pen, and paint the foule despite
Of drunken Dutchmen standing there even still,
For whom we came in their cause for to fight,
For whom we came their state for to defende,
For whom we came as friends to grieve their foes,
They now disdaynd (in this distresse) to lend
One helping boate for to asswage our woes:
They sawe our harmes the which they would not mend,
And had not bene that God even then did rayse
Some instruments to succor us at neede,
We had bene sunk and swallowed all in Seas.
But Gods will was (in way of our good speede)
That on the peare (lamenting our mysease)

Some englishe were, whose naked swordes did force
The drunken dutch, the cankred churles to come,
And so at last (not moved by remorce,
But forst by feare) they sent us succor some:
Some must I say: and for to tell the course,
They sent us succor saust with sowre despite,
They saved our lives and spoylde us of the rest,
They stale our goods by day and eke by night,
They shewed the worst and closely kept the best.
And in this time (this treason must I wryte)
Our *Pylot* fled, but how? not emptie handed:
He fled from us, and with him did conveye
A Hoy full fraught (whiles we meane while were landed)
With pouder, shotte, and all our best araye:
This skill he had, for all he set us sanded.
And now my Lord, declare your noble mynde,
Was this a *Pylot*, or a *Pilate* judge?
Or rather was he not of *Judas* kynde:
Which left us thus and close away could trudge?
Well, at the *Bryell* to tell you what we finde,
The Governour was all bedewed with drinke,
His truls and he were all layde downe to sleepe,
And we must shift, and of our selves must thinke
What meane was best, and how we best might keepe
That yet remaynd: the rest was close in clinke.
Well, on our knees with trickling teares of joye,
We gave God thanks: and as we might, did learne
What might be founde in every (*a*) pynke and hoye.
And thus my Lord, your honour may descerne
Our perils past, and how in our anoye
God saved me (your Lordshippes bound for ever)
Who else should not be able now to tell,
The state wherein this countrey doth persever,
Ne how they seeme in carelesse mindes to dwell.
(So did they earst and so they will do ever)
And to my Lord for to bewray my minde
Me thinkes they be a race of Bulbeefe borne,
Whose hartes their Butter mollyfieth by kinde,
And so the force of beefe is cleane outworne:
And eke their braines with double beere are lynde:

(a) A Small bote.

So that they march bumbast with buttred beere,
Like soppes of browesse puffed up with froth,
Where inwardely they be but hollowe geere,
As weake as winde, which with one puffe up goeth:
And yet they bragge, and thinke they have no peere,
Bicause *Harlem* hath hitherto helde out,
Although in deed (as they have suffred *Spayne*)
The ende thereof even now doth rest in doubt.
Well, as for that, let it (for me) remaine
In God his hands, whose hand hath brought me out,
To tell my Lord this tale nowe tane in hande,
As howe they traine their trezons all in drinke,
And when them selves for drunk can scarcely stande,
Yet sucke out secretes (as them selves do thinke)
From guests. The best (almost) in all their lande,
(I name no man, for that were brode before)
Will (as men say) enure the same sometime,
But surely this (or I mistake him sore)
Or else he can (but let it passe in rime)
Dissemble deepe, and mocke sometimes the more:
Well, drunkennesse is here good companie,
And therewithall *per consequens* it falles
That whordome is accompted jollitie:
A gentle state, where two suche Tenisballes
Are tossed still and better bowles let lie.
I cannot herewith from my Lord conceale,
How *God* and *Mammon* here do dwell yfeare,
And how the *Masse* is cloked under veale
Of pollicie, till all the coast be cleare.
Ne can I chuse, but I must ring a peale,
To tell what hypocrytes the Nunnes here be:
And how the olde Nunnes be content to go,
Before a man in streates like mother B,
Untill they come wheras there dwels a *Ho*,
(*Re*:ceyve that halfe, and let the rest go free)
There can they poynt with finger as they passe,
Yea sir, sometimes they can come in themselfe,
To strike the bergaine tweene a wanton lasse,
And *Edel bloets*: nowe is not this good pelfe?
As for the yong Nunnes, they be bright as glasse,

And chaste forsooth, *met v*: and *anders niet*:
What sayde I? what? that is a misterie,
I may no verse of such a theame endite,
Yong *Rowlande Yorke* may tell it bet than I:
Yet to my Lorde this little will I write,
That though I have (my selfe) no skill at all,
To take the countnance of a *Colonel*,
Had I a good *Lieutenant general*,
As good *John Zuche* wherever that he dwel,
Or else *Ned Dennye* (faire mought him befal)
I coulde have brought a noble regiment
Of smugskinnde Nunnes into my countrey soyle:
But farewell they as things impertinent,
Let them (for me) go dwell with master *Moyle*,
Who hath behight to place them well in Kent.
And I shall well my sillie selfe content,
To come alone unto my lovely Lorde,
And unto him (when riming sporte is spent)
To tel some sadde and reasonable worde,
Of *Hollandes* state, the which I will present,
In Cartes, in Mappes, and eke in Models made,
If God of heaven my purpose not prevent.
And in meane while although my wits do wade
In ranging rime, and fling some follie foorth,
I trust my Lorde will take it well in woorth.

Haud ictus sapio.

WEEDES.

Tam Marti quàm Mercurio.

¶ In this division are conteyned :

The fruite of Fetters. Folio. 175
The complaynt of the green Knight. 178
The farewel to Fansie. 190
The fable of *Ferdinando Jeronimi* and *Leonora de Valasco.* 193
The prayse of a Gentlewoman neither fair nor welfavored.
The prayse of Phillip Sparrowe. 279
Farewel with a mischief. 281
The doale of disdaine. 282
Mars in despite of *Vulcane.* folio. 284
Patience perforce. 286
A letter for a yong lover. 287
David saluteth Bersabe. 288
Sone acquainted, sone forgotten. 289

¶ The fruite of Fetters: with the complaint of the greene Knight, and his Farewell to Fansie.

GReat be the greefes which bruze the boldest brests,
And al to seelde we see such burdens borne,
For cruell care (which reaveth quiet rests)
Hath oftentimes the woorthiest willes foreworne,
And layed such weight upon a noble harte,
That wit and will have both given place to smarte.

For proofe wherof I tel this woful tale,
(Give eare that list, I force no frolicke mindes)
But such as can abide to heare of bale,
And rather rue the rage which Fansie findes,
Than scorne the pangs which may procure their pine,
Let them give eare unto these rimes of mine.

I teare my time (ay me) in prison pent,
Wherin the floure of my consuming yeares,
With secret grief my reason doth torment,
And frets it self (perhaps) with needlesse feares:
For whyles I strive against the streame too fast,
My forces faile, and I must downe at last.

The hastie Vine for sample might me serve,
Which climbes too high about the loftie tree,
But when the twist his tender jointes doth carve,
Then fades he fast, that sought full fresh to bee:
He fades and faintes before his fellowes faile,
Which lay full lowe, and never hoyst up saile.

Ay me, the dayes which I in dole consume,
Ah las, the nightes which witnesse well my woe,
O wrongful world which makst my fansie fume,
Fie fickle Fortune, fie thou arte my foe,
Out and alas, so frowarde is my chaunce,
No dayes nor nightes, nor worldes can me advaunce.

WEEDES

In recklesse youth, the common plague of Love
Infected me (al day) with carelesse minde,
Entising dames my patience still did prove,
And blearde mine eyes, till I became so blinde,
That seing not what furie brought mee foorth,
I followed most (alwayes) that least was woorth.

In middle yeares, the reache of Reasons reine
No sooner gan to bridle in my will,
Nor naked neede no sooner gan constreine
My rash decay to breake my sleepes by skill,
But streight therewith hope set my heart on flame,
To winne againe both wealth and woorthy name.

And thence proceedes my most consuming griefe,
For whyles the hope of mine unyolden harte
In endlesse toyles did labor for reliefe,
Came crabbed Chance and marrde my merry marte:
Yea, not content with one fowle overthrowe,
So tied me fast for tempting any mo.

She tied me fast (alas) in golden chaines,
Wherein I dwell, not free, nor fully thrall,
Where guilefull love in double doubt remaines,
Nor honie sweet, nor bitter yet as gall:
For every day a patterne I beholde
Of scortching flame, which makes my heart full colde.

And every night, the rage of restlesse thought
Doth raise me up, my hope for to renewe,
My quiet bed which I for solace sought,
Doth yrke mine eares, when still the warlike crewe
With sounde of drummes, and trumpets braying shrill
Relieve their watch, yet I in thraldome still.

The common joy, the cheere of companie,
Twixt mirth and moane doth plundge me evermore:
For pleasant talke, or Musicks melodie,
Yeeld no such salve unto my secret sore,
But that therewith this corsive coms me too,
Why live not I at large as others doo?

Lo thus I live in spite of cruell death,
And die as fast in spite of lingring life,
Fedde still with hope which doth prolong my breath,
But choakte with feare, and strangled still with strife,
Starke staring blinde bicause I see too much,
Yet gasing still bicause I see none such.

Amid these pangs (O subtil Cordial)
Those farrefet sighes which most mens mindes eschewe,
Recomforte me, and make the furie fall,
Which fedde the roote from whence my fits renewe:
They comforte me (ah wretched doubtfull clause)
They helpe the harme, and yet they kill the cause.

Where might I then my carefull corpse convay
From companie, which worketh all my woe?
How might I winke or hide mine eyes alway,
Which gaze on that wherof my griefe doth growe?
How might I stoppe mine eares, which hearken still,
To every joy, which can but wounde my will?

How should I seeme my sighes for to suppresse,
Which helpe the heart that else would swelt in sunder?
Which hurt the helpe that makes my torment lesse?
Which helpe and hurte (oh wofull wearie wonder)
One seely hart[e] thus toste twixt helpe and harme,
How should I seeme, such sighes in tyme to charme?

How? how but thus? in sollitarie wise
To steppe aside, and make high way to moane:
To make two fountaines of my dazled eies,
To sigh my fill till breath a[n]d all be gone:
So sighed the knight of whome *Bartello* writes,
All cladde in Greene, yet banisht from delights.

And since the storye is both new and trew,
A dreary tale much like these lottes of myne
I will assaye my muze for to renewe,
By ryming out his frowarde fatall fine.
A dolefull speeche becõmes a dumpish man,
So semde by him, for thus his tale begane.

The complaint of the greene Knight.

WHy live I wretch (quoth he) alas and wellaway,
Or why beholde my heavy eies, this gladsome sunny day?
Since never sunne yet shone, that could my state advaunce,
Why live I wretche (alas quoth he) in hope of better chaunce?
Or wherefore telles my toung, this drearye dolefull tale,
That every eare might heare my grieefe and so bemone my bale?
Since eare was never yet, that harkened to my playnte,
Why live I wretch (alas quoth he) my pangs in vaine to paint?
Or wherfore dotes desire, that doth his wish disclose,
And shewes the sore that seeks recure, thereby to ease my woes?
Since yet he never found, the hart where pyttie dwelt,
Why live I wretch (alas quoth he) alone in woe to swelt?
Why strive I with the streame, or hoppe against the hill,
Or search that never can be founde, or loose my labor still?
Since destenies decreed, must alwayes be obeyde,
Why live I wretch alas (quoth he) with lucke thus overleyde?
Why feedes my heart on hope? why tyre I still on trust?
Why doth my minde still muse on mirth? why leanes my life on lust?
Since hope had never hap, & trust always found treason,
Why live I wretch alas (quoth he) where all good luck is geazon?
The fatal Sisters three, which spun my slender twine,
Knew wel how rotten was the yarne, frõ whence they drew their line:
Yet have they woven the web, with care so manifolde,
(Alas I woful wretch the while) as any cloth can holde:
Yea though the threeds be cowrse, and such as others lothe,
Yet must I wrap alwayes therin, my bones and body both:
And weare it out at length, which lasteth but too long.
O weaver weaver work no more, thy warp hath done me wrong:
For therin have I lapt my light and lustie yeares,
And therin haplesse have I hapt, mine age and hoarie heares:
Yet never found I warmth, by jetting in thy jaggs,
Nor never can I weare them out, although they rende like raggs.

The May-moone of mine age, I meane the gallant time
When coales of kinde first kindled love, & plesure was in prime,
All bitter was the frute, which still I reaped then,
And little was the gaine I got, comparde by other men.
Teare-thirstie were the Dames, to whome I sued for grace,
Some stonie stomackt, other some, of high disdainful race.
But all unconstant (ay) and (that to thinke) I die,
The guerdon which *Cosmana* gave, can witnesse if I lie.
Cosmana was the wight to whome I wished well,
To serve *Cosmana* did I seeme, in love to beare the bell:
Cosmana was my god, *Cosmana* was my joy,
Ay me, *Cosmana* turnde my mirth, to dole and dark anoy:
Revenge it *Radamanth*, if I be found to lie,
Or if I slaunder hir at all, condemne me then to die.
Thou knowst I honored hir, no more but all too much,
Alas thou knowst she cast me off, when I deservde no grutch.
She dead (I dying yet) ay me my teares were dried,
And teeth of time gnew out the grief, which al to long I tried,
Yet from hir ashes sprung, or from such subtile molde,
Ferenda she, whome everie eye, did judge more bright than golde.
Ferenda then I sawe, *Ferenda* I behelde,
Ferenda servde I faithfully, in towne and eke in fielde:
Ferenda coulde not say, the greene Knight was untrew,
But out alas, the greene Knight sayde, *Ferenda* changde for new:
Ferenda did hir kinde: then was she to be borne,
She did but weare *Cosmanes* cloutes, which she in spite had torne:
And yet betwene them both they waare the threeds so neere,
As were they not of steele or stone, they coulde not holde yfeere.
But now *Ferenda* mine, a little by thy leave: (deceave?
What moved thee to madding moode? why didst thou me
Alas I was al thine, thy selfe can say no lesse,
And for thy fall, I bathed oft in many a deepe distresse:
And yet to do thee right, I neyther blame thy race,
Thy shining selfe, the golden gleames that glistred on thy face,
Nor yet thy fickle faith, shall never beare the blame,
But I, whome kinde hath framd to finde, a griefe in everie game:
The high decrees of heaven, have limited my life,
To linger stil wher Love doth lodge, yet there to sterve in strife.
For proofe, who list to know what makes me nowe complaine,
Give eare unto the greene Knights tale: for now begins his paine.

When rash unbridled youth had run his recklesse race,
And caried me with carelesse course, to many a great disgrace,
Then riper mellowed yeares, thought good to turne their trade,
And bad Repentance hol[d] the reines, to rule the brainsicke jade:
So that with much to doo, the brydle helde him backe,
And Reason made him byte on bit, which had a better smacke:
And for I felte my selfe, by feeblenesse fordoonne,
And panting still for lack of breath, as one much overroonne.
Therefore I toke advise, to walke him first awhile,
And so at length to set him up, his travayles to beguile:
Yea when he curried was, and dusted slicke and trimme,
I causde both hey and provander to be allowde for him:
Wherat (alas to thinke) he gathered flesh so fast,
That still he playd his coltish pranks, when as I thought thẽ past:
He winched still alwayes, and whisked with his taile,
And leaping over hedge and ditch, I sawe it not prevaile
To pamper him so proude: Wherfore I thought it best,
To travaile him (not as I woont) yet nay to give him rest.
Thus well resolved then, I kept him still in harte,
And founde a pretie provander appointed for his parte,
Which once a day, no more, he might a little tast:
And by this diet, made I youth a gentle jade at last:
And foorth I might him ride, an easie journeying pace,
He never strave with middle age, but gently gave him place:
Then middle age stept in, and toke the helme in hande,
To guide my Barke by better skill, into some better lande.
And as eche noble heart is evermore most bent,
To high exploites and woorthie deedes, where honor may be hent:
So mine unyolden minde, by Armes gan seeke renowne,
And sought to rayse, that recklesse youth had rashly tũbled downe.
With sworde and trustie targe, then sought I for to carve
For middle age and hoarie haires, and both their turnes to sarve:
And in my Carvers roome, I gan to cut suche cuttes,
And made suche morsels for their mouthes as well might fill
their guttes,
Beside some overplus, (which being kept in store)
Might serve to welcome al their friends, with foison evermore:
I meane no more but this: my hand gan finde such happe,
As made me thinke, that Fortune ment, to play me in hir lappe:
And hope therwith had heavde, my heart to be so hie,

That still I hoapt, by force of armes, to climbe above the Skie:
I bathed still in blisse, I ledde a lordelie life,
My Souldiers lovde and fearde me both, I never dreaded strife:
My boord was furnisht stil, with cates of dainty cost,
My back wel clad, my purse wel lynde, my woonted lack was lost,
My bags began to fil, my debtes for to discharge,
My state so stoode, as sure I seemde to swim in good lucks barge:
But out and well away, what pleasure breedes not paine?
What sun cã shine without a cloud, what thũder brings not rain?
Such is the life of man, such was the luck of me,
To fall so fast from hiest hap, where sure I seemde to be.
Five hundred sundrie sunnes (and more) could scarcely serve,
By sweat of brows to win a roome, wherin my knife might carve:
One onely dismall day, suffised (with despite)
To take me from my carvers place, and from the table quite.
Five hundred broken sleepes, had busied all my braynes,
To find (at last) some worthy trade, that might increse my gaynes:
One blacke unluckie houre, my trade hath overthrowen,
And marrde my marte, & broke my bank, & al my blisse oreblowen.
To wrappe up all in woe, I am in prison pent,
My gaines possessed by my foes, my friends against me bent:
And all the heavy haps, that ever age yet bare,
Assembled are within my breast, to choake me up with care.
My modest middle age, which lacks of youth the lust,
Can beare no such gret burdẽs now, but throwes them in the dust:
Yet in this piteous plight, beholde me Lovers all,
And rewe my grieves, least you your selves do light on such a fal.
I am that wearie wretch, whom love always hath tyred,
And fed me with such strange conceytes, as never man desired.
For now (even now) ay me: I love and cannot chuse,
So strangely yet, as wel may move the wisest mindes to muse.
No blasing beauty bright, hath set my heart on fire,
No ticing talke, no gorgeous gyte, tormenteth my desire,
No bodie finely framde, no haggarde Falcons eie,
No ruddie lip, no golden locks, hath drawne my minde awrie:
No teeth of shining pearle, no gallant rosie hiew,
No dimpled chinne, no pit in cheeke, presented to my view:
In fine, no such delights, as lovers oft allure,

Are cause why thus I do lament, or put my plaintes in ure:
But such a strange affect, as both I shame to tell,
And all the worlde may woonder much, how first therin I fell.
Yet since I have begonne (quoth he) to tell my griefe,
I wil nought hide, although I hope to finde no great reliefe.
And thus, (quoth he) it is: Amongst the sundrie joyes
Which I conceivde in feates of warre, and all my Martial toyes,
My chaunce was late to have a peerlesse firelock peece,
That to my wittes was nay the like, in *Turkie* nor in *Greece*:
A peece so cleanly framde, so streight, so light, so fine,
So tempred and so polished, as seemeth worke divine:
A peece whose locke yet past, for why [it] never failde,
And though I bent it night and day, the quicknesse never quailde:
A peece as well renforst, as ever yet was wrought,
The bravest peece for breech and bore, that ever yet was bought:
The mounture so well made, and for my pitch so fit,
As though I see faire peeces moe, yet fewe so fine as it:
A peece which shot so well, so gently and so streight,
It neyther bruzed with recule, nor wroong with overweight.
In fine and to conclude, I know no fault thereby,
That eyther might be thought in minde, or wel discernde with ey.
This peece then late I had, and therin tooke delight,
As much as ever proper peece did please a warlike wight.
Nowe though it be not lost, nor rendred with the rest,
Yet being shut from sight therof, how can I thinke me blest?
Or which way should I hope, that such a jewell rare,
Can passe unseen in any campe where cunning shooters are?
And therewith am I sure, that being once espied,
It never can escape their hands, but that it will be tried:
And being once but prooved, then farewel frost for me,
My peece, my locke, and all is lost, and I shall never see
The like againe on earth. Nowe Lovers speake your minde,
Was ever man so strangely stroke, or caught in such a kinde?
Was ever man so fonde? was ever man so mad?
Was ever man so woe begone? or in such cares yclad?
For restlesse thus I rest, the wretchedst man on live,
And when I thinke upon this peece, then still my woes revive.
Nor ever can I finde good plaister for my paine,
Unlesse my lucke might be so good, to finde that peece againe.
To make my mourning more, where I in prison pine,

I daily see a pretie peece, much like that peece of mine,
Which helps my hurt, much like unto a broken shinne,
That when it heales, begins to ytch, and then rubs off the skinne.
Thus live I still in love, alas and ever shall,
As well content to loose my peece, as gladde to finde my fall:
A wonder to the worlde, a griefe to friendlie mindes,
A mocking stocke to *Momus* race, and al such scornefull hindes,
A love (that thinke I sure) whose like was never seene,
Nor never warlike wight shal be in love as I have beene:
So that in sooth (quoth he) I cannot blame the Dames,
Whome I in youth did moste esteeme, I list not foile their fames,
But there to lay the fault, from whence it first did flowe:
I say my Fortune is the root, whence all these griefes did grow.
Since Fortune then (quoth he) hath turnde to me hir backe,
Shall I go yeeld to mourning moane, and cloath my self in blacke?
No no, for noble mindes can beare no thraldome so,
But rather shew a merrie cheere, when most they wade in wo.
And so will I in greene, my careful corpse aray,
To set a bragge amongst the best, as though my heart were gay:
Not greene bicause I hope, nor greene bicause I joy,
Nor greene, bicause I can delight in any youthfull toy:
But greene, bicause my greeves are alway fresh and greene,
Whose roote is such it cannot rot, as by the frute is seene.
Thus sayde, he gave a groane, as though his heart had broke,
And from the furnace of his breast, sent scalding sighes like (smoke:
And sighing so, he sate in solitarie wise,
Conveying flouds of brynish teares, by conduct of his eyes.
What ende he had God knoweth, *Battello* writes it not,
Or if he do, my wittes are short, for I have it forgot.

The continuance of the Author, upon the fruite of Fetters.

THus have you heard the green Knight make his mone,
Which wel might move the hardest heart to melt:
But what he ment, that knewe himselfe alone,
For such a cause, in weerie woes to swelt:
And yet by like, some peerlesse peece it was,
That brought him so in raging stormes to passe.

I have heard tell, and read it therewithall,
That neare the *Alpes* a kinde of people bee,
Which serve with shot, wherof the very ball
Is bigge of bulke, the peece but short to see:
But yet it shootes as farre, and eke as fast,
As those which are yframde of longer last.

The cause (say some) consisteth in the locke,
Some other judge, bicause they be so strong,
Renforced well, and breeched like a brocke,
Stiffe, straight, and stout, which though they be not long,
Yet spit they foorth their pellets such a pace,
And with such force, as seemes a woondrous case.

Some other thinke, the mettal maketh all,
Which tempred is both rounde and smooth to see:
And sure me thinkes, the bignesse of the ball,
Ne yet the locke, should make it shoote so free,
But even the breech of mettall good and sounde,
Which makes the ball with greater force to bounde.

For this we see, the stiffe and strongest arme,
Which gives a jerke, and hath a cunning loose,
Shootes furdest still, and doth alway most harme,
For be his flights yfeathred from the goose,
Or Peacockes quilles, or Raven, or Swanne, or Crowe,
His shafts go swifte, when others flie but slowe.

How so it be, the men that use to shoote
In these short gunnes: are praysed for the best:
And Princes seeke such shotte for to promoote
As perfectest and better than the rest:
So that (by like) their peeces beare the sway,
Else other men could shoote as farre as they.

Their peeces then are called *Petronels*,
And they themselves by sundrie names are calld:
As *Bandolliers*, for who in mountaynes dwels,
In trowpes and bandes, ofte times is stoutly stalld:
Or of the Stone wherwith the locke doth strike,
Petronelliers, they called are by like.

And so percase this peerelesse peece of his
For which he mournde and made such ruefull mone,
Was one of those: and therfore all his blisse,
Was turnd to bale when as that peece was gone:
Since Martial men do set their chief delight,
In armes which are both free and fayre in sight.

My selfe have seene some peece of such a pryce,
As woorthy were to be esteemed well:
For this you know in any straunge devise,
Such things as seeme for goodnesse to excell,
Are holden deare, and for great Jewels deemd,
Bycause they be both rare and much esteemd.

But now to turne my tale from whence I came,
I saie his lottes and mine were not unlike:
He spent his youth (as I did) out of frame,
He came at last (like me) to trayle the pike.
He pynde in pryson pinchte with privie payne,
And I likewise in pryson still remayne.

Yet some good fruite in fetters can I finde,
As vertue rules in every kinde of vice:
First pryson brings repentaunce to the minde,
Which wandred earst in lust and lewde device.
For hardest hartes by troubles yet are taught,
That God is good when all the worlde is naught.

If thou have ledde a carelesse lyfe at large,
Without regard what libertie was worth:
And then come downe to cruell Gaylours charge,
Which keepes thee close and never lettes thee forth:
Learne then this fruite in Fetters by thy selfe,
That libertie is worth all worldly pelfe.

Whose happe is such to yeelde himself in warre,
Remembre then that peace in pleasure dwelles:
Whose hartes are high and know not what they are
Let such but marke the gingling of their belles:
When fetters frette their anckles as they goe,
Since none so high but that may come as lowe.

WEEDES

To tell a truth and therein to be shorte,
Prysons are plagues that fal for mans offence,
Which maketh some in good and godly sorte,
With contrite harte to grope their conscience.
Repentance than steppes in and pardon craves,
These fruites (with mo) are found in darksome caves.

If thou have friends, there shalt thou know them right,
Since fastest friends in troubles shew their fayth:
If thou have foes, there shalt thou see their spight
For all to true it is that Proverbe sayth:
Where hedge is lowe, there every man treads downe,
And friendship failes when Fortune list to frowne.

Patience is founde in prison (though perforce)
And Temprance taught where none excesse doth dwell,
Exercise calles, least slouth should kill thy corse:
Diligence drives thy busie braines to swell,
For some devise which may redeeme thy state,
These fruites I found in fetters all too late.

And with these fruites another fruite I found,
A strange conceyt, and yet a trustie truth:
I found by proufe, there is no kinde of ground,
That yeeldes a better croppe to retchlesse youth,
Than that same molde where fetters serve for mucke,
And wit stil woorkes to digge up better lucke.

For if the seede of grace will ever growe,
Then sure such soile will serve to beare it best,
And if Gods mercie therewithall do flowe,
Then springs it high, and ruffles with the rest:
Oft hath bene seene such seede in prison cast,
Which long kept close, and prospred yet at last.

But therewithall there springs a kinde of Tares,
Which are vile weedes, and must be rooted out,
They choake up grace, and lap it fast in snares,
Which oftentimes do drawe it deepe in dout,
And hinders plantes which else would growe full hie,
Yet is this weede an easie thing to spie.

WEEDES

Men call it Fansie, sure a woorthlesse weede,
And of the same full many sortes are found,
Some fansies are, which thinke a lawfull deede
To scape away, though faith full fast be bound:
Some thinke by love, (nay lust in cloke of love)
From fetters fast their selves for to remove.

Some be, that meane by murder to prevaile,
And some by fraude, as fansie rules the thought:
Sometimes such frightes mens fansies do assaile,
(That when they see their freedome must be bought)
They vowe to take a stande on Shooters hill,
Till rents come in to please their wicked will.

Some fansies hopes by lies to come on floate,
As for to tell their frends and kinne great tales,
What wealth they lost in coyne, and many a coate,
What powder packt in coffers and in males,
What they must pay, and what their charge will be,
Wherin they meane to save themselves a fee.

Some fansies eke forecast what life to weelde,
When libertie shall graunted be at last,
And in the aire such castles gan they builde,
That many times they fall againe as fast:
For Fansie hinders Grace from glories crowne,
As Tares and Byndes can plucke good graine adowne.

Who list therfore by Fetters frute to have,
Take Fansie first out of his privy thought,
And when thou hast him, cast him in the wave
Of *Lethes* lake: for sure his seede is nought.
The greene Knight he, of whome I late did tell,
(Mine Author sayth) badde Fansie thus farewell.

The greene Knights farewell to Fansie.

FAnsie (quoth he) farewell, whose badge I long did beare,
And in my hat full harebrayndly, thy flowers did I weare:
To late I finde (at last), thy frutes are nothing worth,
Thy blossomes fall & fade full fast, though braverie bring thē forth.
By thee I hoapt alwayes, in deepe delights to dwel,
But since I finde thy ficklenesse, *Fansie* (quoth he) *farewell.*

Thou madste me live in love, which wisedome biddes me hate,
Thou bleardst mine eies & madste me thinke, yᵗ faith was mine by fate:
By thee those bitter sweetes, did please my taste alway,
By thee I thought that love was light, and payne was but a play:
I thought that Bewties blase, was meete to beare the bell,
And since I finde my selfe deceyved, *Fansie* (quoth he) *farewell.*

The glosse of gorgeous courtes, by thee did please mine eye,
A stately sight me thought it was, to see the brave go by:
To see there feathers flaunte, to marke their straunge devise,
To lie along in Ladies lappes, to lispe and make it nice:
To fawne and flatter both, I liked sometimes well,
But since I see how vayne it is, *Fansie* (quoth he) *farewell.*

When court had cast me of, I toyled at the plowe
My fansie stoode in straunge conceipts, to thrive I wote not how:
By mils, by making malte, by sheepe and eke by swyne,
By ducke and drake, by pigge and goose, by calves & keeping kine:
By feeding bullockes fat, when pryce at markets fell,
But since my swaines eat up my gaines, *Fansie* (quoth he) *farewell.*

In hunting of the deare, my fansie tooke delight,
All forests knew, my folly still, the mooneshine was my light:
In frosts I felt no cold, a sunneburnt hew was best,
I sweate and was in temper still, my watching seemed rest:
What daungers deepe I past, it follie were to tell,
And since I sigh to thinke thereon, *Fansie* (quoth he) *farewell.*

WEEDES

A fansie fedde me ones, to wryte in verse and rime,
To wray my griefe, to crave reward, to cover still my crime:
To frame a long discourse, on sturring of a strawe,
To rumble rime in raffe and ruffe, yet all not worth an hawe:
To heare it sayde there goeth, the *Man that writes so well*,
But since I see, what Poetes bee, *Fansie* (quoth he) *farewell.*

At Musickes sacred sounde, my fansies eft begonne,
In concordes, discordes, notes and cliffes, in tunes of unisonne:
In *Hyerarchies* and straynes, in restes, in rule and space,
In monacordes and moving moodes, in *Burdens* under base:
In descants and in chants, I streyned many a yel,
But since Musicians be so madde, *Fansie* (quoth he) *farewell.*

To plant straunge countrie fruites, to sow such seedes likewise,
To digge & delve for new foũd rootes, where old might wel suffise:
To proyne the water bowes, to picke the mossie trees,
(Oh how it pleasd my fancie ones) to kneele upon my knees,
To griffe a pippine stocke, when sappe begins to swell:
But since the gaynes scarce quite the cost, *Fansie* (quoth he) *farewell.*

Fansie (quoth he) *farewell*, which made me follow drommes,
Where powdred bullets serves for sauce, to every dish that cõmes:
Where treason lurkes in trust, where *Hope* all hartes beguiles,
Where mischief lieth still in wayte, when fortune friendly smiles:
Where one dayes prison proves, that all such heavens are hell,
And such I feele the frutes thereof, *Fansie* (quoth he) *farewell.*

If reason rule my thoughts, and God vouchsafe me grace
Then comfort of Philosophie, shall make me chaunge my race:
And fonde I shall it finde, that Fansie settes to showe,
For weakely stãds that building still, which lacketh grace by low:
But since I must accept, my fortunes as they fell,
I say God send me better speede, and *Fansie now farewell.*

Epilogismus.

SEe sweete deceipt, that can it self beguile,
Behold selfe love, which walketh in a net:
And seemes unseene, yet shewes it selfe therewhile,
Before such eyes, as are in science set.
The Greene knight here, leaves out his firelocke peece
That Fancie hath not yet his last farewell.
When Foxes preach, good folke beware your geese,
But holla here, my muse to farre doth mell:
Who list to marke, what learned preacher sayeth,
Must learne withall, for to beleeve his lore:
But what he doth, that toucheth nomans fayth,
Though words with workes, (agreed) persuade the more,
The mounting kite, oft lights on homely pray
And wisest wittes, may sometimes go astray.

FINIS.

Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.

The pleasant Fable of *Ferdinando Jeron[i]mi and Leonora de Valasco*,

translated out of the Italian riding tales of *Bartello*.

IN the pleasant Countrie of *Lombardie*, (and not farre from the Citie of *Florence*) there was dwelling sometimes a Lorde of many riche Seignories and dominions, who nevertheless bare his name of the Castle of *Valasco*: this Lord had one only sonne and two daughters: his sonne was called (during the life of his father) the heyre of *Valasco*, who maried a faire Gentlewoman of the house of *Bellavista* named *Leonora*: the elder daughter of the Lord of *Valasco* was called *Francischina*, a yong woman very toward, bothe in capacitie and other active qualities. Nowe the Lord of *Valasco* having already maried his sonne & heyre, and himselfe drawing in age, was desirous to see his daughters also bestowed before his death, and especially the eldest, who both for beutie and ripenesse of age might often put him in remembrance that shee was a collop of his owne fleshe: and therefore sought meanes to draw unto his house *Ferdinando Jeronimi* a yong gentleman of *Venice*, who delighting more in hawking, hunting, and such other pastimes than he did in studie, had left his owne house in *Venice*, and was come into *Lombardie* to take the pleasures of the countrie. So that the Lorde of *Valasco* knowing him to be of a very good parentage, and therewithall not onely riche but adorned with sundrie good qualities, was desirous (as is sayd) to drawe him home to his house (under pretence of hunting and hawking) to the end he might beholde his fayre daughter *Francischina*: who both for parentage and other worldly respects, might no lesse content his minde, than hir beautie was likely to have allured his liking. But it fell oute farre contrary to his desire, for *Ferdinando Jeronimi* beholding the Lady *Leonora*, who was in deede very fayre, and of a very courtlike behaviour, became enamoured of hir, and forgetting the curtesie that the Lorde of *Valasco* had shewed him in enter-

tayning him and his servaunts, with their horses, by the space of .iiii. moneths (whiche is a rare curtesie nowe adayes, and especially in suche a countrey) he sought all meanes possible to make the heyre of *Valasco* a *Becco*. And to the end that all menne may perceive what frutes growe on suche trees, and what issues come of such intents, I will set downe in English the fable as it is written in Italian by *Bartello*. And bicause I do suppose that *Leonora* is the same name whiche wee call *Elinor* in English, and that *Francischina* also doth import none other than *Fraunces*, I will so entitle them as to our own countriemen may be moste perspicuous. Understand you then, that *Ferdinando* having nowe a hote affection unto the sayde Dame *Elynor*, and thinking it meeter to utter his firste conceipts in writing than in speache, did write unto hir as followeth.

FAyre Lady I pray you understande that (being altogether a straunger in this Countrie) my good happe hath bene to behold you to my no small contentation. And my evill happe accompanies the same with suche imperfection of my deserts, as that I finde alwayes a ready repulse in mine owne forwardnesse: So that considering the naturall clymate of the countrie, I muste say that I have found fire in frost. And yet comparing the inequalitie of my deserts, with the least part of your worthinesse, I feele a cõtinual frost, in my most fervent fire. Such is thẽ the extremitie of my passions, the whiche I could never have bene content to committe unto this teltale paper, were it not that I am destitute of all other helpe. Accept therefore I beseche you, the earnest good will of a more trustie (than worthy) servaunt, who being thereby encouraged, may supplie the defects of his abilitie with readie triall of duetifull loyaltie. And lette this poore paper (besprent with salte teares, and blowen over with skalding sighes) bee saved of you as a safegarde for your sampler, or a bottome to winde your sowing silke, that when your last needelfull is wrought, you maye returne to reading thereof and consider the care of hym who is

The ayre of that Countrie did (by all likelyhood) seeme colder to him than ye streetes of Venice.

More youres than his owne.

F. J.

THis letter by hir receyved, hir aunswere was this: She tooke occasion one day, at his request to daunce with him: the whiche doing, shee bashfully began to declare unto him, that she had read over the writing whiche he delivered unto hir: with like protestation, that (as at deliverie thereof, shee understood not for what cause he thrust the same into hir bosome,) so now shee could not perceyve thereby any part of his meaning: neverthelesse at laste seemed to take uppon hir the matter, and though shee disabled hir selfe, yet gave him thankes as &c. Whereupon he brake the braule, and walking abrode, devised immediatly these fewe verses following.

FAire Bersabe the bright once bathing in a Well,
With dewe bedimmd King Davids eies that ruled Israell.
And Salomon him selfe, the source of sapience,
Against the force of such assaultes could make but small defence:
To it the stoutest yeeld, and strongest feele like wo,
Bold Hercules and Sampson both, did prove it to be so.
What wonder seemeth then? when starres stand thicke in skies,
If such a blasing starre have power to dim my dazled eyes?

Lenvoie.

To you these fewe suffise, your wittes be quicke and good,
You can conject by chaunge of hew, what humors feede my blood.
F. J.

BEfore he could put these verses in legible writing, it pleased M. *Elinor* of hir curtesie thus to deale with him. Walking in a garden among divers other gentlemen & gentlewomen, with a little frowning smyle in passing by him, she delivered unto him a paper, with these words. *For that I understand not* (quoth she) *the intent of your letters, I pray you take them here againe, and bestow them at your pleasure.* The which done and sayde, shee passed by withoute change either of pace or countenaunce. *Ferdinando* somewhat troubled with hir angrie looke, did sodenly leave the companie, and walking into a parke neare adjoyning, in great rage began to wreake his malice on this poore paper, and the same did rend and teare in peeces. When sodenly at a glaunce he perceved it was not of his owne hand writing, and therewithall abashed, uppon better regard he perceived in one peece therof written in

Romaine these letters *Colei*: which in english betokeneth SHE: wherfore placing all the peeces therof, as orderly as he could, he found therin written, these few lynes hereafter following.

YOur sodeyn departure, from our pastime yesterday, did enforce mee for lacke of chosen company too returne untoo my worke, wherein I did so long continue, till at the last the bare bottome did drawe unto my remembraunce your straunge request. And although I founde therin no just cause to credite your coloured wordes, yet have I thought good hereby too requite you with like curtesie, so that at least you shall not condemne mee for ungratefull. But as to the matter therin conteyned: if I could perswade my selfe, that there were in mee any coales to kyndle suche sparkes of fire, I might yet peradventure bee drawn to beleve that your minde were frosen with like feare. But as no smoke ariseth, where no cole is kindled, so without cause of affection the passion is easie to be cured. This is all that I understand of your darke letters: and as much as I meane to answere.

Colei: in english: SHE.

F*Erdinando* immediatly upon receyte heerof, grew in jelosie that the same was not hir owne devise. And therin I have no lesse allowed his judgement, than commended his invention of the verses, and letters before rehersed. For as by the stile this letter of hirs bewrayeth that it was not penned by a womans capacitie, so the sequele of hir doings may discipher, that shee had mo redy clearkes than trustie servants in store. Well yet as the perfect hound, when he hath chased the hurt deere, amidde the whole heard, will never give over till he have singled it againe. Even so *Ferdinando* though somwhat abashed with this doubtfull shewe, yet stil constant in his former intention, ceased not by all possible meanes, too bring this Deere yet once agayne to the bowes, wherby shee might be the more surely stryken: and so in the end enforced to yeeld. Wherfore he thought not best to commit the sayde verses willingly into hir custodie, but privily lost them in hir chambēr, written in counterfeit. And after on the next day thought better to replie, either upon hir, or uppon hir Secretary in this wise as here followeth.

THE much that you have answered is very much, and much more than I am able to reply unto: neverthelesse in myne owne defence, thus much I alleage: that if my sodein departure pleased not you, I cannot my selfe therwith be pleased, as one that seeketh not to please many, and more desirous to please you than any. The cause of myne affection, I suppose you behold dayly. For (self love avoyded) every wight may judge of themselves as much as reason perswadeth: the which if it be in your good nature suppressed with bashfulnesse, then mighty Jove graunt, you may once behold my wan cheekes washed in woe, that therein my salt teares may be a myrrour to represent your owne shadow, and that like unto Nacissus you may be constrayned to kisse the cold waves, wherein your counterfait is so lively purtrayed. For if aboundance of other matters fayled to drawe my gazing eyes in contemplation of so rare excellency, yet might these your letters both frame in me an admiration of such divine esprite, and a confusion too my dull understanding, whiche so rashly presumed too wander in this endles Laberinth. Such I esteeme you, and thereby am become such, and even *HE. F. J.*

THis letter finished and fayre written over, his chaunce was to meete hir alone in a Gallery of the same house: (where his manhood in this kinde of combat was firste tried:) and therein I can compare him to a valiant Prince, who distressed with power of enemies had committed the safegard of his person to treaty of Ambassade, and sodenly (surprised with a *Camassado* in his owne trenches) was enforced to yeeld as prisoner. Even so *Ferdinando Jeronimi* lately overcome by the beautifull beames of this Dame *Elynor*, and having now committed his moste secrete intent to these late rehearsed letters, was at unwares encountred with his friendly foe, and constrayned either to prepare some new defence, or else like a recreant to yeeld himselfe as already vanquished. Wherefore (as in a traunce) he lifted up his dazled eies, and so continued in a certen kind of admiration, not unlike the Astronomer, who (having after a whole nights travaile, in the grey morning found his desired starre) hath fixed his hungry eies to behold the Comete long looked for: wherat this gracious Dame (as

one that could discerne the sunne before hir chamber windowes were wide opẽ) did deign to embolden the fainting Knight with these or like woordes.

I perceive nowe (quod she) howe mishap doth follow me, that having chosen this walke for a simple solace, I am here disquieted by the man that meaneth my destruction: and therwithall, as half angry, began to turne hir backe, when *Ferdinando* (now awaked) gan thus salute hir.

Mistresse (quod he) and I perceive now, that good hap haũts me, for being by lacke of oportunitie constreined to commit my welfare unto these blabbing leaves of bewraying paper shewing that in his hãd) I am here recomforted with happy view of my desired joy: and therewithall reverently kissing his hand, did softly distreyne hir slender arme, and so stayed hir departure. The firste blowe thus profered and defended, they walked and talked traversing diverse wayes, wherein I doubte not but that the *Venetian* coulde quite himselfe resonably well. For after long talke shee was contented to accept his proffered service, but yet still disabling hir selfe, and seeming to marvell what cause had moved him to subject his libertie so wilfully, or at least in a prison (as shee termed it) so unworthy. Whereunto I neede not rehearse his answere, but suppose now, that thus they departed: saving I had forgotten this: shee required of him the last rehearsed letter, saying that his firste was loste, and nowe shee lacked a new bottome for hir silke, the whiche I warrant you, he graunted: and so proffering to take an humble *congé* by *Bezo las manos*, she graciously gave him the *zuccado dez labros*: and so for then departed. And thereuppon recompting hir woordes, he compiled these following, whiche he termed *Terza sequenza*, too sweete Mistresse SHE.

OF thee deare Dame, three lessons would I learne:
What reason first persuades the foolish Fly
(*As soone as shee a candle can discerne*)
To play with flame, till shee bee burnt thereby?
Or what may move the Mouse to byte the bayte
Which strikes the trappe, that stops hir hungry breth?
What calles the bird, where snares of deepe deceit
Are closely coucht to draw hir to hir death?

Consider well, what is the cause of this,
And though percase thou wilt not so confesse,
Yet deepe desire, to gayne a heavenly blisse,
May drowne the minde in dole and darke distresse:
Oft is it seene (whereat my hart may bleede)
Fooles play so long till they be caught in deede.
And then
It is a heaven to see them hop and skip,
And seeke all shiftes to shake their shackles off:
It is a world, to see them hang the lip,
Who (earst) at love, were wont to skorne and skoff.
But as the Mouse, once caught in crafty trap,
May bounce and beate against the boorden wall,
Till shee have brought hir head in such mishap,
That downe to death hir fainting lymbes must fall:
And as the Flie once singed in the flame,
Cannot commaund her wings to wave away:
But by the heele, shee hangeth in the same
Till cruell death hir hasty journey stay:
So they that seeke to breake the linkes of love
Strive with the streame, and this by paine I prove.
For when
I first beheld that heavenly hewe of thine,
Thy stately stature, and thy comly grace,
I must confesse these dazled eies of mine
Did wincke for feare, when I first viewd thy face:
But bold desire did open them againe,
And bad mee looke till I had lookt to long,
I pitied them that did procure my paine,
And lov'd the lookes that wrought me all the wrong:
And as the byrd once caught (but woorks hir woe)
That strives to leave the limed twigges behind:
Even so the more I strave to parte thee fro,
The greater grief did growe within my minde:
Remedilesse then must I yeeld to thee,
And crave no more, thy servaunt but to bee.

Till then and ever. HE. F. J.

WHen he had well sorted this sequence, he sought oportunitie to leave it where shee might finde it before it were lost. And nowe the coles began to kindle, whereof (but ere while) shee feigned hir selfe altogither ignorant. The flames began to breake out on every side: and she to quench them, shut up hir selfe in hir chamber solitarily. But as the smithie gathers greater heate by casting on of water, even so the more she absented hir self from company, the fresher was the griefe whiche galded hir remembrance: so that at laste the report was spredde thorough the house, that Mistresse *Elinor* was sicke. At which newes *Ferdinando* tooke small comfort; neverthelesse Dame *Venus* with good aspect did yet thus much furder his enterprise. The Dame (whether it were by sodaine chaunge, or of wonted custome) fell one day into a greate bleeding at the nose. For whiche accident the sayde *Venetian*, amongst other pretie conceits, had a present remedie: Whereby he tooke occasion (when they of the house had all in vayne sought many waies to stoppe hir bleeding) to worke his feate in this wise: Firste he pleaded ignorance, as though he knewe not hir name, and therefore demaunded the same of Mistresse *Fraunces*, who when shee had to him declared that hir name was *Elinor*, hee sayde these woordes or very like in effect: If I thought I shoulde not offend Mistres *Elynor*, I woulde not doubte to stoppe hir bleeding, without eyther payne or difficultie. This Gentlewoman somewhat tickled with his woordes, did incontinent make relation thereof to the sayde Mistresse *Elynor*: who immediately (declaring that *Ferdinando* was hir late receyved servaunt) returned the saide messanger unto him with especiall charge, that hee shoulde employ his devoyre towardes the recovery of hir health: with whome the same *Ferdinando* repayred to the chamber of his desired: and finding hir set in a chayre, leaning on the one side over a Silver bason: After his due reverence, hee layde his hande on hir Temples, and privily rounding hir in hir eare, desired hir to commaunde a Hazell sticke and a knyfe: the whiche beyng brought, hee delivered unto hir, saying on this wise. Mistresse I will speake certaine woordes in secrete to my selfe, and doe require no more: but when you heare me saie openly this woorde *Amen*, that you with this knyfe will make a nicke uppon this Hazell

sticke: and when you have made five nickes, commaunde mee also to cease. The Dame partly of good will to the Knight, and partly to be stenched of hir bleeding, commaunded hir mayde, and required the other Gentils, somewhat to stande aside: whiche done, he began his Oraisons, wherein he had not long muttered before he pronounced *Amen*, wherwith the Lady made a nicke on the sticke with hir knyfe. The saide *Ferdinando* continued to an other *Amen*, when ye Lady having made an other nick, felt hir bleeding began to steynch: & so by the third *Amen* throughly steinched. *Ferdinando* then chaunging his prayers into privat talk, said softly unto hir: Mystres, I am glad that I am hereby enabled to doe you some service, and as the staunching of your owne bloud may some way recomfort you, so if the shedding of my bloud may any way content you, I beseech you commaund it, for it shalbe evermore readily employed in your service: and therwithal with a loud voyce pronounced *Amen*: wherewith the good Lady making a nick, did secretly answere thus: Good servant (quod shee) I must needes think my selfe right happy to have gained your service and good will, and be you sure, that although ther be in me no such desert as may draw you into this depth of affection: yet such as I am, I shalbe alwayes glad to shewe my self thankfull unto you. And now, if you thinke your self assured that I shall bleede no more, doe then pronounce your fifth *Amen*: the which pronounced, shee made also hir fifth nicke, and held up hir head, calling the company unto hir, and declaring unto them, that hir bleeding was throughly steinched. And *Ferdinando* tarying a while in the chamber, found oportunitie to loose his sequence neere too his desired Mistres: And after *congé* taken, departed. After whose departure the Lady arose out of hir chayre, and hir mayd going about to remove the same, espied, and toke up the writing: the which hir mistres perceiving, gan sodenly conjecture that the same had in it some like matter to the verses once before left in like maner, and made semblant to mistrust that the same should be some wordes of conjuration: and taking it from hir mayd, did peruse it, and immediatly said too the company, that she would not forgo the same for a great treasure. But to be plain, I think that (*Ferdinando* excepted) she was glad to be rid of all company, untill she had with

sufficient leasure turned over and retossed every card in this sequence. And not long after being now tickled thorough all the vaines with an unknown humour, adventured of hir selfe to commit unto a like Ambassadour the discyphring of that which hitherto shee had kept more secret: and thereupon wrot with hir own hand and head in this wyse.

GOod servant, I am out of al doubt much beholding unto you, and I have great comfort by your meanes in the steinching of my bloud, and I take great comfort too reade your letters, and I have found in my chamber divers songs which I think too be of your making, and I promise you, they are excellently made: and I assure you that I wilbee ready to doe for you any pleasure that I can, during my life: wherefore I pray you come to my chamber once in a day, till I come abroad again, and I wilbe glad of your company: and for because that you have promised to be my HE: I will take upon me this name, your SHE.

THis letter was doubtles of hir own hande writing: and as therin the Reader may finde great difference of Style, from hir former letter, so may you now understand the cause. Shee had in the same house a friend, a servant, a Secretary: what should I name him? such one as shee esteemed in time past more than was cause in tyme present. And to make my tale good, I will (by the same words that *Bartello* useth) discribe him unto you. He was in heigth the proportion of two *Pigmeis*, in bredth the thicknesse of two bacon hogges, of presumption a Gyant, of power a Gnatte, Apishly wytted, Knavishly mannered, and crabbedly favord. What was there in him then to drawe a fayre Ladies liking? Marry sir even all in all, a well lyned pursse, wherewith he could at every call, provide suche pretie conceytes as pleased hir peevish fantasie: and by that meanes hee had throughly (long before) insinuated him selfe with this amorous dame. This manling, this minion, this slave, this secretary, was nowe by occasion rydden too *Florence* forsothe: and though his absence were unto hir a disfurnishing of eloquence: it was yet untoo *Ferdinando Jero*[*n*]*i*[*m*]*i* an opportunitie of good advauntage: for when hee perceived the change of hir stile, and thereby grewe

in some suspition that the same proceeded by absence of hir chiefe Chauncellor, he thought good now to smyte while the yron was hotte, and to lend his Mistresse suche a penne in hir Secretaries absence, as hee should never be able (at his returne) to amend the well writing therof. Wherfore according to hir cōmaund he repayred once every day to hir chamber, at the least whereas hee guided himselfe so wel, and could devise such store of sundry pleasures and pastymes, that he grew in favour not onely with his desired, but also with the rest of the gentlewomen. And one day passing the time amongst them, their playe grew to this end, that his Mistresse, being Queene, demaunded of him these three questions. Servant (quod she) I charge you, as well uppon your all[e]giance being nowe my subject, as also upon your fidelitie, having vowed your service unto me, that you aunswere me these three questions, by the very truth of your secret thought. First, what thing in this universall world doth most rejoyce and comfort you? *Ferdinando Jeronimi* abasing his eyes towardes the ground, toke good advisement in his aunswere, when a fayre gentlewoman of the company clapped him on the shoulder, saying, how now sir, is your hand on your halfpeny? To whome he aunswered, no fayre Lady, my hand is on my harte, and yet my hart is not in myne owne hands: wherewithall abashed, turning towards dame *Elinor* he sayde: My sovereigne and Mistresse, according to the charge of your command, and the dutie that I owe you, my tongue shall bewraye unto you the truthe of mine intent. At this present a rewarde given me without desert, doth so rejoyce mee with continuall remembraunce, that though my minde be so occupied to thinke thereon, as that daye nor night I can bee quiet from that thought, yet the joye and pleasure whiche I conceive in the same is such, that I can neyther be cloyed with continuaunce thereof, nor yet afraide, that any mishappe can countervayle so greate a treasure. This is to me suche a heaven to dwell in, as that I feede by day, and repose by night uppon the freshe recorde of this reward. This (as *Bartello* sayeth) he ment by the kisse that she lent him in the Gallery, and by the profession of hir laste letters and woordes. Well, though this aunswere bee some what mistie, yet let his excuse be: that taken uppon the sodaine, he thought better to aunswere darkly, than to be mistrusted openly. Hir second

question was, what thing in this life did most greeve his harte, and disquiet his minde, wherunto he answered. That although his late rehersed joy were incomparable, yet the greatest enimie that disturbed the same, was the privie worme of his owne giltie conscience, which accused him evermore with great unworthinesse: and that this was his greatest griefe. The Lady biting upon the bitte at his cunning answeres made unto these two questions, ganne thus replie. Servaunt, I had thought to have touched you yet nearer with my thirde question, but I will refrayne to attempt your pacience: and nowe for my third demaund, aunswere me directly in what manner this passion doth handle you? and howe these contraries may hang together by any possibilitie of concorde? for your woordes are straunge. *Ferdinando* now rousing himselfe boldly, tooke occasion thus to handle his aunswere. Mistresse (quod he) my woordes in deede are straunge, but yet my passion is muche straunger: and therupon this other day to contẽt mine owne fantasie I devised a Sonet, which although it bee a peece of Cocklorels musicke, and suche as I might be ashamed to publish in this company, yet bicause my truth in this answere may the better appeare unto you, I pray you vouchsafe to receive the same in writing: and drawing a paper out of his pocket, presented it to hir, wherin was written this Sonet.

LOve, hope, and death, do stirre in me such strife,
As never man but I led such a life.
First burning love doth wound my hart to death,
And when death comes at call of inward griefe,
Colde lingering hope doth feede my fainting breath
Against my will, and yeeldes my wound reliefe:
So that I live, but yet my life is such,
As death would never greve me halfe so much.
No comfort then but only this I tast,
To salve such sore, such hope will never want,
And with such hope, such life will ever last,
And with such life, such sorrowes are not skant.
Oh straunge desire, O life with torments tost
Through too much hope, mine onely hope is lost.

Even *HE* *F. J.*

THis sonet was highly commended, and in my judgement it deserveth no lesse. His dutie thus perfourmed, their pastimes ended, and at their departure for a watch worde hee coũselled his Mistresse by little and little to walke abrode: saying, that the Gallery neare adjoyning was so pleasaunt, as if he were halfe dead he thought that by walking therin hee might be halfe & more revived. Think you so servaunt (quod she?) and the last tyme that I walked there, I suppose I toke the cause of my malady: but by your advise (for that you have so clerkly steynched my bleeding) I will assay to walke there to morow. Mistres quod he, and in more ful accomplishment of my duetie towards you, and in sure hope that you will use the same onelie to your owne private commoditie, I will there awaite upon you, and betwene you and me wil teach you the ful order how to steynch the bleeding of any creature, wherby you shal be as cũning as my self. Gramercy good servant, quod she, I thinke you lost the same in writing here yesterday, but I cãnot understand it: & therfore to morrow (if I feele my self any thing amẽded) I wil sende for you thither to enstruct me throughly: thus they departed. And at supper time, the Lord of *Valasco* finding fault yᵗ his gestes stomacke served him no better, began to accuse the grosnesse of his vyands, to whom one of the gẽtlewomen which had passed yᵉ afternoone in his company, answered. Nay sir, quod she, this gentleman hath a passion, the which once in a day at the least doth kill his appetite. Are you so well acquainted with the dispositiõ of his body (quod the Lord of yᵉ house?) by his owne saying, quod she, & not otherwise. Fayre ladie quod *Ferdinãdo*, you either mistoke me or overheard me thẽ: for I told of a cõfortable humor which so fed me with cõtinuall remẽbrãce of joy, as that my stomack being ful therof doth desire in maner none other vittayles. Why sir, (quod the host,) do you thẽ live by love? God forbid sir quod *Ferdinando*, for then my cheekes wold be much thinner thã they be: but there are divers other greater causes of joy, than the doubtful lots of love: & for mine own part, to be playn, I cãnot love, & I dare not hate. I would I thought so, quod the gentlewoman. And thus with prety nyppes, they passed over their supper: which ended, the Lord of the house required *Ferdinando*

Jeronimi to daunce and passe the time with the gentlewomen, which he refused not to doe. But sodenly, before the musicke was well tuned, came out Dame *Elynor* in hir night attyre, and said to the Lord, yᵗ (supposing the solitarinesse of hir chamber had encreased hir maladie) she came out for hir better recreatiõ to see them daunce. Well done daughter (quod the Lorde.) And I Mistres (quod *Ferdinando*) would gladly bestowe the leading of you about this great chamber, to drive away yᵉ faintnesse of your fever. No good servaunt, (quod the Lady,) but in my steede, I pray you daunce with this fayre Gentlewoman, pointing him too the Lady that had so taken him up at supper. *Ferdinando* to avoyd mistrust, did agree too hir request without furder entreaty. The daunce begon, this Knight marched on with the Image of S. *Frances* in his hand, and S. *Elynor* in his hart. The violands at end of the pavion staied a whyle: in whiche time this Dame sayde to *Ferdinando Jeronimi* on this wise: I am right sory for you in two respects, although the familiarity have hytherto had no great continuance betwene us: and as I do lament your case, so doo I rejoyce (for myne own contentation) that I shal now see a due triall of the experimẽt which I have long desired. This sayd, she kept silence: When *Ferdinando* (somwhat astonied with hir straunge speech) thus answered: Mistresse although I cannot conceive the meaning of your woordes, yet by curtesie I am constrayned to yeelde you thankes for your good wil, the which appeareth no lesse in lamenting of mishappes, than in rejoycing at good fortune. What experiment you meane to trie by mee, I knowe not, but I dare assure you, that my skill in experiments is very simple. Herewith the Instruments sounded a new Measure, and they passed forthwards, leaving to talke, untill the noise ceassed: whiche done, the Gentlewoman replied. I am sory sir, that you did erewhile, denie love and all his lawes, and that in so open audience. Not so (quod *Ferdinando*) but as the woorde was roundly taken, so can I readely answere it by good reason. Well quod shee, howe if the hearers will admit no reasonable answere? My reasons yet bee neverthelesse (quod he) in reasonable judgement. Herewith shee smiled, and he cast a glance towards dame *Elinor*, (*a*) askances arte thou pleased? Againe the viols called them forthwardes, and againe at the ende of the braule sayde *Ferdinando Jeronimi*

(a) as who sayeth

to this Gentlewoman: I pray you Mistres, and what may be the second cause of your sorow sustained in my behalfe? Nay soft (quod she) percase I have not yet tolde you the first, but content your selfe, for the second cause you shall never know at my handes, untill I see due triall of the experiment which I have long desired. Why then (quod he) I can but wishe a present occasion to bring the same to effect, to the end that I might also understand the mistery of your meaning. And so might you faile of your purpose (quod she) for I meane to be better assured of him that shal know the depth of mine intent in such a secrete, than I do suppose that any creature (one except) may be of you. Gentlewoman (quod he) you speake *Greeke*, the which I have nowe forgotten, and mine instructers are to farre from mee at this present to expound your words. Or els to neare (quod she) and so smiling stayed her talke, when the Musicke called them to another daunce. Whiche ended, *Ferdinando* halfe afrayd of false suspect, and more amazed at this straunge talke, gave over, and bringing Mistresse *Fraunces* to hir place, was thus saluted by his Mistresse. Servaunt (quod shee) I had done you great wrong to have daunced with you, consideringe that this gentlewoman and you had former occasion of so waighty conference. Mistresse sayd *Ferdinando* you had done mee great pleasure, for by our conference I have but brought my braynes in a busie conjecture. I doubt not (sayd his Mistresse) but you wil end that busines easely. It is hard said he to ende the thing, whereof yet I have founde no begininge. His Mistresse with chaunge of countenaunce kept silence whereat dame *Fraunces* rejoycinge, cast out this bone to gnawe on. I perceyve (quod she) it is evill to halte before a Creple. *Ferdinando* perceyving now that his Mistresse waxed angry, thought good on hir behalfe thus to aunswere: and it is evill to hop before them that runne for the Bell: his Mistresse replied, and it is evill to hange the Bell at their heeles which are alwayes running. The Lord of [t]he Castle overhearing these proper quippes, rose out of his chaire, & comming towards *Ferdinando* required him to daunce a Gallyard. Sir sayd he I have hitherto at your apoyntmẽt but walked about the house, now if you be desirous to see one tomble a turne or twayne, it is like ynough that I mighte provoke you to laugh at mee, but in good fayth my dauncing

dayes are almost done, and therfore sir (quod he) I pray you speake to them that are more nymble at trippinge on the toe. Whilest hee was thus saying dame *Elynor* had made hir *Congey*, and was now entring the doore of hir chamber when *Ferdinando* al amazed at hir sodeyne departure followed to take leave of his Mistresse: but she more then angrie, refused to heare his good night, and entring hir chamber caused hir mayde to clappe to the doore. *Ferdinando* with heavie cheare returned to his compay, and Mistresse *Fraunces* to toutch his sore with a corosive, sayd to him softly in this wise. Sir you may now perceyve that this our countrie cannot allowe the French manner of dauncing, for they (as I have heard tell) do more commonly daunce to talke, then entreate to daunce. *Fardenando* hoping to drive out one naile with another and thinking this a meane moste convenient to suppresse all jelous supposes, tooke Mistresse *Fraunces* by the hand and with a heavy smile aunswered. Mistresse and I (because I have seene the french maner of dauncing) will eftsonnes entreat you to daunce a Bargynet: what meane you by thys quod mistresse *Fraunces*. If it please you to followe (quod he) you shall see that I can jest without joye, and laugh without lust, and calling the musitions, caused them softly to sounde the Tynternall, when he clearing his voyce did *Alla Napolitana* applie these verses following, unto the measure.

IN prime of lustie yeares, when Cupid caught mee in,
And nature taught the waie to love, how I might best begin:
To please my wandring eie, in beauties tickle trade,
To gaze on eache that passed by, a carelesse sporte I made.

With sweete entising baite, I fisht for manie a dame,
And warmed me by manie a fire, yet felt I not the flame:
But when at last I spied, that face that pleasde me most,
The coales were quicke, the woode was drie, & I began to tost.

And smiling yet full oft, I have behelde that face,
When in my hearte I might bewaile mine owne unluckie case:
And oft againe with lokes that might bewraie my griefe,
I pleaded harde for just rewarde, and sought to finde reliefe.

OF MASTER F. J.

What will you more? so oft my gazing eies did seeke,
To see the rose and Lillie strive upon that livelie cheeke:
Till at the last I spied, and by good proofe I founde,
That in that face was painted plaine, the pearcer of my wound.

Then (all to late) agast, I did my foote retire,
And sought with secret sighes to quench my gredie skalding fire
But lo, I did prevaile asmuche to guide my will,
As he that seekes with halting heele, to hop against the hill.

Or as the feeble sight, woulde searche the sunnie beame,
Even so I founde but labour lost, to strive against the streame.
Then gan I thus resolve, since liking forced love.
Should I mislike my happie choice, before I did it prove?

And since none other joye I had but her to see,
S[h]oulde I retire my deepe desire? no no it would not bee:
Though great the duetie were, that shee did well deserve,
And I poore man, unworthie am so wo[r]thie a wight to serve.

Yet hope my comfort staide, that she would have regard,
To my good will that nothing crav'd, but like for just reward:
I see the faucon gent sometime will take delight
To seeke the solace of hir wing, and dallie with a kite.

The fairest Woulf will choose the foulest for hir make,
And why? because he doth indure most sorrow for hir sake:
Even so had [I like] hope, when dolefull daies were spent
When wearie wordes were wasted well, to open true entent.

When fluddes of flowing teares, had washt my weeping eies,
When trembling tongue had troubled hir, with loud lamenting cries:
At last hir worthy will would pittie this my plaint,
And comfort me hir owne poore slave, whom feare had made so faint.
{Wherefore I made a vowe, the stoany rocke should start,
{Ere I presume, to let her slippe out of my faithfull heart.

Lenvoie.

And when she sawe by proofe, the pith of my good will,
She tooke in worth this simple song, for want of better skill:
And as my just deserts, hir gentle hart did move,
She was content to answere thus: I am content to love.

F. J.

BY these verses he ment in clowdes to discipher unto Mistresse *Fraunces* such matter as she wold snatch at, and yet could take no good hold of the same. Furthermore, it aunswered very aptly to the note whiche the musicke sounded, as the skilfull reader by due triall may approve. This singing daunce, or daunsing song ended, Mistresse *Fraunces* giving due thanks, seemed weary also of the cõpany, and profering to departe, gave yet this farewell to *Ferdinando* not vexed by choller, but pleased with contentation, & called away by heavy sleepe: I am constreyned (quod she) to bid you good night, and so turning to the rest of the company, tooke hir leave. Then the Maister of the house commaunded a torch to light *Ferdinando* to his lodging, where the sodaine chaunge of his Mistresse countenance, togither with the straungenesse of Mistresse *Fraunces* talke, made such an encounter in his mind, that he could take no reste that night: wherefore in the morning rising very earely (although it were farre before his Mistresse hower) he cooled his choller by walking in the Gallery neare to hir lodging, and there in this passion co[m]piled these verses following.

A Cloud of care hath covred all my coste,
And stormes of strife doo threaten to appeare:
The waves of woo, which I mistrusted moste,
Have broke the bankes wherein my life lay cleere:
Chippes of ill chaunce, are fallen amyd my choyce,
To marre the mynd, that ment for to rejoyce.

OF MASTER F. J.

Before I sought, I founde the haven of hap,
Wherin (once found) I sought to shrowd my ship,
But lowring love hath lifte me from hir lap,
And crabbed lot beginnes to hang the lip:
The proppes of darke mistrust do fall so thick,
They pearce my coate, and touch my skin at quick.

What may be saide, where truth cannot prevaile?
What plea maie serve, where will it selfe is judge?
What reason rules, where right and reason faile?
Remedilesse then must the guiltlesse trudge:
And seeke out care, to be the carving knife,
To cut the thred that lingreth such a life.

F. J.

THis is but a rough meeter, and reason, for it was devised in great disquiet of minde, and written in rage, but to the matter. When he had long (and all in vaine) looked for the cõming of his Mistresse into hir appoynted walke: he wandred into the Parke neere adjoyning to the Castle wall, where his chaunce was to meete Mistres *F[r]aunces*, accompanied with one other Gentle woman, by whome hee passed with a reverence of curtesie: and so walking on, came into the side of a thicket, where he satte downe under a tree to allay his sadnesse with solitarines. Mystresse *Fraunces*, partely of curtesie and affection, and partly to content hir minde by continuance of such talke as they had commenced over night, entreated hir companion to goe with hir unto this Tree of reformation, whereas they founde the Knight with hys armes foulded in a heavy kinde of contemplation, unto whome Mistresse *Fraunces* stepped a pace (right softhlye) and at unwares gave this salutation. I little thought Syr Knight (quoth shee) by your Evensong yesternight, to have founde you presentlye at suche a Morrow Masse, but I perceyve you serve your Saint with double devotion: and I pray God graunt you treable meede for youre true intent. He being taken thus upon the sodaine, coulde none otherwise aunswere but thus: I toulde you mistres (quod hee) that I coulde laugh without lust, and jest without joye: and therewithall starting up, with a more bold

countenaunce came towards the Dames, proffering unto them his service, to waight upon them homewardes. I have hearde saye ofte times (quod Mistresse *Fraunces*) that it is harde to serve two Maysters at one time, but we wyll be ryght glad of your company. I thanke you (quod hee) and so walking on with them, fell into sundrye discourses, still refusing to touche any part of theyr formor communication, untill Mystresse *Fraunces* sayde unto him: by my troth (quod shee) I woulde bee your debtour these two daies, to aunswere me truely but unto one question that I will propound: fayre Gentlewoman (quod he) you shall not neede to become my debtour, but if it please you to quit question by question, I will bee more readye to gratifie you in this request, then eyther reason requireth, or than you woulde be willing to worke my contentation. Maister *Fardinando Jeronomii* (quod she, & that sadly) peradventure you know but a litle how willing I would be to procure your con-[ten]tation, but you know that hitherto familliarytie hath taken no deepe roote beetwixt us twaine. And though I finde in you no manner of cause whereby I might doubt to commit this or greater matter unto you, yet have I stayed hitherto so to doe, in doubt least you might thereby justlie condemne me both of arrogancy and lacke of discretiō, wherwith I must yet foolishlye affirme, that I have with great paine brydeled my tongue from disclosing the same unto you. Suche is then the good will that I beare towardes you, the which if you rather judge to be impudencie, then a friendely meaning, I may then curse the hower that I first concluded thus to deale with you: herewithall beeing nowe redde for chaste bashefulnesse, shee abased hir eies, and staied hir taulke: to whome *Fardinando* thus aunswered. Mystresse *Fraunces*, if I shoulde with so exceeding villanye requight suche and so exceeding great courtesye, I might not onelye seeme to digenerate from all gentrye, but also to differre in behaviour from all the reste of my lyfe spent: wherfore to be playne with you in fewe wordes I thinke my selfe so muche bounde unto you for divers respects, as if abilitie doe not fayle me, you shall finde mee mindefull in requitall of the same, and for disclosing your mind to me, you may if so i[t] please you adventure it without adventure, for by this Sunne quod he, I will not deceyve such trust as you shall laye uppon mee, and furthermore, so farre foorth as I may, I will be yours in any

respect: wherfore I beseech you accept me for your faithfull friend, and so shall you surely finde me. Not so, quod shee, but you shalbe my *Trust*, if you vouchsafe the name, and I wilbe to you as you shall please to tearme me: my *Hope* (quod hee) if you be so pleased: and thus agreed, they two walked a parte from the other Gentlewoman, and fell into sad talke, wherein Mistresse *Fraunces* dyd verye curteously declare unto him, that in deede, one cause of hir sorrow sustained in his behalfe, was that he had sayde so openly over night, that hee coulde not love, for she perceyved verye well the affection betweene him and Madame *Elynor*, and shee was also advertised that Dame *Elynor* stoode in the portall of hir chamber, harkening to the talke that they hadde at supper that night, wherefore she seemed to be sorry that such a worde (rashely escaped) might become great hinderaunce unto his desire: but a greater cause of hir griefe was (as shee declared) that his happe was to bestow his liking so unworthylye, for shee seemed to accuse Dame *Elinor*, for the most unconstant woman living: In full proofe whereof, she bewrayed unto him, how she the same Dame *Elynor*, had long time bene yelded to the Minion *Secretary*, whom I have befor described: in whome though there be (quod she) no one poynt of woorthinesse, yet shameth she not to use him as hir dearest friend, or rather hir holiest Idoll and that this not withstanding Dame *Elynor* had bene also sundry tymes woone to choyce of chaunge, as she named unto *Ferdinando* two Gentlemen wherof the one was named *Hercule Donaty*, and the other *Haniball de Cosmis*, by whom she was during sundrie times of their severall aboad in those countries, entreated to like courtisie: for these causes the Dame *Fraunces* seemed to mislike his choyce, and to lament that she doubted in processe of time to see him abused.

The experiment she ment was this, for that she thought *Ferdenando* (I use *Bartelloes* wordes) a man in every respect very worthy to have the severall use of a more commodious common, she hopped now to see if his inclosure there of might be defensible against hir sayd Secretary, and such like. These thinges and divers other of great importaunce, this courteouse Lady *Fraunces* dyd friendly disclose unto hym, and further more, did both instruct and advise him to proceede in his enterprise. Nowe to make my talke good, and least the

Reader might bee drawen in a jelose suppose of this Lady *Fraunces*, I must let you understand yᵗ she was a virgin of rare chastity, singuler capacitie, notable modestie, & excelent beauty: and though *Ferdenando Jeronimii* had cast his affection on the other (being a [married] woman) yet was there in their beauties no great difference: but in all other good giftes a wonderfull diversitie, as much as might betwene constancie & fl[itt]ing fantasie, betwene womanly coũtenaunce and girlish garishnes, betwene hot dissimulation & temperat fidelity. Now if any man wil curiously aske the question why he should chuse the one and leave yᵉ other, over & besides yᵉ cõmon proverbe (*So mani men so manie mindes*) thus may be answered we see by common experience, that the highest flying faucon, doth more cõmonly praye upon the corn fed crow & the simple shiftles dove, then on yᵉ mounting kyte: & why? because the one is overcome with lesse difficultye then that other. Thus much in defence of this Lady *Fraunces*, & to excuse the choyce of *Ferdenando* who thought himself now no lesse beholding to good fortune, to have found such a trusty friend, then bounden to Dame *Venus*, to have wonne such a Mistres. And to returne unto my pretence, understand you, that he (being now with these two fair Ladies come very neere the castle) grew in some jelouse doubt (as on his own behalf) whether he wer best to break cõpany or not. Whẽ his assured *Hope*, perceiving the same, gan thus recõfort him: good sir (quod she) if you trusted your trusty frieds, you should not neede thus cowardly to stãd in dread of your friendly enimies. Well said in faith (quod *Ferdinãdo*) & I must confesse, you were in my bosome before I wist: but yet I have heard said often, that in *Trust* is treason. Wel spokẽ for your self quod his *Hope*. *Ferdinando* now remẽbring that he had but erewhile taken upon him the name of hir *Trust*, came home *per misericordiam*, when his *Hope* entring the Castle gate, caught hold of his lap, & half by force led him by the gallery unto his Mistres chamber: wheras after a litle dissembling disdain, he was at last by the good helpe of his *Hope*, right thãkfully received: & for his Mistresse was now ready to dine, he was therfore for yᵗ time arested there, & a *supersedias* sent into the great chamber unto the Lord of the house, who expected his coming out of the parke. The dinner ended, & he throughly contented both with welfare & wel-

come, they fell into sundry devices of pastime: at last *Ferdinando* taking into his hãd a Lute that lay on his Mistresse bed, did unto the note of the *Venetian* gallhard apply the *Italian* dittie written by the worthy *Bradamant* unto ye noble *Rugier*, as *Ariosto* hath it. *Rugier qual semper fui, &c.* but his Mistres could not be quiet untill she heard hym repeat the *Tinternell* which he used over night, the whiche he refused not [, at end] wherof his Mistres thinking how she had shewed hir selfe [to earnest] to use any further dissimulation, especially perceyvyng the toward enclination of hir servants *Hope*, fel to flat and playne dealing & walked to the window, call[ing] hir servaunt apart unto hir, of whom she demaunded secretly and in sad earnest, who devised this *Tinternell*? My Fathers Sisters brothers sonne (quod he). His mistres laughing right hartely, demaunded yet again, by whome the same was figured: by a niece to an Aunt of yours, Mistres (quod he). Well then servaunt quoth shee, I sweare unto you by my Fathers Soule, yt my mothers youngest daughter, doth love your fathers eldest sone above any c[r]eature living. *Fardenando* hereby recomforted gan thus replie. Mistres, though my fathers eldest son be far unworthy of so noble a match, yet since it pleaseth hir so wel to except him, I would thus much say behind his ba[c]k, yt your mothers daughter hath done him some wrong: and wherein servaunt (quod she): by my troth Mistres (quod he) it is not yet xx. houres, since without touch of brest, she gave him such a nip by the harte, as did altogether bereave him his nightes rest with the bruse therof. Well servaunt (quod she) content your selfe, for your sake, I will speake to hyr to provyde hym a playster, the which I my selfe will applye to hys hurt: And to the ende it maye worke the better wyth hym, I will purvay a lodging for hym, wher hereafter he maye sleepe at more quiet.

This sayd: the rosie hewe dis[t]ained hir sikely chekes, and she returned to the cõpany, leaving *Ferdinando* ravished betwene hope and dread, as on that could neither conjecture the meaning of hir misticall wordes, nor assuredly trust unto the knot of hyr sliding affectiones. When the Lady *Fraunces*, cõming to him, demaunded, what dream you sir? Yea mary doe I fayre Lady (quod he). And what was your dream, sir (quod she)? I dreamt (quod he) that walking in a pleasaunt garden garnished

with sundrye delights, my hap was to espie hanging in the ayre, a hope wherin I might well beholde the aspectes and face of the heavens, and calling to remembrance the day and hower of my nativety, I did therby (accordyng to my small skil in Astronomy) trie the conclusion of mine adventures. And what found you therin (quod Dame *Fraunces*)? you awaked me out of my dreame (quod he) or ells peradventure you should not have knowen. I beleeve you well (quod the lady *Fraunces*) and laughing at his quicke aunswere brought him by the hande unto the rest of his company: where he taryed not long before his gracious Mystresse badde him to farewel, and to keepe his houre there againe when he should by hir be sommoned. Hereby hee passed the rest of that daye in hope awayting the happie tyme when his Mystresse shoulde sende for him. Supper time came, and passed over, and not long after came the handemayde of the Lady *Elynor* into the great chamber desiering him to repayre unto their Mistresse, the which he willingly acomplished: and being nowe entred into hyr chamber, he might perceyve his Mystresse in hir nightes attyre, preparing hir selfe towards bed, to whome *Fardinando* sayde: Why how now mystresse? I hadde thought this night to have seene you daunce (at least or at last) amongst us? By my troth good Servaunt (q[u]oth shee) I adventured so soone unto the great Chamber yeasternyght, that I finde my selfe somewhat sickelye disposed, and therefore doe strayne courtesye (as you see) to goe the sooner to my bedde this night: but before I sleepe (quoth she) I am to charge you with a matter of wayght, and taking him a parte from the rest, declared that (as that present night) shee woulde talke with him more at large in the gallery neere adjoyning to hir chamber. Hereupon *Ferdinando* discreetely dissimuling his joy, toke his leave & returned into the great chamber, where he had not long continued before the Lord of the Castell commaunded a torch to light him unto his lodging, wheras he prepared himselfe and went to bed, commaunding his servaunt also to go to his rest. And when he thought as well his servaunt, as the rest of the houshold to be safe, he arose againe, & taking his night gowne, did under the same convey his naked sword, and so walked to the gallerie, where he founde his good Mistresse walkyng in hir night gowne and attending his comming. The Moone was nowe at the full,

the skies cleare, and the weather temperate, by reason whereof he might the more playnely [an]d with the greater contentation behold his long desired joyes: and spreading his armes abrode to embrace his loving Mistresse, hee sayde: oh my deare Lady when shall I be able with any deserte to countervayle the least parte of this your bountifull goodnesse? The Dame (whether it were of feare in deede, or that the wylinesse of womanhoode had taught hir to cover hir conceites with some fine dissimulation) stert backe from the Knight, and shriching (but softly) sayd unto him. Alas servaunt what have I deserved, that you come agaynst mee with naked sword as against an open enimie. *Ferdinando* perceyving hir intent excused himselfe, declaryng that he brought the same for their defence, and not to offende hir in any wise.

The Ladie beyng therewith somewhat apeased they began with more comfortable gesture to expell the dread of the sayd late affright, and sithence to become bolder of behaviour, more familiar in speeche, and moste kinde in accomplishing of common comfort. But why holde I so long discourse in describyng the joyes whiche (for lacke of like experience) I cannot set out to the full? Well, remedie was there none, but dame *Elynor* muste returne unto hir chamber, and he muste also convey himselfe (as closely as might be) into his chamber, the which was hard to do, the day being so farre sprong, and he having a large base court to passe over before he could recover his staire foote dore. And though he were not much perceived, yet the Lady *Fraunces* being no lesse desirous to see an issue of these interprises, then he was willing to cover them in secrecy, laid watch, & even at the entring of his chamber doore, perceived the poynt of his naked sworde glistring under the skyrt of his nyght gowne: whereat she smiled & sayd to hir selfe, this geare goeth well aboute. Well *Ferdenando* having now recovered his chamber he went to bede, there let him sleepe, as his mistrisse did on the otherside. Although the Lady *Fraunces* being throughly tickled now in al the vaynes, could not enjoye such quiet rest, but arising toke another gentle woman of the house with hir, and walked into the parke to take the fresh ayre of the morning. They had not long walked there, but they returned, and thoug[h] *Ferdenando Jeronimii* had not yet slept sufficiently, for one which had so

farre travayled in the night past, yet they went in to his chamber to rayse him, and comming to his beds side, found him fast on slep. Allas quod that other gentle woman, it were pitye to awake him: even so it were quod dame *Fraunces*, but wee wil take away som what of his, wherby he may perceive that we were here, and loking about the chamber, hys naked sword presented it selfe to the handes of dame *Fraunces*, who tooke it with her, and softly shutting hys chamber dore agayne, went downe the stayres and recovered hir owne lodging, in good order and unperceyved of any body, saving only that other gentle woman which accompanied with hir. At the last *Ferdenando* awaked, and apparrelling hym selfe, walked out also to take the ayre, and being throughly recomforted aswell with remembraunce of his joyes forepassed, as well with the pleasaunt hermony which the Brides made on every side, and the fragrant smel of the redolent flowers and blossomes whiche budded on every braunche: hee did in these delightes compyle these verses following called a mooneshyne banquete.

DAme Cinthia her selfe (that shines so bright,
And dayneth not to leave hir loftie place:
But onely then, when Phœbus shewes his face.
Which is her brother borne and lendes hir light,)
Disdaind not yet to do my Lady right:
To prove that in such heavenly wightes as she,
It fitteth best that right and reason be.
For when she spied my Ladies golden raies,
Into the cloudes,
Hir head she shroudes,
And shamed to shine where she hir beames displaies.

Good reason yet, that to my simple skill,
I should the name of Cynthia adore:
By whose high helpe, I might beholde the more,
My Ladies lovely lookes at mine owne will,
With deepe content, to ga[z]e, and gaze my fill:
Of courtesie and not of darcke disdaine,
Dame Cy[n]thia disclosde my Lady plaine.
Shee did but lende hir light (as for a lite)

With friendely grace,
To shew hir face,
That else would shew and shine in hir dispight.

Dan Phœbus hee with many a lowring looke,
Had hir behelde [of] yore in angrie wise:
And when he coulde none other meane devise
To staine hir name, this deepe deceit he tooke,
To be the baite that best might hide his hooke:
Into hir eies his parching beames he cast,
To skorche their skinnes, that gaz'd on hir full fast:
Whereby when many a man was sunne burnt so
They thought my Queene,
The sonne had beene,
With skalding flames, which wrought them all that wo,

[So] that when many a looke had lookt so long,
As that their eyes were dimme and dazaled both:
Some fainting heartes that were both leude and loth
To looke agayne from whence that error sprong,
Gan close their eye for feare of farther wrong:
And some againe once drawen into the maze,
Gan leudly blame the beames of beauties blaze:
But I with deepe foresight did soone espie,
How phœbus ment,
By false intent,
To slaunder so her name with crueltie.

Wherefore at better leasure thought I best,
To trie the treason of his trecherie:
And to exalt my Ladies dignitie
When Phœbus fled and drewe him downe to rest.
Amid the waves that walter in the west,
I gan behold this lovely Ladies face,
Whereon dame nature spent hir giftes of grace:
And found therein no parching heat at all,
But such bright hew,
As might renew,
An Aungels joyes in raigne celestiall.

The courteouse Moone that wisht to do me good,
Did shine to shew my dame more perfectly,
But when she sawe hir passing jollitie,
The Moone for shame, did blush as red as bloud,
And shrounke a side and kept hir hornes in hoode:
So that now when Dame Cynthia was gone,
I might enjoye my Ladies lokes alone,
Yet honoured still the Moone with true intent:
Who taught us skill,
To worke our will,
And gave us place, till all the night was spent.

F. J.

AND now to returne to my tale, by that time, that hee returned out of the parke, it was dinner time, and at dynner they all met, I meane both dame *Elynor*, dame *Fraunces* & *Ferdenando*. I leave to discribe that the Lady *Fraunces* was gorgiously attyered, and set forth with very brave apparell, and *Madame Elynor* onely in hir night gowne gyrt to hir, with a coyfe trymmed *Alla Piedmonteze*, on the whiche she ware a little cap[p]e crossed over the crow[n]e with two bandes of yellowe Sarcenet or Cipresse, in the middest whereof she had placed (of hir owne hand writing) in paper this worde, *Contented*. This attyre pleased hir then to use, and could not have displeased Mistresse *Fraunces*, had she not ben more privy to the cause, then to the thing it selfe: at least the Lorde of the Castle, of ignnoraunce, and dame *Fraunces*, of great temporaunce, let it passe without offence. At dinner, bicause the on was pleased with al former reconinges, and the other partye privie to the accõpt, there passed no word of taunt or grudg[e]d, but *omnia bene*. After dynner dame *Elinor* being no lesse desirous to have *Ferdinandos* compani, then dame *Frances* was to take him in some prety trippe, they began to question how they might best passe the day: the Lady *Elinor* seemed desirous to kepe her chamber, but Mistresse *Fraunces* (for another purpose) seemed desirous to ride abroade, therby to take the open ayre: they greed to ride a mile or twayne for solace, and requested *Ferdinando* to accompany them, the which willingly graunted. Eche one parted from other, to prepare them

selves & nowe began the sport, for when he was booted, his horses sadled, and he ready to ride, he gan misse his Rapier, wherat al astonied he began to blame his man, but blame whom he would, found it could not be. At last the Ladies going towardes the horsebacke called for him in the base Court, and demaunded if he were readie: to whome hee aunswered, Madame, I am more than readie, and yet not so ready as I would be, and immediatly taking him selfe in trip, he thought best to utter no more of his conceipt, but in hast more than good spede mounted his horse, & comming toward ye dames presented himselfe, turning, bounding, & taking up his courser to the uttermost of his power in bravery: after suffering his horse to breath him selfe, he gan also allay his owne choller, & to the dames he sayd. Fayre Ladyes I am ready when it pleaseth you to ride where so you commaund. How ready so ever you be servaunt, quod dame *Elynor*, it seemeth your horse is readier at your commaunde then at oures. If he bee at my commaund Mistresse (quod he) he shall be at yours. Gramercye good servaunte (quod shee) but my meanyng is, that I feare he be to stirring for our cõpany. If he prove so mistres (quod he) I have here a soberer palfray to serve you on. The Dames being mounted they rode forthwardes by the space of a mile or very neare, & *Ferdinando* (whether it were of his horses corage or his owne choller came not so neare them as they wished) at last the Lady *Fraunces* sayde unto him, mayster *Jeron*[*i*]*my* you sayde that you had a sober horse, which if it be so, we would bee glad of your company but I beleve by your countenaunce your horse and you are agreed. *Ferdinando* alighting called his servaunt, chaunged horses with him, and over taking the Dames, sayd to Mistres *Fraunces*: And why doe you think fayre Lady that my horse and I are agreed? Because by your countenaunce (quod she) it seemeth your patience is stirred. In good faith, quod he, you have gessed aright, but not with any of you. Thẽ we care the lesse servaunt, quod Dame *Elynor*. By my troth Mistresse, quod he (looking wel about him that none might heare but they two) it is with my servaunt, who hath lost my sword out of my chamber. Dame *Elinor* litle remembring the occasion, replied it is no matter servaunt, quod she, you shall heare of it againe, I warrant you, and presently wee ryde in Gods

peace, and I trust shall have no neede of it: yet Mistres quod he, a weapõ serveth both uses, as well to defẽd, as to offend. Now [by my] troth, quod Dame *Fraunces*, I have now my dreame, for I dreamt this night that I was in a pleasaunt medow alone, where I met with a tall Gentleman, apparrelled in a night gowne of silke, all embroadered about with a garde of naked swordes, and when he came towards me I seemed to be afrayd of him, but he recomforted me saying, be not afrayd fayre Lady, for I use this garment onely for mine owne defence: and in this sort went that warrelike God *Mars*, what time hee taught Dame *Venus* to make *Vulcan* a hammer of the new fashion. Notwithstanding these comfortable words, the fright of the dreame awaked me, and sithens unto this hower I have not slept at al. And what time of the night dreamt you this quod *Fardinando*? In the grey morning about dawning of the day, but why aske you quod Dame *Frances*? *Ferdenando* with a great sigh answered, because that dreames are to bee marked more at some hower of the night, then at some other? why are you so cunning at the interpretation of dreames servaunt? (quod the Ladye *Elinor*): not very conning Mistres quod he, but gesse like a young scholler. The Dames continued in these and like pleasaunt talkes: but *Jeron[i]mii* coulde not be mery, as on that estemed the preservation of his mistres honor, no [lesse] then the obteyning of his owne delightes, and yet to avoyd further suspicion, he repressed his passions, as much as hee could. The Lady *Elynor* (more carelesse then considerative of hir owne case) pricking forwardes sayd softly to him, I had thought you had received small cause servaunt to be thus dumpish, when I would be mery. Alas deere mistresse quod he, it is altogether for your sake, that I am pensife: Dame *Fraunces* of courtesie with drewe hir selfe and gave them leave, when as *Ferdinãdo* declared unto his Mistres, that his sworde was taken out of his chamber, and that he dreaded much by the wordes of the Lady *Fraunces*, that she had some understanding of the mater. Dame *Elynor* now calling to remembrance what had passed the same night, at the first was abashed, but immediatly (for these women be redily witted) chered hir servaunt, and willed him to commit unto hir the salving of that sore. Thus they passed the rest of the way in pleasaunt talke with dame *Fraunces*, and so returned towards

the Castle where *Jeronimy* suffered the two dames to go together, and he alone unto his chamber to bewayle hys own misgovernment. But dame *Elynor* (whether it were according to olde custome, or by wilye pollycye) founde meane that nyght, that the sworde was conveyed out of Mistres *Fraunces* chamber, and brought unto hirs: and after redeliverye of it unto hir servaunt, she warned hym to be more wary from that time forthwardes: afterward when he grew more bold and better aquaynted with his Mistris disposition, hee adventured one Frydaye in the morning to go unto hir Chamber, and thereupon wrote as followeth: which he termed a Frydayes Breakefast.

THat selfe same day, and of that day that hower,
When she doth raigne, that mockt Vulcan the smith,
And thought it meete to harbor in hir bower,
Some gallant gest for hir to dally with,
That blessed houre, that blist and happie daye,
I thought it meete, with hastie steppes to go
Unto the lodge, wherin my Lady laye,
To laugh for joye, or else to weepe for woe.
And lo, my Lady of hir wonted grace,
First lent hir lippes to me (as for a kisse)
And after that hir bodye to imbrace,
Wherein dame nature wrought nothing amisse.
What followed next, gesse you that know the trade,
For in this sort, my F[r]ydaies feast I made.

F. J.

MAny dayes passed these two lovers with great delight, their affayres being no lesse politiquely governed, then happilye atchived. And surelye it should seeme in sadde earnest, that hee did not onely love hir, but was furthermore so ravished in extasies with continuall remembraunce of his delights, that he made an Idoll of hir in his inwarde conceyte. So seemeth it by this challenge to beautie, which [h]e wrote in hir prayse and uppon hir name.

Beautie shut up thy shop, and trusse up all thy trash,
My Nell hath stolne thy finest stuffe, & left thee in the lash
Thy market now is marde, thy gaines are gone god wot,
Thou hast no ware, that maie compare, with this that I have got
As for thy painted pale, and wrinckles surfled up:
Are deare ynough, for such as lust to drinke of every cup:
Thy bodies bolstred out, with bumbast and with bagges,
Thy rowles, thy ruffes, thy caules, thy coifes, thy Jerkins & thy
Thy curling, and thy cost, thy friesling and thy fare, Jagges.
To court to court with al those tois & there set forth such ware
Before their hungrie eies, that gaze on every gest,
And choose the cheapest chaffaire still, to please their fancy best.
But I whose stedfast eies, coulde never cast a glaunce,
With wādring loke, amid the prese, to take my choise by chaūce
Have wonne by due desert, a peece that hath no peere,
And left the rest as refuse all, to serve the market there:
There let him chuse that list, there catche the best who can:
A painted blazing baite may serve, to choke a gazing man.
But I have slipt thy flower, that freshest is of hewe:
I have thy corne, goe sell thy chaffe, I list to seeke no new,
The windowes of mine eies, are glaz'd with such delight,
As eche new face seemes full of faultes, that blaseth in my sight:
And not without just cause, I can compare her so,
Loe here my glove I challenge him, that can, or dare say no.
Let Theseus come with clubbe, or Paris bragge with brand,
To prove how faire their Hellen was, that skourg'd the Grecia land:
Let mighty Mars himselfe, come armed to the field:
And vaunt dame Venus to defīd, with helmet, speare, & shield.
This hand that had good hap, my Hellen to embrace,
Shal have like lucke to [foyle] hir foes, & daūt them with disgrace.
And cause them to confesse by verdict and by othe,
How farre hir lovelie lookes do steine, the beauties of them both.
And that my Hellen is more faire then Paris wife,
And doth deserve more famous praise, then Venus for hir life.
Which if I not perfourme, my life then let me leese,
Or else be bound in chaines of change, to begge for beuties feese.

F. J

BY this challenge I gesse, that eyther he was than in an extasie, or else, sure I am nowe in a lunacie, for it is a prowde challenge made to *Beautie* hir selfe, and all hir companions: and imagining that *Beautie* having a shoppe where she uttered hir wares of all sundry sortes, his Ladie had stollen the fynest away, leaving none behind hir, but paynting, bolstring, forcing and such like, the whiche in his rage he judgeth good inough to serve the Courte: and thereupon grewe a great quarrell. When these verses were by the negligence of his Mistresse dispersed into sundry handes, and so at last to the reading of a Courtier. Well *Ferdinando* had his desire, yf his Mistresse lyked them, but as *Bartello* writeth, shee grewe in jelousie, that the same were not written by hir, because hir name was *Elynor* and not *Hellen*. And about this point have been divers and sundry opinions among the *Venetians*, for this & divers other of his most notable Poems, have come to view of the world. And some have attributed this praise unto a *Hellen*, who deserved not so well as this dame *Elynor* shoulde seeme to deserve, and yet never a barrell of good herring betweene them both: But that other *Hellen*, because she was sayeth *Bartello*, of so base conditions, as may deserve no maner cõmendation in any honest judgement, therefore he thinketh that he would never bestow verse of so meane a subject. And yet some of his acquaintaunce knowing also that he was sometimes acquainted with *Hellen*, have stoade in argument, that it was written by *Hellen*, & not by *Elynor*. Well mine auĉthor affirmeth that it was written by this Dame *Elynor*, and that unto hir he thus alledged, that he tooke it all for one name, or at least he never read of any *Elynor* suche matter as might sound worthy like commendation, for beautie. And in deede considering all circumstaunces of histories, and comparing also the time that suche reportes do spreade of his acquaintaunce with *Hellen*, it cannot be written lesse then sixe or seven yeeres before he knewe *Hellen*: marrye peradventure if there were any acquaintaunce betweene him and that *Hellen* afterwardes, he might adapt it to hir name, and so make it serve boath their turnes, as elder lovers have done before, and still doe, and wyll doe world without ende. Wel by whome he wrote it I know not, and to returne to the purpose, he sought

more certainelye to please his Mistresse *Elynor* with this Sonet written in hir praise as followeth.

THE stately Dames of Rome, their Pearles did weare,
About their neckes to beautifie their name:
But she (whome I doe serve) hir pearles doth beare,
Close in hir mouth, and smiling shewe, the same.
No wonder then, though ev'ry word she speakes,
A Jewell seeme in judgement of the wise,
Since that hir sugred tongue the passage breakes,
Betweene two rockes, bedeckt with pearles of price.
Hir haire of golde, hir front of Ivory,
(A bloody heart within so white a breast)
Hir teeth of Pearle lippes Rubie, christall eye,
Needes must I honour hir above the rest:
Since she is fourmed of none other moulde,
But Rubie, Christall, Ivory, Pearle, and Golde.

Ferdinando Jeronimy.

OF this Sonet, were it not a lyttle to muche prayse (as the Italians do most commonly offend in the superlative) I could [the] more commend it: but I hope the party to whome it was dedicated had rather it were much more, than any thing lesse. Wel, thus these twoo Lovers passed many daies in exceeding contentation, & more than speakable pleasures, in which time *Ferdinando* did compile very many verses according to sundrye occasions proffred, and they were for the most parte sauced with a taste of glory, as you know that in such cases a lover being charged with inexprimable joyes, and therewith enjoyned both by duety and discrecion to keepe the same covert, can by no meanes devise a greater consolation, than to commit it into some cyphred wordes, and figured speaches, in verse, whereby he feeleth his heart halfe (or more than halfe) eased of swelling. For as sighes are some present ease to the pensive minde, even so we find by experience, that such secreete entercomoning of joyes doeth encrease delight. I would not have you conster my wordes to this effect, that I thinke a man cannot sufficientlye rejoyce in the luckie lottes of love, unlesse

he empart the same to others: God forbid that ever I should enter into such an herisie, for I have alwayes bene of this opinion, that as to be fortunate in love, is one of the most inward contentations to mans mind of all earthly joyes: even so if hee do but once bewray ye same to any living creature, immediatly either dread of discovering doth bruse his brest with an intollerable burden, or els he leeseth the principall vertue which gave effect to his gladnes, not unlyke to a Poticares pot, which being filled with sweete oyntmentes or perfumes, doth retayne in it selfe some sent of the same, and being powred out doeth returne to the former state, hard, harsh, and of small savour: So the mind being fraught with delightes, as long as it can kepe them secretly enclosed, may continually feede upon the pleasaunt record thereof, as the wel wylling and readie horse byteth on the bridle, but having once disclosed them to any other, straight waye we loose the hidden treasure of the same, and are oppressed with sundry doubtfull opinions and dreadfull conceiptes. And yet for a man to record unto him selfe in the inward contemplation of his mind, the often remembrance of his late received joyes, doth as it were ease the hearte of burden, and ad unto the mind a fresh supplie of delight, yea, and in vearse principally (as I conceyve) a man may best contrive his waye of comfort in him selfe. Therfore as I have sayde *Ferdinando* swimming nowe in delightes did nothing but writ such verse as might acumilat his joyes, to the extremitie of pleasure, the which for that purpose he kept from sight of ye world, as one more desirous to seme obscure & defective, than overmuch to glory in his adventures, especially for yt in the end his hap was as heavie, as hitherto he had ben fortunate. And here I wyll surcease to rehearse any more of his verses until I have expressed how yt his joyes being exalted to the highest degree began to bend towards declinatiõ. For now the unhappy *Secretary* whom I have before remẽbred, was returned from *Florence*, on whom *Fardinando* had no soner cast his eies, but immediatly he fell into a great passion of minde, which might be cõpared unto a feaver. This fruit grew of the good instructions yt his *Hope* had planted in his mind, whereby I might take just occasion to forwarn every lover, how they suffer this venemous serpent jelousie to creepe into their conceipts: for surely, of al other diseases in love, I suppose that

to be uncurable, and would hold longer discourse therin, were it not yᵗ both this tale & the verses of *Ferdinando* him selfe hereafter to be recited, shalbe sufficiẽt to speake for me in this behalf. The lover (as I say upon the sodain) was droven into such a malladie, as no meate might nourishe his body, no delightes please his minde, no remembrance of joyes forepassed content him, nor any hope of the lyke to come might recomfort him: hereat (some unto whome I have imparted this tale) have takẽ occasion to discõmend his fainting heart, yet surely the cause inwardly & deeply considered, I cannot so lightly condempne him: for an old saying is, that everye man can give councell better than followe it: and needes must the conflicts of his thoughts be straunge: betweene the remembraunce of his forepassed pleasure, and the present sight of this monster, whom before (for lacke of like instruction) he had not so throughlye marked and beheld. Well, such was the griefe unto him, that he became sickly and kept his chamber. The Ladies having received the newes thereof, gan al at once lament his misfortune, & of common consent agreed to visit him: they marched thither in good equipage, I warant you, and foũd *Ferdinando* lying upon his bed languishing, whõ they all saluted generally, and sought to recomfort: but especiallye his Mistresse, having in hir hand a braunc[h]e of wyllow, wherewith shee defended hir from the whot aire, gan thus say unto him: Servaunt (quod she) for that I suppose your mallady to proceede of none other cause but only slouthfulnesse, I have brought this preaty rod to beate you a little: nothing doubting, but when you feele the smart of a twig or twayne, you will like a tractable yong scholler, pluck up your quickned spirits, & cast this drowsinesse apart. *Ferdinando* with a great sigh answered: Alas good Mistres (quod he) if any like chastisement might quickẽ me, how much more might the presence of all you lovely Dames recomfort my dulled mind? whome to behold, were sufficient to revive an eye now dazled with the dread of death: & that not onely for the heavenly aspects whiche you represent, but also much the more for your exceeding curtesie, in that you have deigned to visit mee so unworthie a servaunt. But good Mistresse (quod he) as it were shame for me to confesse that ever my hart coulde yeelde for feare, so I assure you that my minde cannot be content to induce infirmitie by

sluggishe conceyt: But in trueth Mistresse I am sicke (quod he,) and therewithall the trembling of his hart had sent up suche throbbing into his throte, as that his voyce (now deprived of breath) commaunded the tong to be still. When Dame *Elynor* for compassion distilled into teares, and drew towardes the window, leaving the other Gentlewomen about his bed, who being no lesse sorye for his griefe, yet for that they were none of them so touched in their secrete thoughtes, they had bolder sprits and freeer speach to recomfort him, amongest the rest the Lady *Fraunces*, (who in deede loved him deepely, and could best conjecture the cause of his conceipts) sayd unto him: Good *Trust* (quod shee) if any helpe of Phisick may cure your maladie, I would not have you hurt your selfe with these doubts whiche you seeme to retayne: If choice of Diet may helpe, beholde us here (your cookes) ready to minister all things needefull: if company may drive away your anoye, wee meane not to leave you solitary, if griefe of mind be cause of your infirmitie, wee all here will offer our devoyre to turne it into joye: if mishap have given you cause to feare or dreade any thing, remember *Hope*, which never fayleth to recomfort an afflicted minde. And good *Trust* (quod she) (distreining his hand right hartely) let this simple proofe of our poore good willes bee so [ac]cepted of you, as that it maye work therby the effect of our desires. *Ferdinando* (as on in a traunce) had marked very litle of hir curteouse talke, & yet gave hir thankes, and so held his peace whereat the Ladyes (being all amazed) there became a silence in the chamber on all sides. Dame *Elynor* fearing thereby that she might the more easely be espyed, and having nowe dryed up hir teares, retourned to hir servaunt, recomforting him by all possible meanes of common curtesie, promising that since in hir sicknes he had not only staunched hir bleding, but also by his gentle company and sundry devices of honest pastime, had driven a waye the pensivenes of hir mind, she thought hir selfe bound with like willingnes to do hir best in any thing that might restore his health, & taking him by the hand said further. 'Good servaunte, if thou beare in deed any true affection to thy poore Mistres, start upon thy feet again, and let hir enjoye thine accustomed service to hir cõfort, for sure (quod she) I will never leave to visite this chamber once in a daye, untill I may have thee downe with

mee. *Ferdinando* hearyng the harty woordes of his Mistris, and perceivyng the earnest maner of hir pronunciation, began to receyve unspeakeable comfort in the same, and sayd: Mistris, your exceedyng courtesie were able to revive a man half dead, and to me it is bothe great comfort, and it doeth also gald my remẽbrance, with a continual smart of myne owne unworthinesse: but as I woulde desire no longer life, than til I might be able to deserve some part of your boũty, so I wil endevor my self to live, were it but only unto yᵗ ende, yᵗ I might merite some parte of your favour with acceptable service, and requight some deale the courtesie of all these other fayre Ladies, who have so farre (above my deserts) deigned to doe me good. Thus sayd, the Ladies taried not long before they were called to Evensong, when his Mistres taking his hand, kissed it saying: Farewel good servaunt, and I praye thee suffer not the mallice of thy sickenesse to overcome the gentlenesse of thy good hart. *Fardinando* ravished with joy, suffered them all to departe, and was not able to pronounce one word. After their departure, he gan cast in his mind the exceeding curtesie used towardes him by them all, but above all other the bounty of his Mystresse: and therwithall tooke a sound & firme opinion, that it was not possible for hir to coũterfeite so deepely (as in deede I beleeve that shee then did not) wherby he sodenly felt his hert greatly eased, and began in himselfe thus to reason. Was ever man of so wretched a heart? I am the most bounden to love (quod he) of all them that ever p[rof]essed his service, I enjoy one the fayrest that ever was found, and I finde hir the kindest that ever was hearde of: yet in mine owne wicked heart, I coulde vilanously conceyve that of hir, which being compared with the rest of hir vertues, is not possible to harbour in so noble a mind. Herby I have brought my self without cause into this feeblenesse: and good reason that for so high an offence, I should be punished with great infirmitie: what shall I then doe? yelde to the same? no, but according to my late protestation, I will recomfort this languishing minde of mine, to the ende I may live but onely to do penaunce for this so notable a cryme so rashly committed: and thus saying, he start from his bed, and gan to walke towardes the window: but the venimous serpent which (as before I rehearsed) had stong him, coulde not be content that these medicines

applyed by the mouth of his gentle Mistresse, should so soone resto[r]te him to guerison. And although in dede they were such *Mythrydate* to him as that they had nowe expelled the rancour of the poyson yet that ougly hellishe monster had left behind hir in the most secret of his bosome, (even betwene the minde and the man) one of hir familiers named *suspect*, whiche gan work in the weake spirites of *Ferdinando* efectes of no lese perill than before he had received, his head swelling with these troublsome toyes, and his hart swimming in the tempests of tossing fantasie: he felt his legges so feeble, that he was cõstrayned to lie down on his bed again, and repeating in his own remembraunce every woorde that his mistres had spoken unto him, he gan to dread, that she had brought the willow braunche to beate hym with, in token that he was of hir forsaken: for so lovers do most commonly expound the willow garlande, and this to thinke, did cut his hart in twayne. A wonderfull chaunge: and here a little to staye you, I will discribe as I finde it in *Bartello the beginning*, the fall, the retourne, and the being of this hellish byrde, who in deede maye well bee counted a very lymbe of the Divill. Many yeares since, one of the moste dreadfull dasterdes in the world, and one of them that first devissed to weare his beard at length, lest the Barbor might doe him a good turne soner then he looked for it, and yet not so soone as he deserved, had builded for his security a pile on the hyghest and most inaccessible mount of all his Territores: the which being fortyfied with strong walles, and envyroned with deepe ditches, had no place of ent[ri]e, but one onely doore so strayght and narrow, as might by any possibility receive the body of one living man: from which he asended up a ladder, and so creeping through a mervelous strait hole, attayned to his lodging, ye which was so dark and obscure, as scarcely either sunne or ayre could enter into it: thus hee devised to lodge in safetie, and for the more suertye gane truste none other letting downe this ladder but only his wife: and at the foote therof kept alwaies by daye light, a fierce mastife close enkeneled which never sawe nor hearde the face or voice of any other creature but onelye of them twoo: him by night he trusted with the scout of this prety passage, having neverthelesse between him & this dogge, a double doore with treble lockes, quadrible barres, and before

all a port coulez of Iron: neither yet could he bee so hardye as to sleepe, untyll he had caused a garde of servauntes (whome he kept abroade for that purpose) to search all the corners adjoyning to all his fortresse, and th[en] betweene fearefull sweate and chyvering cold, with one eye opened & the other closed, he stole sometimes a broken sleepe, devided with many terrible dreames. In this sort the wretch lyved all to long, untyll at last his Wife being not able any longer to supporte this hellishe life, grewe so hardye, as with his owne knife to dispatche his carkas out of this earthlye purgatorye: the which being done, his soule (and good reason) was quickly conveyed by *Carone* unto hell: there *Radamanthus* Judge of that benche, commaunded him quicklye to be thrust into a boyling poole: and being therein plonged very often, hee never shryked or cryed, I skalde, as his other companions there cryed, but seemed so lightlye to esteeme it, that the Judge thought meete to condempne him unto the most terrible place, where are such tormentes, as neyther penne can wryte, tongue expresse, or thought conceyve: but the myser (even there) seemed to smyle and to make small accompt of his punishment. *Radamanthus* hereof enformed, sent for him, and demaunded the cause why he made so light of his duraunce? he aunswered that whyles he lyved on earth, he was so continually afflicted and oppressed with suspicion, as that now (only to thinke that he was out of those meditations) was sufficient armour to defend him from all other tormentes. *Radamanthus* astonied hereat, gan call togeather the Senators of that kingdome, and propounded this question, howe & by what punnishment they might devise to touche him according to his deserts? & hereupon fell great disputation: at last being cõsidered, that he had already him plonged in the most unspeakable torments, & therat litle or nothing had changed coũtenance, therewithal yᵗ no soule was sent unto thẽ to be relieved of his smart, but rather to be punished for his former delights: it was cõcluded by yᵉ general coũsel, yᵗ he should be eftsones sent into yᵉ world & restored to the same body wherein he first had his resiance, so to remain for perpetuity, and never to depart nor to perish. Thus this body and soule being once againe united, and nowe eftsones with the same pestilence infected, he became of a suspicious man, *Suspicion* it selfe: and now the wretch remembring the

treason of his wife, who had so willingly dispatched him once before, gan utterly abhorre hir, and fled hir company, searching in all countries some place of better assurance, and when he had in vaine trode over ye most part of the earth, he embarked himself to find some unknowen Ilande, wherein he might frame some newe habitation: and finding none so commodious as hee desired, he fortuned (sayling aloane by the shoare) to espy a rock, more than sixe hundreth Cubits high, which hong so suspiciously over the seas, as though it would threaten to fall at everye litle blast: this dyd *Suspition* Imagine to be a fit foundation whereon he might build his second Bower: hee forsooke his boate, and travailed by lande to espie what entrye or accesse might bee made unto ye same, and founde from lande no maner of entrie or accesse, unlesse it were that some curteouse Byrd of the ayre would be Ambassadour, or convey some Engins, as whilom the Eagle did carrie *Ganymedes* into heaven. He then returned to Seas, and approching neere to this rocke, founde a small streame of fresh water issuing out of the same into the Seas: the whiche, although it were so lytle and so straight, as might unethes receyve a boat of bygnesse to carry one living creature at once, yet in his conceypt hee thought it more large and spatious than that broad waye called of our forefathers *Via appia*, or than that other named [*F*]*laminia*, he abandoned his barke, and putting of his clothes adventured (for he was now asured not to drown) to wade and swim against the streame of this unknown brooke, the which (a wondrous thing to tell, and skarcelye to be beleeved) came downe from the very top and height of this rock: and by the waye he found six strayghts & dangerous places, wher the water seemed to staye his course, passing under six strayght and lowe bridges, and harde by every of those places, a pyle raysed up in manner of a Bulworke, the which were hollow, in such sorte as lodginges and other places necessary might in them commodiously be devised, by suche one as coulde endure the hellishnes of the place. Passing by these hee attayned wyth much payne unto the toppe of the Rocke, the which hee found hollowed as the rest, and farre more fite for hys security, than otherwise apt for any commodity. Ther gan *Suspition*, determine to nestle hym selfe, and having now placed sixe chosen porters, to wit, (*Dread*, *Mistrust*, *Wrath*, *Desperation*, *Frensie*, *and Fury*:) at these sixe straung Bulworkes, he lodged himselfe

in that vii. al alone, for he trusted no company, but ever mistrusting that his wife should eftsonnes finde him out therein, hee shricketh co[n]tynually lyke to a shrich owle to keepe the watch wakyng, never content to sleep by day nor by night. But to be sure that he should not over sleepe him selfe, gane stuffe hys couch with Porpentines quilles, to the ende that when heavy sleep overcame him, and he thereby should be constrayned to charge his pallad with more heavye burden, those plumes might then pricke through and so awake him. His garments were steele upon yron, and that yron upon Iron, and Iron agayne, and the more he was armed, the lesse he trusted to be out of daunger. He chopped and changed continually now this, now that, now keyes, now lockes, ditches newe skowred, and walles newlye fortified, and thus alwaies uncontented liveth this wretched helhound *Suspition*, in this hellish dungion of habitation: from whence he never removeth his foote, but onely in the dead & silent nightes, when he maye be assured that all creatures (but him selfe) are whelmed in sound sleepe. And then with stealing steps he stalketh about the earth, enfecting, tormenting, & vexing all kindes of people with some part of his afflictions: but especiallye such as eyther doe sit in chayre of greatest dignity and estimation, or els such as have atchived some deere and rare emprise. Those above al others he continually gauleth with fresh woũds of dread, least they might lose and forgo the roomes wherunto with such long travaile and good happes they had attained, and by this meanes percase he had crept into the bosom of *Ferdinando*, who (as is before declared) did earst swimme in the deepest seas of earthly delightes. Nowe then I must thinke it high time to retorne unto him, who (being now through feeblenesse eftsones cast downe upon his bed) gan cast in his inwarde meditations all thinges passed, and as one throughly puffed up and filled with one peevishe conceipte, coulde thinke uppon nothing else, and yet accusing his own guiltie conscience to be infected with jelosie, dyd compile this as followeth.

WHat state to man, so sweete and pleasaunt weare,
As to be tyed, in linkes of worthy love?
What life so blist and happie might appeare,
As for to serve Cupid that God above?

If that our mindes were not sometimes infect,
With dread, with feare, with care, with cold suspect:
With deepe dispaire, with furious frenesie,
Handmaides to her, whome we call jelosie.

For ev'ry other sop of sower chaunce,
Which lovers tast amid their sweete delight:
Encreaseth joye, and doth their love advaunce,
In pleasures place, to have more perfect plight.
The thirstie mouth thinkes water hath good taste,
The hungrie jawes, are pleas'd, with eche repaste:
Who hath not prov'd what dearth by warres doth growe,
Cannot of peace the pleasaunt plenties knowe.

And though with eye, we see not ev'ry joye,
Yet maie the minde, full well support the same,
[An] absent life long led in great annoye
(When presence comes) doth turne from griefe to game,
To serve without reward is thought great paine,
But if dispaire do not therewith remaine,
It may be borne for right rewardes at last,
Followe true service, though they come not fast.

Disdaines, repulses, finallie eche ill,
Eche smart, eche paine, of love eche bitter tast,
To thinke on them gan frame the lovers will,
To like eche joye, the more that comes at last:
But this infernall plague if once it tutch,
Or venome once the lovers mind with grutch,
All festes and joyes that afterwardes befall,
The lover comptes them light or nought at all.

This is that sore, this is that poisoned wound,
The which to heale, nor salve, nor ointmentes serve,
Nor charme of wordes, nor Image can be founde,
Nor observaunce of starres can it preserve,
Nor all the art of Magicke can prevaile,
Which Zoroactes found for our availe,
Oh cruell plague, above all sorrowes smart,
With desperate death thou sleast the lovers heart.

And me even now, thy gall hath so enfect,
As all the joyes which ever lover found,
And all good haps, that ever Troylus sect,
Atchieved yet above the luckles ground:
Can never sweeten once my mouth with mell,
Nor bring my thoughtes, againe in rest to dwell.
Of thy mad moodes, and of naught else I thinke,
In such like seas, faire Bradamant did sincke

Ferdinando. Jeronimy.

THus *Ferdinando* continued on his bedde, untyll hys bountifull Mistresse with the companye of the other courteous dames retorned after supper to his chamber. At their first entrie: Why how nowe servaunt (quod dame *Elinor*) wee hoped to have founde you [on] foote? Mistresse quod he, I have assayed my feete since your departure, but I finde them yet unable too suport my heavy body, and therefore am constrayned as you see, to acquaint my selfe with these pillowes. Servaunt sayde she I am right sory therof, but since it is of necessitie to beare sicknesse, I will employ my endevoyre to allay some parte of your paynes, and to refreshe your weary limbes with some comfortable matter: and therewithall calling hir hande mayde, delivered unto hir a bounch of pretie littell keyes, and whispering in hir eare, dispatched hir towards hir chamber: The mayde taryed not long, but returned with a little Casket, the which hir mistresse toke, opened and drewe out of the same much fine linnen, amongst the which she toke a pillowebere very fine and sweete, which although it were of it selfe as sweete as might be (being of long time kept in that odoriferous chest) yet did she with damaske water and that of the best that might be (I warrant you) al to sprinkle it with hir owne handes, which in my conceipt might much amende the matter. Then calling for a fresh pillowe, sent hir mayde to ayre the same and at hir returne put on this, thus perfumed pillowebeere. In meane time also shee had with hir owne hands attyred hir servaunts head in a fayre wrought kerchife taken out of the same Casket: then layde him downe uppon this freshe and pleasaunt place, and pretelye as it were in sporte, bedewed his temples with sweete water which she had readye

in a casting bottle of Golde, kissing his cheeke and saying: Good servaunt be whoale, for I might not long indure thus to attend thee, and yet the love that I beare towardes thee, cannot be content to see thee languishe. Mistresse sayde *Ferdinando* (and that with a trembling voice) assure your selfe, that if there remain in me any sparke of life or possibillity of recovery, then may this excellent bounty of yours be sufficient to revive me without any further travaile or paine unto your person: for whome I am highlye to blame, in that I do not spare to put you unto this trouble, & better it were that suche a wretch as I had died unknown, than yᵗ by your exceeding curtesie, you should fall into any malladye, eyther by resorting unto me, or by these your paines taken about me. Servaunt (quod shee) all pleasures seeme painefull [to] them that take no delight therin, and lyke wise all toile seemeth pleasaunt to such as set their felicitie in the same: but for me bee you sure, I doe it with so good a wyll that I can take no hurt thereby, unlesse I shall perceyve that it be rejected or neglected, as unprofitable or uncomfortable unto you. To me Mistresse quod *Fardinando*, it is suche pleasure, as neyther my feeble tongue can expresse, nor my troubled mind conceyve. Why? are you troubled in mind, thẽ servant quod dame *Elynor*? *Ferdinando* now blushing answered, but even as al sick men be Mistresse. Herewith they staied their talke a while, and the first that brake silence was the Ladye *Fraunces*: who sayde, and to drive away yᵉ troubles of your mind good *Trust*, I would be glad if we coulde devise some pastime amongst us to keepe you company: for I remember that with such devises you did greatly recomforte this fayre Lady when she languished in like sort. She languished in deede gentle *Hope* quod hee, but God forbide that she had languished in like sort. Every body thinketh their own greif greatest qd dame *Elynor*, but in deede whether my greife were the more or the lesse, I am right sorye that yours is such as it is: And to assay whither our passions proceded of lyke cause or not, I would we could (according to this Ladyes saying) devise some like pastimes to trie if your malladie would be cured with like medicines. A gentle woman of the company whom I have not hetherto named, gan thus propound. We have accustomed (quod she) heretofore in most of our games to chuse a King or Quene, and he or she during their government,

have charged every of us, eyther with commaundementes or questions, as best seemed to their majestie. Wherin (to speake mine opinion) we have given over larg a skope, neither semeth it reasonable yᵗ on should have yᵉ power to discover yᵉ thoughts, or at least to bridle the affects of al yᵉ rest. And though in deed in questioning (which doth of yᵉ twaine more nerely touch the mind) every on is at free liberty to answere what they list: yet oft have I hearde a question demaunded in such sorte, and upon such sodayne, yᵗ it hath bene hardly answered without moving matter of contencion. And in commaundes also, some times it happeneth one to bee commaunded unto such service, as eyther they are unfit to accomplish (and then the parties weaknes is therby detected) or els to doe something that they would not, wherof ensueth more grutch than game. Wherefore in mine opinion, we shall do well to chuse by lot amongst us a governour, who (for that it shalbe sufficient preheminence to use the chayre of majestie,) shalbe boũd to give sentẽce uppon al suche arguments and questions as we shall orderly propound unto them: and from him or her (as from an oracle) wee will receive aunswere, and decyding of our lytigious causes. This dame had stuffe in her, an old courtier, & a wylie wenche, named *Pergo*. Wel this proportiõ of *Pergo* pleased them well, and by lot it hapned that *Ferdinando* must be moderator of these matters, and colector of these causes. The which being so constituted, the Lady *Elynor* sayd unto this dame *Pergo*. You have devised this pastime (quod she) & because we thinke you to be most expert in the handling therof, do you propound the first question, & we shalbe both the more ready and able to follow your example: yᵉ Lady *Pergo* refused not, but began on this wise. Noble governor (quod she) amongst the adventures that have befallen mee, I remember especially this one, that in youth it was my chaunce to bee beloved of a verye courtlike yong Gentleman, who abode neare the place wherin my parents had their resiaunce. This gentleman (whether it were for beauty, or for any other respect that he sawe in me, I knowe not) but he was enamored of me, & that with an exceeding vehement passion, & of such force were his effectes, that notwithstanding many repulses which he had received at my handes, he seemed daylye to grow in the renewing of his desires. I on the other side, although I could by no meanes

mislike of him by any good reason (considering that he was of byrth no waye inferiour unto mee, of possessions not to bee disdained, of parson right comelye, of behaviour Courtly, of manners modest, of mynde lyberall, and of vertuous disposition) yet suche was the gaitye of my minde, as that I coulde not bee content to lende him over large thonges of my love: but alwayes daungerouslye behaved my selfe towardes him, and in suche sorte, as hee coulde neyther take comfort of myne aunsweres, nor yet once finde him selfe requited with one good looke for all his travaile. This notwithstanding, the worthy Knight continewed his sute with no lesse vehement affection than earst hee had begonne it, even by the space of seven yeares. At the last, whether discomfited by my dealynges, or tryed by long travayle, or that he hade parcase light upon the lake that is in the forrest of *Ardena*, and so in haste and all thristie, had dronke some droppes of disdayne, whereby his hot flames were quenched, or that he had undertaken to serve no longer, but his just tearme of apprenticehode, or that the teeth of tyme had gnawen and tyred his dulled spirites in such sort, as that all beenummed hee was constrayned to use some other artificyal balme for the quickning of his sences, or by what cause moved I knowe not he did not onely leave his long continued sute, but (as I have since perceived) grew to hate me more deadly than before I had disdained him. At the first beginnyng of his retyre I perceived not his hatred, but imagened that being over wearied, he had withdrawen himself for a time. And considering his worthines, ther withall his constancie of long time proved, I though[t] that I could not in the whole world find out a fitter match to bestowe my selfe, than one so worthy a person. Wherfore I d[id] by al possible meanes procure that he might eftsones use his accustomed rep[ayr]e unto my parentes: And further, in al places where I hapened to meete him, I used al the curtesies towardes him that might be contayned wythin the bondes of modestie. But al was in vaine, for he was now become more daungerous to be wone, than the haggard Faulcon. Our lottes being thus unluckely chaunged, I grewe to burne in desire, and the more daungerous that he shewed him selfe unto me, the more earnest I was by all meanes to procure his consent of love. At the last I might perceive that not only he disdayned me, but (as me thought)

boyled in hatred against me. And the time that I thus continued tormented with these thoughts, was also just the space of seven yeares. Finally when I perceived no remedye for my perplexityes, I assayed by absence to were away this malady, and therefore utterly refused to come in his presence, yea or almost in any other company. Wherby I have consumed in lost time the flower of my youth, & am become as you see (what with yeares, and what with the tormenting passions of love) pale, wane, and full of wrinkles. Neverthelesse, I have therby gayned thus much, that at last I have wond my self cleere out of *Cupids* chaynes, and remayne carelesse at libertie. Now marke to what end I tell you this: first vii. yeares passed in the which I could never be content to yeld unto his just desires: next other vii. yeares I spent in seeking to recover his lost love: and sithens both those vii. yeares, there are even now on saint *Valentines* day last, other vii. yeares passed, in the which (neither I have desired to see him) nor he hath coveted to here of me. My parents now perceyving how the crowes foot is crept under mine eye, and remembring the long sute that this gentelemã had in youth spent on me, considering therewith all that grene youth is well mellowed in us both, have of late sought to perswade a marriage betwene us, the which the Knighte hath not refused to here of, and I have not disdayned to thinke on. By their mediation we have bene eftsoones brought to *Parlee*, wherein over and be sides the ripping up of many olde griefes, this hath bene cheifly rehearsed & objected betwene us, what wrong and injury eche of us hath done to other. And here aboutes wee have fallen to sharpe contencion. He alleadged, that much greater is the wrong which I have done unto him, than that repulse which hee hath sithenes used to me: and I have affirmed the contrary. The matter yet hangeth in varyence. Now, of you worthy Governour I would be most glad to heare this question decided, remembring that there was no difference in the times betwene us. And surely, unles your judgment helpe me, I am afrayde my marryage will bee marred, and I may go lead Apes in hell. *Ferdenando* aunswered, good *Pergo*, I am sory to heare so lamentable a discourse of your luckles love, and much the soryer, in y^{t} I muste needes give sentence agaynst you. For surely great was the wrong that eyther of you have done to

other, and greater was the needelesse greife which causelesse eche of you hath conceyved in this long time, but greatest in my judgment hath bene both the wrong and the greife of the Knight. In that notwithstanding his desertes (which your selfe confesse) he never enjoyed any guerdone of love at your handes. And you (as you alledge) did enjoy his love of long time to gether. So that by the reckoning, it wil fal out (although being b[lin]ded in your owne conceipt, you see it not) that of the one & twenty yeares you enjoyed his love vii. at the least, but that ever he enjoyed yours wee cannot perceive. And much greater is the wrong that rewardeth evill for good, than that which requireth tip for tap. Further, it semeth that where as you went [a]bout in time to trie him, you did altogither loose time which can never be recovered. And not only lost your owne time, whereof you would seeme nowe to lament, but also compelled him to lease his time, which he might (be it spoken without offence to you) have bestowed in some other worthy place, and therefore, as that greife is much greater which hath no kind of cõfort to allay it, so much more is that wrong which altogether without cause is offered. And I (sayd *Pergo*) must needes think, that much easier is it for them to endure grief which never tasted of joye, and much lesse is that wrong which is so willingly proffered to be by recompence restored. For if this Knight wil confesse that he never had cause to rejoyce in all the time of his service, then with better contentacion might he abyde greife than I, who having tasted of the delight which I did secretly cõceive of his desertes, do think ech grief a present death by the remembrance of those for passed thoughts: & lesse wrong seemeth it to be destitut of ye thing which were never obtained, then to be deprived of a Jewel wherof we have been already possessed, so that under your correction I might conclude, that greater hath beene my griefe and injury susteined, than that of the Knight. To whome *Jeronimy* replied, as touching delight, it maye not be denied but that every lover doth take delight in the inward contemplation of his mind, to think of the worthines of his beloved: & therefore you maie not alledge that the Knight had never cause to rejoyce, unlesse you will altogeather condemne your selfe of worthines. Mary if you will say that he tasted not the delightes that lovers seeke, then marke, who was the cause but

your selfe? And if you would accuse him of like ingratitude, for yt he disdained you in the later vii. yeeres (when as he might by accepting your love, have recõpenced him selfe of all former wronges) you must remember therewithall, that the crueltie by you shewed towards him was such, that he could by no means perceive that your change proceeded of good will, but rather eftsons to hold him enchained in unknown linkes of subtile dealings, & therefore not without cause he doubted you: & yet without cause you rejected him. He had often sought occasion, but by your refusals he could never find him, you having occasion fast by ye foretop, did dally with him so long, tyl at the last he sliped his head from you, & then catching at the bald noddle, you foũd your selfe the cause, & yet you would accuse another. To conclude, greater is the griefe that is susteined without desert, & much more is the wrõg that is offered without cause. Thus *Ferdinando Jeronimy* decided the question propounded by *Pergo*, and expected that some other Dame should propound another? but his Mistresse (having hir hand on another halfpeny) gan thus say unto him. Servant this pastime is good, and such as I must nedes like of, to drive away your pensive thoughtes: but sleeping time approcheth, & I feare we disquiete you: wherefore the rest of this time we will (if so like you) bestowe in trimming up your bed, and to morrow wee shal meete here and renewe this newe begon game with Madame *Pargo*. Mistresse (quod hee) I must obeye your wil, and most humbly thanke you of your great goodnesse, and all these Ladies for their curtesie. Even so requiring you that you wyll no further trouble your selves about mee, but let my Servaunt aloane with conducting mee to bed. Yes servaunt (quod she) I wil see if you can sleepe any better in my sheetes: and therewith commaunded hir handmayde to fetche a payre of cleane sheetes, the which being brought (marvaylous fine and sweete) the Ladies *Fraunces* and *Elinor* dyd curteously unfold them, and layd them on the bed, which done, they also entreated him to uncloath him and go to bed, being layd, his Mistresse dressed and couched the cloathes about him, sithens moistened his temples with Rosewater, gave him handkerchewes and other freshe linnen about him, in doing wherof, shc whispered in his eare, saying: Servaunt, this night I will bee with thee, and after with the rest of the Dames

gave him good night and departed, leaving him in a traunce between hope and dispayre, trust and mistrust. Thus he laye ravished, commaunding his servaunt to goe to bed, and fayning that him selfe would assaye if he could sleepe. About ten or eleven of the clocke came his mistresse in hir night gowne: who knowing all privye wayes in that house verie perfectlye, had conveied her selfe into his chamber, unseene and unperceived: and being nowe come unto his beds side kneeled downe, and laying hir arme over him sayde these or lyke wordes: My good Servaunt, if thou knewest what perplexities I suffer in beholding of thine infirmities, it might then suffice, eyther utterlye to drive away the mallady, or much more to augment thy griefes: for I know thou lovest me: and I think also that thou hast had sufficient proofe of myne unfayned good wyll: in remembrance whereof, I fall into sundry passions: First, I compt the happy lotes of our first acquaintance, and therin I call to minde the equalitie of our affections, for I thinke that there were never two lovers conjoyned with freer concent on both partyes: and (if my over hasty delivery of yeelding words be not wrested hereafter to my condempnation) I can then assure my self to escape for ever without desert of any reprofe. Herewithall I cannot forget the sundry adventures hapned since wee became one hart devided in two bodyes, all which have ben both happily atchived, and delectable enjoyed. What resteth then to consider but this thy present stat? The first corosive that I have felt, and the last cordiall that I looke for, the end of my joyes, and the beginning of my torments. And here hir salt teares gan bath the dying lippes of hir servaunt: who (hearing these wordes, and well considering hir demeanor) began now to accuse him selfe of such and so haynous treason, as that his gilty hart was constrayned to yeelde unto a just scourge for the same. He swooned under hir arme: the which when she perceived, it were harde to tel what feares did most affright hir.

And It were hard nowe to rehearse how he was revyved, since there were none presente but hee dying, (who could not declare) and she living, who would not disclose so much as I meane to bewraye. For mine aućthor dreameth yᵗ *Ferdenando* returning to life, the first thing which he felt, was yᵗ his good mistres lay pressing his brest with the whole weight of hir

bodye, & byting his lips with hir friendly teeth. And peradventure she refrayned (either of curtesie towards him, or for womanish feare, to hurt her tender hande) to strike him on the cheekes in such sort, as they doe that strive to call againe a dying creature: and therefore thought this the aptest meane to reduce him unto remembrance. *Ferdinando* now awaked, could no lesse doe, than of his curteous nature receive his Mistresse into his bed: Who (as one that knewe that waye better, than how to help his swooning,) gan gently strip of hir clothes, and lovingly embracing him, gan demaund of him in this sorte. Alas good Servaunt (quod shee) what kinde of maladie is this that so extreemly doth torment thee? *Jeronimii* with fainting speach answered: Mistresse as for my maladie, it hath beene easelye cured by your bountifull medicines applied. But I must confesse, that in receiving that guerison at your handes, I have bene constrained to fall into an Extasie, through the gauling remembraunce of mine owne unworthinesse. Neverthelesse good Mistres, since I perceive such fidelitye remayning betweene us, as that fewe woordes wyll perswade suche trust as lovers ought to imbrace, let these fewe wordes suffice to crave your pardon: and do eftsones powre uppon me (your unworthy servaunt) the aboundaunt waves of your accustomed clemencie, for I must confesse, that I have so highlye offended you, as (but your goodnesse surpasse the mallice of my conceiptes) I must remayne (and that right woorthely) to the severe punishment of my desertes: and so should you but loose him who hath cast away him self, and neither can accuse you, nor darre to excuse him selfe of the crime. Dame *Elinor* (who had rather have founde hir servaunt perfectly revived, than thus with straunge conceypts encombred: and musing much at his darke spech,) became importunat to know ye sertaynty of his thoughts. And *Ferdenando* as on not maister of him selfe, gan at the last playnly confesse how he had mistrusted the chaung of hir vowed affections: Yea and (that more was) he playnely expressed with whom, of whom, by whom, and too whom she bent hir better liking.

Nowe, here I would demaunde of such as are experte: Is there any greater impedymente to the fruition of a Lovers delights, than to be mistrusted? or rather, is it not the ready way to race all love and former good will out of remembrance,

to tell a guilty mind that you do mistrust it? It should seeme yes, by Dame *Elynor*, who began now to take the matter whotlye: and of such vehemencie were hir fancies, that she nowe fell into flat defiance with *Ferdinando*, who although he sought by many faire wordes to temper hir chollorike passions, and by yelding him selfe to get the conquest of an other, yet could he by no meanes determine the quarrell. The soft pillowes being present at al these whot speches, put forth them selves as mediators for a truce betwene these enemies, and desired that (if they would needes fight) it might be in their presence but one only blowe, & so from thence forth to become friendes againe for ever. But the Dame denied flatlye, alledging that shee found no cause at all to use such curtesie unto such a recreant: adding further many words of great reproche: the which dyd so enrage *Ferdinando*, as that having forgotten all former curtesies, he assayleth his enemies by force. At last she rose sodainlye and determined to save hir selfe by flight, leaving him in bedde, with many despitefull wordes, and swearing that he shoulde never (eftsones) take her at the lyke advauntage: the whiche oathe she kepte better than hir fourmer professed good wyll: and having nowe recovered her Chamber (because shee founde her hurt to be nothing daungerous) I doubte not, but shee slept quietlye the rest of the night. As *Ferdinando* also (perswading himselfe that he shoulde with convenient leasure recover her from this haggard conceipt) tooke some better rest towardes the morning, than hee had done in many nightes forepast. So let them both sleepe whiles I turne my penne unto the before named *Secretarie*, who being (as I saye) come latelye from *Florence*, had made many proffers to renewe his accustomed consultations: but the sorrowe whiche his Mistresse had conceyved in *Jeronimy* his sicknesse togeather with hir continuall repayre to him during the same, had bene such lettes unto his attempts, as it was long time before he could obtayne audience.

At the last these newe accidentes fell so favourably for the furtherance of his cause, that hé came to his Mistresse presence and there pleaded for himselfe. Nowe, if I should at large write his alligations, togither with hir subtile aunsweres, I shoulde but comber your eares with unpleasaunt rehearsall of feminine frayltye.

To be short, the late disdayneful moode which she had cõceived against *Ferdinãdo* togither with a scrupule which lay in hir conscience, touching the xi. article of hir beleefe, moved hir presently with better will to consult with this *Secretary*, aswel upon the speedy revenge of hir late received wrongs as also upon the reformation of hir religion. And in verye deede, it fel out that the *Secretary* (having bene of long time absent, & there his quiles and pens not worne so neere as they were wont to be,) did now pricke [such] faire large notes, that his mistres liked better to sing fa-burden under him, than to descant any longer upon *Ferdinandoes* playne song, and thus they continued in good accord, untill it fortuned that Dame *Fraunces* came into her chamber upon such sodaine as she had like to have marred all the musicke, well they conveyed their clifes as closely as they could, but yet not altogither without some suspicion given to the sayd dame *Fraunces*, who although she could have bene cõtent to take any paine in *Jeronimies* behalfe, yet otherwise she could never have bestowed the watching about so worthelesse a pryse. After womanly salutations they fell into sundrye discourses, the *Secretary* stil abiding in the chamber with them. At last two or three other gentlewomen of the Castle came into Madam *Elinores* chamber, who after their *Bon jour* did all (*una voce*) seeme to lament the sikenes of *Ferdinando* and called uppon the Dames *Elynor* and *Fraunces*, to goe visite him againe.

The Lady *Fraunces* curteously consented, but Madame *Elynor* first alledged that she her selfe was also sickly, the which she attributed to hir late paynes taken about him and sayd, that onely for that cause she was constrayned to kepe hir bed longer than hir accustomed hower. The Dames (but specially the Lady *Fraunces*) gan streight wayes conjecture some great cause of sodaine chaũge, and so leaving dame *Elinor*, walked altogether into the parke to take the ayre in the morning: And as they thus walked it chaũced that Dame *Pergo* heard a Cuckoe chaunt, who (because the pride of the spring was now past) cried Cuck cuck Cuckoe in hir stamering voyce. A ha (quod *Pergo*) this foule byrd begines to flye the countrye, and yet before hir departure, see how spitfully she can devyse to salute us. Not so (quod Dame *Fraunces*) but some other whom she hath espyed, wherewith Dame *Pergo* looking round about hir, and espying none other companie

sayde. Why here is no body but we few women, qd she. Thanks be to God the house is not farre from us (quod Dame *Fraunces*.) Here at the wylie *Pergo* partly perceyving Dame *Fraunces* meaning, replyed on this sort: I understand you not (quod she) but to leap out of this matter, shall wee goe visit Maister *Jeronimy* and see how he doth this morning. Why quod dame *Fraunces*, do you suppose that the Cuckoe called unto him? Nay mary quod *Pergo*, for (as fare as I knowe) he is not maried. As who should say (quod Dame *Fraunces*,) that the Cuckoe envieth none but maryed folkes. I take it so, sayd *Pergo*, the Lady *Frances* answered. Yes sure I have noated as evill lucke in love (after the Cuckoes call) to have hapned unto divers unmaried folkes, as ever I did unto the maryed, but I can be well content that we go unto him, for I promised on ye behalfe of us al, that we would use our best devoyre to recomfort him untill he had recovered helth: and I do much mervayle that ye Lady *Elinor* is now become so unwilling to take any travayle in his behalfe, especially remembring that but yesternight she was so diligent to bring him to bed. But I perceive that all earthly thinges are subject unto change. Even so they be quod *Pergo*, for you maye behold the trees which but even this other daye were clad in gladsome greene, and nowe their leaves begin to fade and change collour. Thus they passed talkeing and walking untill they returned unto the Castle, whereas they went strayght unto *Ferdinandoes* chamber, and found him in bed. Why how now *Trust* (quod Dame *Fraunces*,) will it be no better? Yes shortly I hope quod he. The Ladyes all saluted him: and he gave them the gramercy: at the last *Pergo* popped this question unto him: And howe have you slept in your Mistres shetes Mayster *Jeronemy* quod she? reasonably well quod he, but I pray you where is my mistresse this morning? Mary sayd *Pergo*, we left hir in bed scarce well at ease. I am the more sorye quod he. Why *Trust* (sayd Mistresse *Fraunces*) be of good comfort, & assure your selfe that here are others who would be as glad of your wel doing, as your mistres in any respect. I ought not to doubt there of (quod *Ferdinãdo*) having the profe that I have had of your great courtesies, but I thought it my dutye to aske for my mistresse being absent. Thus they passed some time with him untill they were called awaye unto prayers, and that

being finished they went to dinner, where they met Dame *Elynor* attired in an night kerchiefe after the soolenest (the solempnest fashion I should have said,) who loked very drowsely upon all folkes, unlesse it were hir secretary, unto whom she deigned somtime to lend a frendly glaunce. The Lord of the Castle demaunded of hir how master *Jeronemy* did this morning. She answered that she knew not for she had not sene him that day. You may do wel then daughter (quod the Lord) to go now unto him, and to assay if he will eate any thing, and if here be no meates that like him, I praye you commaunde (for him) anye thing that is in my house. You must pardon me sir (quod she,) I am sickely disposed, and would be loth to take the ayre, why then go you mistres *Fraunces* (quod he) and take some body with you: and I charge you see that he lacke nothing. Mistres *Fraunces* was glad of the ambassege, and arysing from the table with one other gentle[wo]man, tooke with hir a dish of chikins boiled in white broth, saying to hir father: I think this meat meetest for mayster *Jeronimy* [o]f any that is here. It is so (quod he) daughter, and if he like not that, cause some what els to be dressed for him according to his apetite. Thus she departed and came to *Ferdinando*, who being plonged in sundry woes and thrilled with restlesse thoughtes, was nowe beginning to rise. But seing the Dames, couched down agayne, and sayd unto them. Alas fayre Ladyes you put your selves to more paynes than eyther I do desire, or can deserve. Good *Trust* quod Dame *Fraunces*, our paynes are no greater than duty requireth, nor yet so great as we could vouchsaf[e] in your behalfe.

And presently my father hath sent us unto you (quod she) with this pittaunce, and if your apetite desire any on thing more than other, we are to desire likewise that you will not refrayne to call for it. Oh my good *Hope* (quod he) I perceive that I shall not dye as long as you maye make me live. And (being nowe some deale recomforted with the remembraunce of his mistres words which she hadde used over night at hir first comming, and also thinkinge that although shee parted in choller, it was but justlye provoked by him selfe, and that at leasure hee shoulde finde some salve for that sore also) hee determined to take the comforte of his assured *Hope*,

and so to expell all venomnes of mistrust before received. Wherfor raising him selfe in his bed, hee cast a night gowne about his shoulders saying: It shall never be sayd that my fainting hart can reject the comfortable Cordialles of so freendly phisitions. Nowe by m[y] troth well sayed gentle *Trust* quod Dame *Fraunces*, and in so doing, assure your selfe gueryson with speed. This thus sayed, the curteous Dame become his kerver, & he wyth a bold spirite gan tast of hir cokerey. But the late conflicts of his conceipts had so disaquainted his stomack from repastes, that he could not wel a way with meate: and yet neverthelesse by lyttle & little receyved some nouryture. When his *Hope* had crammed him as longe as she coulde make him feede, they delyvered the rest to the other gentlewoman who having not dyned, fell to hir provender. In which meane while the Lady *Fraunces* had much comfortable speech with *signor Jeronemy* and declared y^t^ shee perceived very well the maladie, but my *Trust* (quod she) be all whole, and remember what I foretould you in the beginning: neverthelesse you must thinke that there are remedies for all mischifes, and if you will be ruled by myne advise, we will soone finde the meane to ease you of this mishap. *Ferdinando* tooke comforte in hir discrecion, & freendly kissed hir hand, gave hir a cartlode of thankes for hir greate good will, promising to put to his uttermost force, and evermore to be ruled by hyr advice. Thus they passed the dinner while, the Lady *Fraunces* alwayes refusing to declare hir conceipt of the late chaung which she perceived in his Mistresse, for she thought best first to wynne his wyll unto conformitie, by little and little, and then in the ende to perswade him with necessitye. When the other gentlewoman had vytayled hir, they departed, requiring him to rise and boldly to resist the fayntenesse of his fever. The which he promised and so bad them a *Dio*. The Ladyes at their retourne found the courte in Dame *Elynores* chamber, who had there assembled hir secretary, Dame *Pergo* & the rest: ther they passed an hower or twayne in sundry discourses, wherein Dame *Pergo* did alwaies cast out some bone for mistresse *Fraunces* to gnaw uppon, for that in deede she perceyved hir harty affection towardes *Ferdinando* whereat Mistresse *Fraunces* chaunged no countenaunce, but reserved hir revenge untill a

better oportunitie. At last (quod Dame *Fraunces* unto Mistresse *Elinor*) and when will you goe unto your servaunt fayre Lady? When he is sicke and I am whole, quod Dame *Elinor*. That is even nowe quod the other, for howe sicke he is your selfe can witnesse: and howe well you are we must beare recorde. You maye as well be deceived in my disposition (quod Dame *Elinor*), as I was overseene in his sodaine alteration: and if he be sicke, you are meete to be his phisition: for you sawe yesterday that my paines dyd lyttle profite towardes his recomfort. Yes surelye sayde the other, not onelye I but all the rest had occasion to judge that your curtesie was his chiefe comfort. Well, quod Dame *Elinor*, you knowe not what I knowe. Nor you what I thinke quod Dame *Fraunces*. Thinke what you lyst quod *Elinor*. In deede quod *Fraunces*, I may not thinke that you care, neither wyll I dye for your displeasure: & so halfe angrie she departed. At supper they met againe, and the maister of the house demanded of his daughter *Fraunces* howe *Fardinando* did? Syr (quod she) he dyd eate somewhat at dyner, and sithens I sawe him not. The more to blame quod he, and now I would have al you gentlewomen take of the best meates and goe suppe with him, for company driveth away carefulnesse, and leave you me here with your leavinges alone. Naye syr quod Mistresse *Elinor*, I pray you give me leave to beare you company, for I dare not adventure thither. The Lorde of the Castle was contented & dispatched awaye the rest: who taking with them such viandes as they thought meetest, went unto *Jeronimies* chamber, fynding him up, and walking about to recover strength: whereat Dame *Fraunces* rejoysed, and declared how her Father had sente that company to attend him at supper. *Ferdinando* gave great thankes, & missing now nothing but his Mistresse, thought not good yet to aske for hir, but because he partly gessed the cause of hir absence, he contented himselfe, hoping that when his lure was newe garnished, he shoulde easely recleame hyr from those coy conceyptes. They passed over their supper all in quyete, and sone after Mistresse *Fraunces*, being desirous to requite Dame *Pargoes* qui[pp]es, requested that they might continue the pastime which Dame *Pergo* had begonne over night: wherunto they all consented, and the lot fell unto Dame *Fraunces* to propounde the second question who adressing hir speche unto *Ferdinãdo*

said in this wise, Noble governor, I will reherse unto you a strange historie, not fayned, neyther borowed out of any oulde aucthoritie, but a thing done in deed of late dayes, and not farre distant from this place where wee nowe remayne. It chaunced that a gentleman our neyghbour being maryed to a very fayre gentlewoman, lived with hir by the space of fower or five yeares in greate contentacion, trusting hir no lesse than he loved hir, and yet loving hir as much as any man could love a woman. On that other side the gentlewoman had woonne (unto hir beautie) a singular commendation for hir chast and modest behaviour. Yet it happened in time that a lustie young gentleman (who very often resorted to them) obtayned that at hir handes, which never any man coulde before him attaine: and to be plaine, he wonne so much in hir affections, that forgetting both hir owne duty, and hir husbandes kindnes, shee yeelded hir body at the commaundement of this lover, in which pastime they passed long tyme by theyr pollitycke government. At last the frendes of this Lady (and especially three sisters which she had) espied overmuch familliarity betwene the two lovers, and dreading least it might breake out to their cõmon reproch toke their sister apart, and declared that the world did judge scarce well of the repayre of that Gentleman unto hyr house: and that if she did not foresee it in time, shee should not onely leese the good credite which she hir selfe had hitherto possessed, but furthermore should distaine theyr whole race with common obloquy & reproche. These and sundry other Godly admonitions of these sisters, could not sink in the mind of this gentlewoman, for she dyd not only stand in defiaunce what any man could thinke of hir, but also seemed to accuse them, that (because they saw hir estimation (being their yonger) to grow above their owne) they had therefore devised this meane to set variance betwene hir husbande and hir. The sisters seing their holesome counsell so rejected, and hir continue styll in hir obstinate opinion, adressed theyr speache unto hir husbande, declaring that the worlde judged not the best, neyther they themselves did very wel like of the familiaritie betwene their sister and that gentleman, and therfore advised him to forecast all perils, and in time to forbid him his house. The husband (on the other side) had also conceived suche a good opinion of his gest, & had growen into

such a strićte familliaritie with him, yt you might with more ease have removed a stone wal, than once to make him think amis, eyther of his wyfe, or of hir lover. Yea, and immediatelie after this conference, he woulde not sticke thus to say unto his wife. *Lamia* (for so in deede was hir name) thou hast three such busie brained sisters, as I thinke shortlyc their heads wyll breake: they woulde have me to bee jellous of thee, no no *Lamia.* &c. so that he was not onely far from any such beleefe, but furthermore dyd everye daye increase his curtesies towards the lover. The sisters being thus on all sides rejećted, and yet perceyving more & more an unseemelye behaviour betweene their sister and hir minion, began to melt in their owne grease: and such was theyr enraged pretence of revenge, that they suborned divers servauntes in the house to watch so dilligentlye, as that this treason might be discovered. Amongst the rest, one mayde of subtile spirite had so long watched them, that at last she spied them go into the chamber together, and lockte the doore to them: whereupon she ranne with all hast possible to hir Mayster, and toold him that if he would come with hir, she would shewe him a very straunge sighte. The gentleman (suspećting nothing) went with hir, untill he came into a chamber neere unto that wherein they had shut them selves. And she pointing hir mayster to the keyhole, bad him looke through, where he sawe the thing which moste mighte mislike him to behold. Where at he sodaynely drewe his Dagger, and turned towardes the mayde, who fled from him for feare of mischiefe. But when he could not overtake hir in the heat of his coller, he commaunded that she should forth wyth trusse up that little which she had, and to departe his service. And before hir departure, he found meanes to talke with hir, threatening that if ever she spake any worde of this mistery in any place where she should come, it should cost hir life. The mayde for feare departed in silence, and the Maister never changed coũtenance to either his wife or to hir paramour, but fayned unto his wife that he had turned a waye the mayde upon that sodayne, for that shee had throwen a Kitchin knife at him, whiles he went about to correćt a fault in hir. &c. Thus the good gentleman dranke up his owne swette unseene every day, encreasing curtesie to the lover, and never chaunging countenaunce to his wife in any thing, but onely that he

refrayned to have such knowledge of hir carnally, as he in tim[e] past had, and other men have of their wives. In this sort he continued by the space all most of halfe a yeare, neverthelesse lamenting his mishap in solytary places. At last (what moved him I know not) he fell agayn to company with his wife as other men do, and (as I have heard it sayed) he used this pollicy. Every time that he had knowledge of hir, he would leave either in the bed, or in hir cusshencloth, or by hir looking glasse, or in some place where she must needes finde it, a piece of money which then was in *Italie* called a *Caroline.* Thus he dealt with her continuallye by the space of fowre or five monethes, using hir neverthelesse very kindly in all other respects, and providing for hir all things necessary at the first call. But unto his geast he still augmented his curtesie, in such sort, that you would have thought them to be sworne brothers. All this notwithstanding his wife much musing at these smal peeces which she founde in this sort, and furthermore, having sundrye times found hir husband in solitarye places making great lamentation, shee grewe inquisitive, what should be ye secreete cause of these alterations, unto whom he would none otherwise answere, but yt any man should finde occatiõ to be more pensive at one time than at another. The wife notwithstanding increasing hir suspeć̃t, imparted the same unto hir lover, alledging therewithal that she doubted verye much least hir husband had some vehemẽt suspicion of their affaires. The lover encoraged hir, & likewise declared, that if she would be importunate to enquire the cause, hir husband would not be able to kepe it from hir: and having now throughly instructed hir, shee dealt with her husband in this sort. One day when shee knew him to be in his study alone, she came in to him, and having fast locked the doore after hir, & conveyed the keye into hir pocket, she began first with earnest entreaty, and then with teares to crave that he woulde no longer keepe from hir the cause of his sodaine alteration. The husband dissimuled the matter still: at last she was so earnest to know for what cause he left money in such sort at sundry times: That he aunswered on this wise: Wyfe (quod hee) thou knowest howe long wee have beene married togeather, and howe long I made so deare accompt of thee as ever man made of his Wife: since which dayes, thou knowest also howe

long I refrained thy company, and howe long againe I have used thy company, leaving the money in this sort, and the cause is this. So long as thou dyddest behave thy selfe faithfullye towardes mee, I never lothed thy company: but sithens I have perceived thee to bee a harlotte, and therefore dyd I for a tyme refraine and forbeare to lye with thee, and nowe I can no longer forbeare it, I give thee every time that I lye with thee, a *Caroline*, which is to make thee understande thine owne whordome: and this rewarde is sufficient for a whore.

The wife beganne stoutlye to stand at defiaunce, but the husband cut of hir speach, and declared when, where, and how he had sene it: hereat the woman being abashed, and finding hir conscience guilty of asmuch as he had aledged, fell downe on hir knees, & with most bitter teares craved pardon, confessing hir offence: whereat hir husband (moved with pitie) & melting likewise in floods of lamentation, recomforted hir, promising that if from that day forwardes she would be true unto him, he would not onely forgive al that was past, but become more tender and loving unto hir then ever he was. What doe I tarrye so long? they became of accord: and in full accomplishment thereof, the gentlewoman dyd altogeather eschewe the company, the speach, and (as much as in hir laye) the sight of hir lover: although hir husband dyd continue his curtesie towards him, and often charged his wife to make him fayre resemblaunt. The Lover was nowe onelye left in perplexitie, who knewe nothing what might be the cause of all these chaunges, and that most greeved him, he could by no meanes optaine againe the speach of his desired: he watched all opportunities, hee suborned messengers, hee wroote letters, but all in vaine. In the ende she caused to bee declared unto him a time and place where she woulde meete him and speake with him. Being met, she put him in remembraunce of all that had passed betweene them: shee layde also before him howe trusty she had bene unto him in all professions: she confessed also howe faithfullye he had discharged the duety of a friend in al respectes, and therwithall she declared that her late alteration and pensivenesse of minde was not without great cause, for that she had of late such a mishap, as might chaunge the disposition of any lyving creature: Yea, and that the case was such, as unlesse she found present remedy, hir death must

needes ensue, and that spedely, for the preventing whereof, she alledged that she had beaten hir braines with al devises possible, and that in the ende she could thinke of no redresse but one, the which lay only in him to acomplish. Wherfore she besought him for all the love and good will which had ever passed betweene them, nowe to shewe the fruites of true friendship, and to gratifie hir with a free graunt to this request. The lover who had alwayes bene desirous to pleasure hir in any thing, but now especially to recover hir wonted kindnesse, gan franklye promise to accomplishe any thing that might be to him possible, yea, though it were to his great detriment, and therewithall, dyd deepely blame hir in that shee would so long torment hir selfe with any griefe, considering that it lay in him to helpe it. The Ladye aunswered, that she had so long kept it from his knowledge, bicause she doubted whether hee would be content to performe it or not, although it was such a thing as he might easely graunt without any manner of hurt to himself, & yet now in the ende she was forced to adventure uppon his curtesie, being no longer able to beare ye burdẽ of hir griefe: the lover solicited her most earnestly to disclose it: and she (as fast) seemed to mistrust that he would not accomplish it. In the ende she tooke out a booke (which she had brought for the nonce) & bound him by othe to accomplishe it. The lover mistrusting nothing lesse thã that ensued, toke the othe willingly, which done, she declared al that had passed betwene hir & hir husband: his griefe, hir repentance, his pardon, hir vowe, and in the ende of hir tale enjoyned the lover, that from thenceforthwardes, he should never attempt to breake her constant determinatiõ, the lover replied that this was unpossible. But she plainlye assured him, that if he graunted hir that request, she would be his friend in al honest & godly wise: if not, she put him out of doubt that she would eschew his company and flee from his sight as from a scorpion. The lover considering that hir request was but just, accusing his owne guiltye conscience, remembring the great curtesies alwayes used by hir husband, and therewithall seeing the case now brought to such an issue, as that by no other meanes than by this it could be conceiled from the knowledge of the worlde: but most of all, being urged by his othe, dyd at last give an unwilling consent, and yet a faithful promise to yelde unto hir

wyl in al thinges, and thus being become of one assent, he remaineth the derest friend & most welcome gest that may be, both to the Lady and hir husband: and the man and the wife so kind (each to other) as if there never had bene such a breche betwen them. Now, of you noble Governor I would faine lerne, whether the perplexity of the husband when he looked in at the keye hoole, or of the wife when she knewe the cause why the *Carolines* were so scattered, or of the lover when he knew what was his mistres charge, was greater of ye three? I might have put in also ye troubled thoughts of the sisters & the mayd, when they saw their good wil rejected, but let these three suffice. Gentle *Hope* (quod *Ferdinando*) you have rehearsed (& that right eloquẽtly) a notable tale, or rather a notable history, because you seeme to affirme, that i[t] was done in dede of late & not far hence. Wherein I note five especial pointes: that is a marvailous patience in the husband, no lesse repentaunce in the wife, no smal boldnesse of the mayde, but muche more rashnesse in the sisters, & last of al, a rare tractabilitie in the lover. Neverthelesse to returne unto your question. I thinke the husbands perplexity greatest, because his losses abounded above the rest, & his injuries were uncõparable. The Lady *Fraunces* did not seme to contrary him but rather smiled in hir sleeve at Dame *Pergo*, who had no lesse patience to here the tale recited, then the Lady *Fraunces* had pleasure in telling of it. By this time the sleeping houre aproched, & the Ladyes prepared their departure, when as mistres *Fraũces* sayd unto ye *Venetiane*: Although percase I shall not do it so hãdsomly as your mistres, yet good *Trust* (quod she) if you vouchsafe it, I can be content to trim up your bed in the best maner that I may, as on who would be as glad as she to procure your quiet rest. *Ferdinando* gave hir great thãks desiring hir not to trouble hirself, but to let his man alone with yt charge. Thus they departed, & how al partyes toke rest that night I knowe not: but in ye morning *Ferdinando* began to consider with himselfe that he might lye long ynough in his bed before his mistres would be apeased in hir pevishe conceipts: wherfore he arose, & being aparelled in his night gowne, tooke occation to walke in the gallery neere adjoyning unto his mistres chamber: but there might he walke long inough ere his Mistresse would come to walke with him.

When dinner time came he went into the great chamber whereas the Lord of the Castle saluted him, being joyful of his recoverye: *Jeronimy* giving due thanks, declared that his friẽdly entertainement togeather with the great curtesie of the gentlewomen was such, as might revive a man although he were halfe dead. I would bee loath (quod the hoast) that any Gentleman comming to mee for good wyll, shoulde want any curtesie of intertainement that lyeth in my power. When the meate was served to the table, the Gentlewomen came in all but Dame *Elynor* and Mistresse *Pergo*, the which *Ferdinando* marked very well, and it dyd somewhat abate his apetite. After diner, his *Hope* came unto him and demaunded of him howe hee would passe the daye for his recreation? to whome he answered even as it best pleased hir. She devised to walke into the parke, and so by litle and litle to acquaint himself with the ayre: he agreed, and they walked togeather being accompanied with one or two other gentlewomen. And although there were nowe more cause that hee shoulde mistrust his Mistresse than ever he had before receyved, yet the vehement passions which he sawe in her when she first came to visite him, and moreover the earnest words which she pronounced in his extremitie, were such a refreshing to his minde, as that he determined no more to trouble him selfe with like conceiptes: concluding further, that if his mistresse were not faultie, then had he cõmitted a foule offence in needeles jelousie, and that if she were faultie (especiallye with the *Secretarie*) then no perswation could amend hir, nor any passion helpe him[:] and this was the cause that enabled him after suche passing panges to abide the doubtfull conclusion: And thus manfully and valiantly to represse faintnesse of his mind: nothing doubting but that he should have won his mistresse to pardon his presumption, & lovingly to imbrace his service in wonted maner: but he was farre deceived, for shee was nowe in a nother tewne, the which Mistresse *Fraunces* began partly to discover unto him as they walked togeather: for she burdened him that his mallady proceded onely of a disquiet minde. And if it dyd so my gentle *Hope* (quod he) what remedy? My good *Trust* (quod she) none other but to plant quiet where disquiet began to grow. I have determined (quod he) but I must crave the helpe of your assured friendship. Therof you

may make accompt (quod she) but wherein? *Ferdinando* walking apart with hir, began to declare that there was some contention hapened betweene his mistres and him: the Lady tolde him that she was not ignoraunt thereof. Then he desired hir to treate so much in the cause, as they might eftsons come to *Parlee*: thereof I dare assure you (quod Mistresse *Fraunces*,) and at their returne she led him into his Mistresse Chamber, whome they founde lying on hir bed, whether gauled with any griefe, or weary of the thing (which you woote of) I know not, but there she lay: unto whome *Ferdinando* gave two or three salutations before she seemed to marke him. At last sayd the Lady *Fraunces* unto hir, your servaunt hearing of your sicknesse, hath adventured thus far into the ayre to see you. I thank him (quod dame *Elinor*) & so lay still, refusing to give him any countenâce. Whereat he perceiving all the other Gentlewomen fall to whispering, thought good, boldlye to pleade his owne case: and approching the bed began to enforce his unwylling Mistresse unto curtesie, wherein he used such vehemence as she could not wel by any meanes refuse to talk with him: but what their talke was, I may not take upon me to tel you. Sufficeth this to be known, that in the end she pretended to passe over all olde grudges, and thencefoorth to pleas[u]re him as occation might serve, the which occation was so long in hapening, that in the ende he being nowe eftsones troubled with unquiet fantasies, and forced to use his penne againe as an Ambassadour betweene them: one daye amongst the rest found oportunitye to thrust a letter into her bosome, wherein hee had earnestly requested another Mooneshine banquet or frydayes breakfast to recomfort his dulled spirites, whereunto the Dame yelded this aunswere in writing, but of whose endyting judge you.

I can but smyle at your simplicitye, who burden your frends with an impossibility. The case so stode as I could not though I would. Wherefore from hencefoorth either learne to frame your request more reasonablye, or else stand content with a flat repulse. *SHE.*

[*F*]*erdinando* liked this letter but a litle: & being thereby droven into his accustomed vaine, he compiled in verse this aunswere folowing, upon these wordes conteined in her letter, *I could not though I would.*

I could not though I would: good Ladie saie not so,
Since one good word of your good wil might sone redresse my wo,
Where would is free before, there could can never faile:
For profe, you see how gallies passe where ships cã bere no saile,
The wearie marriner where skies are overcast,
By readie will doth guide his skil and wins the haven at last,
The pretie bird that singes with pricke against her brest,
Doth make a vertue of hir nede, to watche when others rest,
And true the proverbe is, which you have laide apart,
There is no hap can seeme to hard unto a willing heart.
Then lovelie Ladie mine, you saie not as you should,
In doutful tearms to answere thus: I could not though I would.
Yes yes, full well you know, your can is quicke and good:
And wilfull will is eke too swift, to shed my guiltlesse blood.
But if good will were bent ãs prest as power is,
Such will would quicklie find the skil to mende that is a misse.
Wherefore if you desire to see my true love spilt,
Commaund and I will slea my selfe, that yours maie be the gilt,
But if you have no power to saie your servaunt naie,
Write thus: I maie not as I would, yet must I as I maie.

Ferdinando. Jeronimy.

THus *Jeronimy* replied upon his Mistres answere, hoping thereby to recover some favour at hir hands, but it would not be: so that nowe he had bene as likelye (as at the first) to have fretted in fantasies, had not the Ladye *Fraunces* cõtinually comforted him: and by litle & litle she drove suche reason into his minde, that now he began to subdue his humor with discretion, and to determine that if he might espie evident profe of his Mistres fraieltie, he would then stand content with patience perforce, & geve his Mistres the *Bezo la*[*s manos*]. And it happened one daye amongst others, that he resorted to his mistresse chamber and founde her (*allo solito*) lying uppon her bed, and the *Secretarie* with Dame *Pergo* and her handmaide keeping of her company. Whereat *Ferdinando* somewhat repyning, came to her and fell to dalliaunce, as one that had nowe rather adventure to be thought presumptious than yeelde to be accompted bashfull, he cast his [a]rme over his Mistresse, and began to accuse hir of sluggishnes, using some other bolde

partes, as well to provoke hir, as also to grieve the other. The Ladye seemed litle to delight in his dallying, but cast a glance at hir *Secretarie*, & therewith smiled, when as the *Secretarie* and Dame *Pergo* burst out into open laughter. The which *Ferdinando* perceiving, and disdaining her ingratitude, was forced to depart, and in that fantasie compiled this Sonet.

With hir in armes that had my hart in holde,
I stoode of late to pleade for pitie so:
And as I did hir lovelie lookes beholde,
Shee cast a glaunce upon my rivall foe.
His fleering face provoked hir to smile,
When my salt teares were drowned in disdaine:
He glad, I sad, he laught, (alas the while)
I wept for woe: I pin'd for deadlie paine.
And when I sawe none other boote prevaile,
But reason rule must guide my skilfull minde:
Why then (quod I) olde proverbes never faile,
For yet was never good Cat out of kinde.
Nor woman true but even as stories tell,
Wonne with an egge, and lost againe with shell.

Ferdinando. Jeronimy.

THis Sonet declareth that he began now to accompt of hir as she deserved, for it hath a sharpe conclusion, and it is somewhat too general. Well, as it is he lost it, where his Mistresse found it, and she immediatly imparted the same unto Dame *Pergo*, and Dame *Pergo* unto others: so that it quickely became common in the house. Amongst others Mistres *Fraunces* having recovered a copie of it, did seme to pardon the generallity, and to bee wel pleased with the perticularity thereof, the whiche shee bewraied one daye unto *Ferdinando* in this wise. Of all the joyes that ever I had (my good *Trust* quod shee) there is none where in I take more comforte than in your conformity. And although your present rage is such that you can bee content to condemne a number unknowen, for the transgression of one to well knowne: yet I doe rather rejoyce that you should judge your pleasure over many, than too be abused by any. My good *Hope* (quod he)

it were not reason that after such manyfold profes of your exceding curtesies, I should use straung or contencious speech with so deare a friend. And in deed I must confesse that the opinion which I have conceived of my Mistresse, hath stirred my penne to write very hardly agaynst all the feminine gender. But I praye you pardon me (quod he) & if it please you I will recant it, as also (parcase) I was but cloyd with *surcuydrye*, and presumed to think more than may be proved. Yea but how if it were proved quod Dame *Fraunces*? If it were so (which God forbid quod he) then coulde you not blame me to conceive that opinion. Howsoever I might blame you (quod she) I meane not to blame you, but I demaund further, if it be as I thinke & you suspect, what will you then do? Surely (quod he) I have determined to drinke up mine own sorow secretly, and to bid them both a *Dieu*. I like your farewell better than your fantasie (quod she) and whensoever you can be content to take somuch paynes, as the Knight (which had a night gowne garded with naked swordes) dyd take, I thinke you maye put your selfe out of doubt of all these thynges. By these wordes and other speech which she uttered unto him, *Ferdinando* smelt how the world wente about, and therefore dyd one day in the grey morning adventure to passe through the gallery towardes his Mistresse Chamber, hoping to have found the doore open, but he founde the contrarye, and there attending in good devotion, hearde the parting of his Mistresse and hir *Secretarie*, with many kinde wordes: whereby it appeared that the one was very loth to depart from the other. Poore *Jeronimy* was enforced to beare this burden, and after hee had attended there as long as the light woulde give him leave, he departed also to his Chamber, and apparelling himselfe, could not be quiet untyll he had spoken with his mistresse, whome he burdened flatly with this despitefull trecherye: and she as fast denyed it, untyl at last being styll urged with such evident tokens as he alleadged, shee gave him this bone to gnawe uppon. And if I dyd so (quod shee) what than? Whereunto *Ferdinando* made none answere, but departed with' this farewel. *My losse is mine owne, and your gaine is none of yours, and sooner can I recover my losse, than you enjoye the gaine which you gape after.* And when hee was in place sollitary, he compiled these following for a finall ende of the matter.

And if I did what then?
Are you agreeved therefore?
The Sea hath fishe for everie man,
And what would you have more?

Thus did my Mistresse once,
Amaze my minde with doubt:
And popt a question for the nonce,
To beate my braines about.

Whereto I thus replied,
Eache Fisherman can wishe,
That all the Seas at everie tide,
Were his aloane to fishe.

And so did I (in vaine,)
But since it maie not be:
Let such fishe there as finde the gaine,
And leave the losse for me.

And with such lucke and losse,
I will content my selfe:
Till tydes of turning time maye tosse,
Suche fishers on the shelfe.

And when they sticke on sandes,
That everie man maie see:
Then will I laugh and clappe my handes,
As they doe nowe at mee.

Ferdinando Jeronimy.

THus *Ferdinando* being no longer able to beare these extreeme despites, resolved to absent him selfe, [a]swell for his owne further quiete, as also to avoide the occasion of greater mischiefes that might ensewe: And although the exceeding curtesies and approved fidelitie of Dame *Fraunces* had beene sufficient to allure the fast lyking of any man, especially considering that shee was reasonably fayre, and descended of a worthy father, who nowe fell flatlye to move and solicite the same, yet such sinistre conceyptes had he taken by the frailtye of Dame *Elinor*, as that rejecting all proffers,

and contempning all curtesies, he tooke his leave, & (without pretence of returne) departed to his house in *Venice*: spending there ye rest of his dayes in a dissolute kind of lyfe: & abandoning the worthy Lady *Fraunc[ischin]a*, who (dayly being gauled with the griefe of his great ingratitude) dyd shortlye bring hir selfe into a myserable consumption: whereof (after three yeares languishing) shee dyed: Notwithstanding al which occur[rente]s the Lady *Elinor* lived long in ye continuance of hir acustomed change: & thus we see that where wicked lust doeth beare the name of love, it doth not onelye infecte the lyght minded, but it maye also become confusion to others which are vowed to constancie. And to that ende I have recyted this Fable which maye serve as ensample to warne the youthfull reader from attempting the lyke worthles enterprise. I knowe not howe my rude translation thereof wyll delight the finest judgementes: But sure as *Bartello* writteth it in *Italian*, it is both pleasaunt and profitable: the which hath made mee adventure thus to publishe the same in such simple style as I am able to endite: Desiring the gentle reader, rather to take example of reformation therein, then to finde faulte at the homelye handling of the same.

Ever or never.

¶ *In praise of a gentlewoman who though she were not verye fayre, yet was she as harde favoured as might be.*

IF men may credite give, to true reported fames, (Dames?
Who doubtes but stately Rome had stoore of lustye loving
Whose eares have bene so deafe, as never yet heard tell,
Howe far the freshe *Pompeia*, for beautie dyd excel.
And golden *Marcus* he, that swaide the Romaine sword,
Bare witnesse of *Boemia*, by credite of his word.
What neede I mo rehearse? since all the world dyd know,
How high the floods of beauties blaze, within those walles dyd
And yet in all that choyse a worthy Romaine Knight, (flowe.
Antonius who conquered prowde Egipt by his might,
Not al to please his eye, but most to ease his minde,
Chose *Clopatra* for his love, and left the rest behind.
She was an Egiptian.
A wondrous thing to reade, in all his victorye,
He snapt but hir for his owne share, to please his fantasie.
She was not fayre God wot, the countreye breades none bright,
Well maye we judge hir skinne the foyle, because hyr teeth were white.
Percase hyr lovelye lookes, some prayses dyd deserve,
But browne I dare be bolde shee was, for so the soyle dyd serve.
And could *Antonius* forsake the fayre in Rome?
To love his nutbrowne Ladye best, was this an equall doome?
I dare well say dames there, did beare him deadly grudge,
His sentence had beene shortly sayde, if *Faustine* had bene judge.
For this I dare avow, (without vaunt be it spoke)
So brave a knight as *Anthony*, held al their necks in yoke:
I leave not *Lucrece* out, beleeve in hir who lyst,
I thinke she would have lik'd his lure, & stooped to his fist.
What mov'd the chieftain then, to lincke his liking thus?
I would some Romaine dame were here, the question to discusse.
But [I that] read her life, do finde therein by fame,
Howe cleare hir curtesie dyd shine, in honour of hir name.
Hir bountie did excell, hir trueth had never pere,
Hir lovely lokes, hir pleasant speech, hir lusty loving chere.
And all the worthy giftes, that ever yet were found,
Within this good Egiptian Queene, dyd seeme for to abound.

Wherefore he worthy was, to win the golden fleece, (peece.
Which scornd the blasing starres in Rome, to conquere such a
And shee to quite his love, in spite of dreadfull death, (breath.
Enshrinde with Snakes within his Tombe, did yeeld hir parting

Allegoria.

IF fortune favord him, then may that man rejoyce,
And thinke himself a happy man by hap of happy choice.
Who loves and is belov'd of one as good, as true,
As kind as *Cleopatra* was, and yet more bright of hewe.
Hir eyes as greye as glasse, hir teeth as white as mylke,
A ruddy lippe, a dimpled chyn, a skyn as smoth as silke.
A wight what could you more, that may content mannes minde,
And hath supplies for ev'ry want, that any man can finde.
And may him selfe assure, when hence his life shall passe,
She wil be stong to death with snakes, as *Cleopatra* was.

Si fortunatus infœlix.

¶ *The praise of Phillip Sparrowe.*

OF all the byrdes that I doe know,
Phillip my Sparow hath no peare:
For sit she high or lye she lowe,
Be shee farre off, or be shee neare,
There is no byrde so fayre, so fine,
Nor yet so freshe as this of myne.

Come in a morning mer[ri]ly,
When Phillip hath bene lately fed,
Or in an evening soberlye,
When Phillip lyst to goe to bed:
It is a heaven to heare my Phippe,
Howe she can chirpe with chery lippe.

She never wanders farre abroade,
But is at hand when I doe call:
If I commaund shee layes on loade,
With lips, with teeth, with tongue and all.
She chants, she chirpes, she makes such cheere,
That I beleeve she hath no peere.

And yet besides all this good sport,
My Phillip can both sing and daunce:
With new found toyes of sundry sort,
My Phillip can both pricke and praunce:
As if you saye but fend cut phippe,
Lord how the peat will turne and skippe.

Hir fethers are so freshe of hewe,
And so well proyned everye daye:
She lackes none oyle, I warrant you:
To trimme hir tayle both tricke and gaye.
And though hir mouth be somewhat wide,
Hir tonge is sweet and short beside.

And for the rest I dare compare,
She is both tender, sweet and soft:
She never lacketh dainty fare,
But is well fed and feedeth oft:
For if my phip have lust to eate,
I warrant you phip lacks no meate.

And then if that hir meat be good,
And such as like do love alway:
She will lay lips theron by the rood,
And see that none be cast away:
For when she once hath felt a fitte,
Phillip will crie still, yit, yit, yit.

And to tell trueth he were to blame,
Which had so fine a Byrde as she,
To make him all this goodly game,
Without suspect or jellousie:
He were a churle and knewe no good,
Would see hir faynt for lacke of food.

Wherfore I sing and ever shall,
To prayse as I have often prov'd
There is no byrd amongst them all,
So worthy for to be belov'd.
Let other prayse what byrd they will,
Sweet Phillip shalbe my byrd still.

Si fortunatus infœlix.

WEEDES

¶ Farewell with a mischeife, written by a lover being disdaynefullye abjected by a dame of highe calling, Who had chosen (in his place) a playe fellow of baser condition: & therfore he determined to step a side, and before his departure giveth hir this farwell in verse.

THy byrth, thy beautie, nor thy brave attyre,
(Disdaynfull Dame, which doest me double wrong)
Thy hygh estate, which sets thy harte on fire,
Or newe found choyse, which cannot serve thee long
Shall make me dread, with pen for to reherse,
Thy skittish deedes, in this my parting verse.

For why thou knowest, and I my selfe can tell,
By many vowes, how thou to me wert bound:
And how for joye, thy hart did seeme to swell,
And in delight, how thy desires were drownd.
When of thy will, the walles I did assayle,
Wherin fond fancie, fought for mine avayle.

And though my mind, have small delight to vaunt,
Yet must I vowe, my hart to thee was true:
My hand was alwayes able for to daunt,
Thy slaundrous fooes, and kepe theyr tongues in mew.
My head (though dull) was yet of such devise,
As might have kept thy name alwayes in price.

And for the rest my body was not brave,
But able yet, of substaunce to allaye,
The raging lust, wherein thy limbes did rave,
And quench the coales, which kindled thee to playe.
Such one I was, and such alwayes wyl be,
For worthy Dames, but then I meane not thee.

For thou hast caught a proper paragon,
A theefe, a cowarde, and a Peacocke foole:
An Ase, a milkesop, and a minion,
Which hath no oyle, thy furyous flames to coole,
Such on he is, a pheare for thee most fit,
A wandring gest, to please thy wavering wit.

A theefe I counte him for he robbes us both,
Thee of thy name, and me of my delight:
A coward is he noted where he goeth,
Since every child is match to him in might.
And for his pride no more, but marke his plumes,
The which to princke, he dayes and nights consumes.

The rest thy selfe, in secret sorte can judge,
He rides not me, thou knowest his sadell best:
And though these tricks of thine, mought make me grudg,
And kindle wrath, in my revenging brest
Yet of my selfe, and not to please thy mind,
I stand content, my rage in rule to binde.

And farre from thee now must I take my flight,
Where tongues maye tell, (and I not see) thy fall:
Where I maye drinke these druggs of thy dispite,
To purge my Melancholike mind with all.
In secrete so, my stomacke will I sterve,
Wishing thee better than thou doest deserve.

Spræta tamen vivunt.

The doale of disdaine written by a lover disdainfully rejected contrary to former promise.

THe deadly dropes of darke disdayne,
Which dayly fall on my deserte,
The lingring sute long spent in vayne,
Wherof I feele no frute but smart:
Enforce me now th[ese] wordes to write:
Not all for love but more for spite.

The which to the I must rehearse,
Whom I dyd honour, serve and trust,
And though the musicke of my verse,
Be plainsong tune both true and just:
Content thee yet to here my song,
For els thou doest me doobble wrong.

WEEDES

I must alledge, and thou canst tell
How faithfully I vowed to serve,
And howe thou seemest to like me well:
And how thou saydest I did deserve,
To be thy Lord, thy Knight, thy King.
And how much more I list not sing.

And canst thou now (thou cruell one)
Condemne desert to deepe dispayre?
Is all thy promise past and gone?
Is fayth so fled into the ayre?
If that be so, what rests for me?
But thus in song to saye to thee.

If *Cressydes* name were not so knowen,
And written wide on every wall:
If brute of pryde were not so blowen,
Upon *Angelica* withall:
For hault disdayne thou mightst be she,
Or *Cresside* for inconstancie.

Angelica refusing the most famous knights in the whole worlde, chose at last Medoro a poore serving man.

And in reward of thy desart,
I hope at last to see thee payd:
With deepe repentaunce for thy part,
Which thou hast now so lewedly playd.
Medoro hee must bee thy make,
Since thou *Orlando* doest for sake.

Such is the fruite that groweth alwaies,
Upon the roote of ripe disdaine:
Such kindly wages *Cupide* payes,
Where constant hearts cannot remaine,
I hope to see thee in such bandes,
When I may laugh and clappe my handes.

But yet for thee I must protest,
[That] sure the faulte is none of thine,
Thou art as true as is the best,
That ever came of *Cressedes* lyne:
For constant yet was never none,
But in unconstancie alone.

Meritum petere, grave.

¶ *Mars in despite of Vulcane written for an absent* lover (parted from his Lady by Sea.)

BOth deepe and dreadfull were the Seas,
Which held *Leander* from his love,
Yet could no doubtes his mind appease,
Nor save his life for hir behove:
But guiltlesse bloud it selfe would spill,
To please the waves and worke his wyll.

O greedye gulfe, O wretched waves,
O cruell floods, O sinke of shames,
You holde true lovers bound like slaves,
And keepe them from their worthy Dames:
Your open mouth gapes evermore,
Tyll one or both be drowned therefore.

For proofe whereof my selfe maye sing,
And shrich to pearce the loftye skies,
Whose Lady left me languishing,
Uppon the shoare in woofull wise.
And crost the Seas out of my sight,
Wherby I lost my chiefe delight.

She sayd that no such trustlesse flood,
Should keepe our loves (long time) in twayne:
She sware no bread shoulde doe hyr good,
Till she migh[t] see my selfe agayne.
She sayd and swore these wordes and mo,
But now I finde them nothing so.

What resteth then for me to doo,
Thou salte sea foome come saye thy mind?
Should I come drowne within thee to,
That am of true *Leanders* kind?
And headlong cast this corpes of mine,
Into th[ose] greedy guttes of thine.

No cruel, but in spite of thee,
I will make Seas where earst were none,
My teares shall flowe in full degree,
Tyll all my myrth may ebbe to mone.
Into such droppes I meane to melt,
And in such Seas my selfe to swelt.

Lenvoie.

¶ Yet you deere Dame for whome I fade,
Thus starving still in wretched state:
Remember once your promise made,
Performe it now though all to late.
Come home to *Mars* who may you please,
Let *Vulcane* bide beyond the Seas.

Meritum petere, grave.

¶ *Patience perforce, wherein an absent lover doth* thus encourage his Lady to continew constant.

CONtent thy selfe with patience perforce:
And quenche no love with droppes of darcke mistrust:
Let absence have no power to divorce,
Thy faithfull friend which meaneth to be just.
Beare but a while thy constance to declare,
For when I come one ynche shall breake no square.

I must confesse that promise dyd me binde,
For to have sene thy seemely selfe ere now:
And if thou knewest what griefes did gaule my minde,
Bicause I coulde not keepe that faithfull vowe,
My just excuse, I can my selfe assure,
With lytle paine thy pardon might procure.

But call to minde how long *Ulisses* was,
In lingring absence, from his loving make:
And howe she deigned then hir dayes to passe,
In solitary silence for his sake.
Be thou a true *Penelope* to me,
And thou shalt sone thine owne *Ulisses* see.

What sayd I? sone? yea sone I saye againe,
I wyll come sone and soner if I maye:
Beleeve me nowe it is a pinching payne,
To thinke of love, when lovers are awaye.
Such thoughts I have, and when I thinke on thee,
My thoughtes are there, whereas my bones would bee.

The longing lust which *Priames* sonne of *Troye*,
Had for to see his *Cresside* come againe:
Could not exceede the depth of mine anoye,
Nor seeme to passe the patterne of my payne.
I fryse in hope, I thaw in hote desire,
Farre from the flame, and yet I burne like fire.

Wherfore deare friend, thinke on the pleasures past.
And let my teares, for both our paines suffise:
The lingring joyes, when as they come at last,
Are bet then those, which passe in posting wise.
And I my selfe, to prove this tale is true,
In hast, post hast, thy comfort will renew.

Meritum petere, grave.

¶ A letter devised for a yong lover.

REceive you worthy Dame, this rude & ragged verse,
Lend wylling eare unto the tale, which I shall nowe rehearse.
And though my witlesse woordes might moove you for to smile,
Yet trust to that which I shal tel, & never marke my stile.
Amongst five hundreth Dames, presented to my view,
I find most cause by due desert, to like the best of you.
I see your beautie such, as seemeth to suffice, (eyes.
To binde my heart in linckes of love, by judgement of myne
And but your bounty quench, the coales of quicke desire,
I feare that face of yours wyll set, ten thousand hearts on fire.
But bounty so aboundes, above al my desart, (smart.
As that I quake and shrinke for feare, to shewe you of my
Yet since mine eye made choice, my hart shal not repent,
But yeeld it self unto your wyl, & therwith stand content.
God knowth I am not great, my power it is not much,
The greater glorye shall you gaine, to shew your favour suche.
And what I am or have, all that I yeeld to you, (is true.
My hande and sworde shall serve alwayes, to prove my tongue
Then take me for your owne, and so I wyl be still,
Beleeve me nowe, I make this vowe, in hope of your good wyll.
Which if I may obtaine, God leave me when I change,
This is the tale I meant to tell, good Lady be not strange.

Meritum petere, grave.

¶ *Davids salutacions to Berzabe wherein are three son*ets in sequence, written uppon this occation. The deviser hereof amongst other friendes had named a gentlewoman his Berzabe, and she was content to call him hir David. The man presented his Lady with a booke of the Golden Asse, written by Lucius Apuleius, and in the beginning of the booke wrote this sequence. You must conferre it with the Historye of Apuleius, for else it wyll have small grace.

THis *Apuleius* was in Affricke borne,
And tooke delight to travaile *Thessaly*,
As one that helde his native soyle in skorne,
In foraine coastes to feede his fantasie.
And such againe as wandring wits find out,
This yonker wonne by wyll and weary toyle,
A youth mispent, a doting age in doubt,
A body brusd with many a beastly broyle,
A presaunt pleasure passing on a pace,
And paynting plaine the path of penitence,
A frollicke favour foyld with fowle disgrace,
When hoary heares should claime their reverence.
Such is the fruite that growes on gadding trees,
Such kynd of mell most moveth busie Bees.
For Lucius he,
Esteeming more one ounce of present sport,
Than elders doe a pound of perfect wit:
First to the bowre of beautie doth resorte,
And there in pleasure passed many a fitte,
His worthie race he (recklesse) doth forget,
With small regarde in great affaires he reeles,
No counsell grave, nor good advise can set
His braynes in brake that whirled still on wheeles.
For if *Byrhena* coulde have helde him backe,
From *Venus* court where he nowe nusled was,
His lustie limmes had never founde the lacke
Of manlie shape: the figure of an Asse,
Had not bene blazed on his bloud and bones,
To wound his will with torments all attones.
But Fotis she,
Who sawe this Lording whitled with the cup
Of vaine delight, wherof he gan to tast:

Pourde out apace, and fillde the Mazor up,
With drunken dole: yea after that in hast,
She greazde this guest with sause of Sorcerie,
And fedde his minde with knacks both queint and strange:
Lo here the treazon and the trecherie
Of gadding girles, when they delight to range.
For *Lucius* thinking to become a foule,
Became a foole, yea more than that, an Asse,
A bobbing blocke, a beating stocke, an owle,
Well woondred at in place where he did passe:
And spent his time, his travaile and his cost,
To purchase payne and all his labor lost.
Yet I pore I,
Who make of thee my *Fotys* and my frende,
In like delight my youthfull yeares to spend:
Do hope thou wilt from such soure sause defend,
David thy King.
Meritum petere grave.

Soone acquainted, soone forgotten,
As appeareth here by an uncourteous farewell
to an inconstant Dame.

IF what you want, you (wanton) had at will,
A stedfast minde, a faythfull loving heart:
If what you speake you woulde performe it still,
If from your worde your deede did not reverte:
If youthfull yeares your thoughtes did not so rule,
As elder dayes may scorne your friendship fraile,
Your doubled fansie would not thus recule,
For peevish pryde which nowe I must bewaile.
For *Cresside* faire did *Troilus* never love,
More deare than I esteemde your freamed cheare,
Whose wavering wayes (since nowe I do them prove)
By true reporte this witnesse with me beare:
That if your friendship be not to deare bought,
The price is great that nothing gives for nought.
Meritum petere grave.

FINIS.

¶ Certayne notes of Instruction *concerning the making of verse or* ryme in English, written at the request of Master *Edouardo Donati.*

Signor Edouardo, since promise is debt, and you (by the lawe of friendship) do burden me with a promise that I shoulde lende you instructions towards the making of English verse or ryme, I will assaye to discharge the same, though not so perfectly as I would, yet as readily as I may: and therwithall I pray you consider that *Quot homines, tot Sententiæ*, especially in Poetrie, wherein (neverthelesse) I dare not challenge any degree, and yet will I at your request adventure to set downe my simple skill in such simple manner as I have used, referring the same hereafter to the correction of the *Laureate*. And you shall have it in these few poynts followyng.

THe first and most necessarie poynt that ever I founde meete to be cõsidered in making of a delectable poeme is this, to grounde it upon some fine invention. For it is not inough to roll in pleasant woordes, nor yet to thunder in *Rym, Ram, Ruff*, by letter (quoth my master *Chaucer*) nor yet to abounde in apt vocables, or epythetes, unlesse the Invention have in it also *aliquid salis*. By this *aliquid salis*, I meane some good and fine devise, shewing the quicke capacitie of a writer: and where I say some *good and fine invention*, I meane that I would have it both fine and good. For many inventions are so superfine, that they are *Vix good*. And againe many Inventions are *good*, and yet not *finely* handled. And for a general forwarning: what Theame soever you do take in hande, if you do handle it but *tanquam in oratione perpetua*, and never studie for some depth of devise in yᵉ Invention, & some figures also in the handlyng thereof: it will appeare to the skilfull Reader but a tale of a tubbe. To deliver unto you generall examples it were almoste unpossible, sithence the occasions of Inventions are (as it were) infinite: neverthelesse take in worth mine opinion, and perceyve my furder meanyng in these few poynts. If I should undertake to wryte in prayse

of a gentlewoman, I would neither praise hir christal eye, nor hir cherrie lippe, &c. For these things are *trita & obvia*. But I would either finde some supernaturall cause wherby my penne might walke in the superlative degree, or els I would undertake to aunswere for any imperfection that shee hath, and thereupon rayse the prayse of hir commendacion. Likewise if I should disclose my pretence in love, I would eyther make a straunge discourse of some intollerable passion, or finde occasion to pleade by the example of some historie, or discover my disquiet in shadowes *per Allegoriam*, or use the covertest meane that I could to avoyde the uncomely customes of commõ writers. Thus much I adventure to deliver unto you (my freend) upon the rule of Invention, which of all other rules is most to be marked, and hardest to be prescribed in certayne and infallible rules, neverthelesse to conclude therein, I would have you stand most upon the excellencie of your Invention, & sticke not to studie deepely for some fine devise. For that beyng founde, pleasant woordes will follow well inough and fast inough.

2 Your Invention being once devised, take heede that neither pleasure of rime, nor varietie of devise, do carie you from it: for as to use obscure & darke phrases in a pleasant Sonet, is nothing delectable, so to entermingle merie jests in a serious matter is an *Indecorum*.

3 I will next advise you that you hold the just measure wherwith you begin your verse, I will not denie but this may seeme a preposterous ordre: but bycause I covet rather to satisfie you particularly, than to undertake a generall tradition, I wil not somuch stand upon the manner as the matter of my precepts. I say then, remember to holde the same measure wherwith you begin, whether it be in a verse of sixe syllables, eight, ten, twelve, &c. and though this precept might seeme ridiculous unto you, since every yong scholler can conceive that he ought to continue in the same measure wherwith he beginneth, yet do I see and read many mens Poems now adayes, whiche beginning with the measure of xii. in the first line,. & xiiii. in the second (which is the common kinde of verse) they wil yet (by that time they have passed over a few verses) fal into xiiii. & fourtene, *& sic de similibus*, the which is either forgetfulnes or carelesnes.

4 And in your verses remembre to place every worde in his natural *Emphasis* or sound, that is to say in such wise, and with such length or shortnesse, elevation or depression of sillables, as it is cõmonly pronounced or used: to expresse the same we have three maner of accents, *gravis*, *le*[*v*]*is*, *& circumflexa*, the whiche I would english thus, the long accent, the short accent, & that whiche is indifferent: the grave accent is marked by this caracte, ⁄ the light accent is noted thus, \ & the circũflexe or indifferent is thus signified ~: the grave accent is drawẽ out or elevate, and maketh that sillable long wherupõ it is placed: the light accẽt is depressed or snatched up, and maketh that sillable short upon the which it lighteth: the circumflexe accent is indifferẽt, sometimes short, sometimes long, sometimes depressed & sometimes elevate. For exãple of th' emphasis or natural sound of words, this word *Treasure*, hath the grave accent upõ the first sillable, whereas if it shoulde be written in this sorte, *Treasure*, nowe were the second sillable long, & that were cleane contrarie to the cõmon use wherwith it is pronounced. For furder explanation hereof, note you that cõmonly now a dayes in english rimes (for I dare not cal them English verses) we use none other order but a foote of two sillables, wherof the first is depressed or made short, & the second is elevate or made lõg: and that sound or scãning continueth throughout the verse. We have used in times past other kindes of Meeters: as for example this following:

No wight in this world, that wealth can attayne,

\ / \ \ / \ / \ \ /

Unlesse he beleve, that all is but vayne.

Also our father *Chaucer* hath used the same libertie in feete and measures that the Latinists do use: and who so ever do peruse and well consider his workes, he shall finde that although his lines are not alwayes of one'selfe same number of Syllables, yet beyng redde by one that hath understanding, the longest verse and that which hath most Syllables in it, will fall (to the eare) correspondent unto that whiche hath fewest sillables in it: and like wise that whiche hath in it fewest syllables, shalbe

founde yet to consist of woordes that have suche naturall sounde, as may seeme equall in length to a verse which hath many moe sillables of lighter accentes. And surely I can lament that wee are fallen into suche a playne and simple manner of wryting, that there is none other foote used but one: wherby our Poemes may justly be called Rithmes, and cannot by any right challenge the name of a Verse. But since it is so, let us take the forde as we finde it, and lette me set downe unto you suche rules or precepts that even in this playne foote of two syllables you wreste no woorde from his natural and usuall sounde, I do not meane hereby that you may use none other wordes but of twoo sillables, for therein you may use discretion according to occasion of matter: but my meaning is, that all the wordes in your verse be so placed as the first sillable may sound short or be depressed, the second long or elevate, the third shorte, the fourth long, the fifth shorte, &c. For example of my meaning in this point marke these two verses:

I understand your meanyng by your eye.

Your meaning I understand by your eye.

In these two verses there seemeth no difference at all, since the one hath the very selfe same woordes that the other hath, and yet the latter verse is neyther true nor pleasant, & the first verse may passe the musters. The fault of the latter verse is that this worde *understand* is therein so placed as the grave accent falleth upõ *der*, and therby maketh *der*, in this worde understand to be elevated: which is contrarie to the naturall or usual pronũciation: for we say *understand*, and not *understand*.

5 Here by the way I thinke it not amisse to forewarne you that you thrust as few wordes of many sillables into your verse as may be: and hereunto I might alledge many reasons: first the most auncient English wordes are of one sillable, so that the more monasyllables that you use, the truer Englishman you shall seeme, and the lesse you shall smell of the Inkehorne.

Also wordes of many syllables do cloye a verse and make it unpleasant, whereas woordes of one syllable will more easily fall to be shorte or long as occasion requireth, or wilbe adapted to become circumflexe or of an indifferent sounde.

6 I would exhorte you also to beware of rime without reason: my meaning is hereby that your rime leade you not from your firste Invention, for many wryters when they have layed the platforme of their invention, are yet drawen sometimes (by ryme) to forget it or at least to alter it, as when they cannot readily finde out a worde whiche maye rime to the first (and yet continue their determinate Invention) they do then eyther botche it up with a worde that will ryme (howe small reason soever it carie with it) or els they alter their first worde and so percase decline or trouble their former Invention: But do you alwayes hold your first determined Invention, and do rather searche the bottome of your braynes for apte wordes, than chaunge good reason for rumbling rime.

7 To help you a little with ryme (which is also a plaine yong schollers lesson) worke thus, whē you have set downe your first verse, take the last worde thereof and coumpt over all the wordes of the selfe same sounde by order of the Alphabete: As for example, the laste woorde of your firste line is *care*, to ryme therwith you have *bare*, *clare*, *dare*, *fare*, *gare*, *hare*, *and share*, *mare*, *snare*, *rare*, *stare*, & *ware*, &c. Of all these take that which best may serve your purpose, carying reason with rime: and if none of them will serve so, then alter the laste worde of your former verse, but yet do not willingly alter the meanyng of your Invention.

8 You may use the same Figures or Tropes in verse which are used in prose, and in my judgement they serve more aptly, and have greater grace in verse than they have in prose: but yet therein remembre this old adage, *Ne quid nimis*, as many wryters which do not know the use of any other figure than that whiche is expressed in repeticion of sundrie wordes beginning all with one letter, the whiche (beyng modestly used) lendeth good grace to a verse: but they do so hunte a letter to death, that they make it *Crambé*, and *Crambe bis positum mors est:* therfore *Ne quid nimis.*

9 Also asmuche as may be, eschew straunge words, or *obsoleta & inusitata*, unlesse the Theame do give just occasiō:

marie in some places a straunge worde doth drawe attentive reading, but yet I woulde have you therein to use discretion.

10 And asmuch as you may, frame your stile to *perspicuity* and to be sensible: for the haughty obscure verse doth not much delight, and the verse that is to easie is like a tale of a rosted horse: but let your Poeme be such as may both delight and draw attentive readyng, and therewithal may deliver such matter as be worth the marking.

11 You shall do very well to use your verse after thenglishe phrase, and not after the maner of other languages: The Latinists do commõly set the adjective after the Substantive: As for example *Femina pulchra*, *ædes altæ*, *&c.* but if we should say in English a woman fayre, a house high, &c. it would have but small grace: for we say a good man, and not a man good, &c. And yet I will not altogether forbidde it you, for in some places, it may be borne, but not so hardly as some use it which wryte thus:

Now let us go to Temple ours,
I will go visit mother myne &c.

Surely I smile at the simplicitie of such devisers which might aswell have sayde it in playne Englishe phrase, and yet have better pleased all eares, than they satisfie their owne fancies by suche *superfinesse*. Therefore even as I have advised you to place all wordes in their naturall or most common and usuall pronunciation, so would I wishe you to frame all sentences in their mother phrase and proper *Idiõma*, and yet sometimes (as I have sayd before) the contrarie may be borne, but that is rather where rime enforceth, or *per licentiam Poëticam*, than it is otherwise lawfull or commendable.

12 This poeticall licence is a shrewde fellow, and covereth many faults in a verse, it maketh wordes longer, shorter, of mo sillables, of fewer, newer, older, truer, falser, and to conclude it turkeneth all things at pleasure, for example, *ydone* for *done*, *adowne* for *downe*, *orecome* for *overcome*, *tane* for *taken*, *power* for *powre*, *heaven* for *heavn*, *thewes* for good partes or good qualities, and a numbre of other whiche were but tedious and needelesse to rehearse, since your owne judgement and readyng will soone make you espie such advauntages.

13 There are also certayne pauses or restes in a verse

whiche may be called *Ceasures*, whereof I woulde be lothe to stande long, since it is at discretion of the wryter, and they have bene first devised (as should seeme) by the Musicians: but yet thus much I will adventure to wryte, that in mine opinion in a verse of eight sillables, the pause will stand best in the middest, in a verse of tenne it will best be placed at the ende of the first foure sillables: in a verse of twelve, in the midst, in verses of twelve, in the firste and fouretene in the seconde, wee place the pause commonly in the midst of the first, and at the ende of the first eight sillables in the second. In Rithme royall, it is at the wryters discretion, and forceth not where the pause be untill the ende of the line.

14 And here bycause I have named Rithme royall, I will tell you also mine opinion aswell of that as of the names which other rymes have commonly borne heretofore. Rythme royall is a verse of tenne sillables, and seven such verses make a staffe, whereof the first and thirde lines do aunswer (acrosse) in like terminations and rime, the second, fourth, and fifth, do likewise answere eche other in terminations, and the two last do combine and shut up the Sentence: this hath bene called Rithme royall, & surely it is a royall kinde of verse, serving best for grave discourses. There is also another kinde called Ballade, and thereof are sundrie sortes: for a man may write ballade in a staffe of sixe lines, every line conteyning eighte or sixe sillables, whereof the firste and third, second and fourth do rime acrosse, and the fifth and sixth do rime togither in conclusion. You may write also your ballad of tenne sillables rimyng as before is declared, but these two were wont to be most cõmonly used in ballade, which propre name was (I thinke) derived of this worde in Italian *Ballare*, whiche signifieth to daunce. And in deed those kinds of rimes serve beste for daunces or light matters. Then have you also a rondlette, the which doth alwayes end with one self same foote or repeticion, and was thereof (in my judgement) called a rondelet. This may consist of such measure as best liketh the wryter, then have you Sonnets, some thinke that all Poemes (being short) may be called Sonets, as in deede it is a diminutive worde derived of *Sonare*, but yet I can beste allowe to call those Sonets whiche are of fouretene lynes, every line conteyning tenne syllables. The firste twelve do ryme in staves of foure lines by

crosse meetre, and the last twoo ryming togither do conclude the whole. There are Dyzaynes, & Syxaines which are of ten lines, and of sixe lines, cõmonly used by the French, which some English writers do also terme by the name of Sonettes. Then is there an old kinde of Rithme called Verlayes, derived (as I have redde) of this worde *Verd* whiche betokeneth Greene, and *Laye* which betokeneth a Song, as if you would say greene Songes: but I muste tell you by the way, that I never redde any verse which I saw by auĉthoritie called *Verlay*, but one, and that was a long discourse in verses of tenne sillables, whereof the foure first did ryme acrosse, and the fifth did aunswere to the firste and thirde, breaking off there, and so going on to another termination. Of this I could shewe example of imitation in mine own verses written to ye right honorable ye Lord *Grey* of *Wilton* upon my journey into *Holland*, &c. There are also certaine Poemes devised of tenne syllables, whereof the first aunswereth in termination with the fourth, and the second and thirde answere eche other: these are more used by other nations than by us, neyther can I tell readily what name to give them. And the cõmonest sort of verse which we use now adayes (*viz.* the long verse of twelve and fourtene sillables) I know not certainly howe to name it, unlesse I should say that it doth consist of Poulters measure, which giveth xii. for one dozẽ and xiiii. for another. But let this suffise (if it be not to much) for the sundrie sortes of verses which we use now adayes.

15 In all these sortes of verses when soever you undertake to write, avoyde prolixitie and tediousnesse, & ever as neare as you can, do finish the sentence and meaning at the end of every staffe where you wright staves, & at the end of every two lines where you write by cooples or poulters measure: for I see many writers which draw their sentẽces in length, & make an ende at latter Lammas: for cõmonly before they end, the Reader hath forgottẽ where he begon. But do you (if you wil follow my advise) eschue prolixitie and knit up your sentences as compendiously as you may, since brevitie (so that it be not drowned in obscuritie) is most commendable.

16 I had forgotten a notable kinde of ryme, called ryding rime, and that is suche as our Mayster and Father *Chaucer* used in his Canterburie tales, and in divers other delectable

and light enterprises: but though it come to my remembrance somewhat out of order, it shall not yet come altogether out of time, for I will nowe tell you a conceipt whiche I had before forgotten to wryte: you may see (by the way) that I holde a preposterous order in my traditions, but as I sayde before I wryte moved by good wil, and not to shewe my skill. Then to returne too my matter, as this riding rime serveth most aptly to wryte a merie tale, so Rythme royall is fittest for a grave discourse. Ballades are beste of matters of love, and rondlettes moste apt for the beating or handlyng of an adage or common proverbe: Sonets serve as well in matters of love as of discourse: Dizaymes and Sixames for shorte Fantazies: Verlayes for an effectuall proposition, although by the name you might otherwise judge of Verlayes, and the long verse of twelve and fouretene sillables, although it be now adayes used in all Theames, yet in my judgement it would serve best for Psalmes and Himpnes.

I woulde stande longer in these traditions, were it not that I doubt mine owne ignoraunce, but as I sayde before, I know that I write to my freende, and affying my selfe thereupon, I make an ende.

FINIS.

APPENDIX.

In the following references the lines are numbered from the top of the page, including titles. The page numbers are in heavier type. A line of verse turned over is counted as one line.

Q 1 = 1573. Q 2 = 1575. Q 3 = 1587.

1. The title-page of Q 1 reads:—¶ A Hundreth sun-|drie Flowres bounde | up in one small Poesie. | *Gathered partely* (*by transla-*|tion) in the fyne outlandish Gardins | of Euripides, Ovid, Petrarke, Ariosto, | and others: and partly by invention, | out of our owne fruitefull Or-|chardes in Englande: | Yelding sundrie sweete savours of Tra-|gical, Comical, and Morall Discour-|ses, bothe pleasaunt and profitable to the | well smellyng noses of lear-|ned Readers. | *Meritum petere, grave.* | At London, | Imprinted for Richarde Smith.

The date of this edition (1573) is fixed by the references to its publication in the first two paragraphs of *The Adventures of Master F. J.* in the same issue, and by Gascoigne's Epistle *To the reverende Divines* (3. 14—16), which was evidently written in January, 157$\frac{4}{5}$. In this Epistle (4—6) Gascoigne acknowledges that the earlier edition was issued with his consent, although he was away in Holland at the time; it was perhaps prepared for the press by his friend, George Turberville, but it is more likely that the G. T. of the first version of *Ferdinando Jeronimi* was a mythical person of his own invention. The explanatory headings to the various poems in Q 1 were apparently written by Gascoigne himself, although he is always spoken of in the third person; they were retained in Q 2 with very slight changes.

Some copies of Q 2 have the following title in a different border:—The Posies of | *George Gascoigne* | Esquire. | *Corrected, perfected,* | and augmented by the | Author. 1575. | *Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.* | ¶ Imprinted At London by H. Bynneman | for Richard Smith. | These Bookes are to be solde at the North-|west dore of Paules Church.

Turned letters and other minute coincidences show that the various copies of this edition were printed from the same type; but there are unimportant differences, not always following the change of title, and due, in part, to corrections made while the edition was passing through the press. The last line on k 8 recto reads *corected, perfected, and fivished* in some copies; in others *Corected, perfected and finished.* On ¶ ¶ ¶ ii recto there is in some copies a quaint tail-piece, dated by the engraver *Jan. 1574.* There are also slight variations in punctuation, duly recorded where they occur. The text of the present re-issue was set up from a copy of Q 2 in the Cambridge University Library, and checked by another in the possession of the editor: the three

copies in the Bodleian Library were also consulted when occasion seemed to require it.

The copy of Q 3 from which variants were taken has the following title:—The | pleasauntest workes of George | *Gascoigne Esquyre: Newlye* | compyled into one Volume, | *That is to say:* | His Flowers, Hearbes, Weedes, the Fruites of | warre, the Comedie called Supposes, the | Tragedie of *Jocasta*, the Steele glasse, | the Complaint of *Phylomene*, the | Storie of *Ferdinando Jeronimi*, | and the pleasure at Kenelworth Castle. | London | Imprinted by *Abell Jeffes*, dwelling in the Fore | Streete, without Creeplegate, neere | unto Grubstreete. | 1587.

There is another issue, the title of which reads:—The Whole woorkes &c.

Q1 follows a different order from Q 2 and Q 3, the list of contents of the 1573 edition being given at the back of the title thus:—

The contents of this Booke.

First an excellente and pleasante Comedie entituled Supposes.
The second, the wofull tragedie of Jocasta, conteining the utter subversion of Thebes. 73.
Thirdly, a pleasant discourse of the adventures of master .F.J. conteyning excellēt letters, sonets, Lays, Ballets, Rondlets, Verlayes and verses. 201.
Fourthly, divers excellent devises of sundry Gentlemen. 294.
Fiftly, certayne devises of master Gascoyne, conteyning his anothamie, his arrignemente, his prayse of mistresse Bridges now Lady Sands, thē his praise of Zouch late the Lady Grey of Wilton. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348.
Gascoyne his passion. 349.
Gascoines libell of divorce. 351.
Gascoines praise of his mistresse. 352.
Gascoines Lullabie. 353.
Gascoines Recantation. 355.
Gascoynes five notable devises upon five sundry theames given to him by five sundry Gentlemen in five sundry meeters. 365.
Gascoines gloze upon *Dominus iis opus habet.* 365.
Gascoines good morrowe. 368.
Gascoines good night. 371.
Gascoines councell to Douglas Dive. 373.
Gascoines counsell to Bartholmew Wythipole. 376.
Gascoines Epitaph upō Captaine Bourcher lately slayne in Zelande, called the tale of the stone. 381.
Gascoines devise of a maske. 383.
Gascoines wodmanship. 394.
Gascoines gardening. 399.
Gascoines last voyage into Holland in Marche. 401. 1572.
Lastly the dolorous discourse of Dan Bartholmew of Bathe, wherin is conteyned his triumphes, his discourse of love, his extreme passion, his libell of request to Care, his last will and testament, his farewel. 412.
Last of all the reporter.

3—17. Instead of these introductory pages, Q1 has the following:—

The Printer to the Reader.

It hath bin an old saying, that whiles two doggs do strive for a bone, the thirde may come and carie it away. And this proverbe may (as I feare) be wel verefied in me which take in hand the imprinting of this poeticall Poesie. For the case seemeth doubtful, and I will disclose my conjecture. Master

APPENDIX

.H. W. in the beginning of this worke, hath in his letter (written to the Readers) cunningly discharged himselfe of any such misliking, as the graver sort of greyheared judgers mighte (perhaps) conceive in the publicatiõ of these pleasant Pamphlets. And nexte unto that learned preamble, the letter of .G. T. (by whome as seemeth, the first coppie hereof was unto the same .H. W. delivered, doth with no lesse clerkly cuñing seeke to perswade the readers, that he (also) woulde by no meanes have it published. Now I feare very muche (all these words notwithstãding) that these two gentlemen were of one assent compact to have it imprinted: And yet, finding by experiẽce that nothing is so wel hãdled now adayes, but that some malicious minds may either take occasion to mislike it themselves, or else finde meanes to make it odious unto others: They have therefore (each of them) politiquely prevented the daunger of misreport, and suffered me the poore Printer to runne away with the palme of so perillous a victorie. Notwithstanding, having wel perused the worke, I find nothing therein amisse (to my judgemente) unlesse it be two or three wanton places passed over in the discourse of an amorous enterprise. The which for as much as the words are cleanly (although the thing ment be somewhat naturall) I have thought good also to let them passe as they came to me, and the rather bicause (as master .H. W. hath well alleadged in his letter to the Reader) the well minded mã may reape some commoditie out of the most frivolous works that are written. And as the venemous spider wil sucke poison out of the most holesome herbe, and the industrious Bee can gather hony out of the most stinking weede: Even so the discrete reader may take a happie exãple by the most lascivious histories, although the captious and harebrained heads can neither be encoraged by the good, nor forewarned by the bad. And thus muche I have thought good to say in excuse of some savours, which may perchance smell unpleasantly to some noses, in some part of this poeticall poesie. Now it hath with this fault a greater commoditie than common poesies have ben accustomed to present, and that is this, you shall not be constreined to smell of the floures therein cõteined all at once, neither yet to take them up in such order as they are sorted: But you may take any one flowre by it selfe, and if that smell not so pleasantly as you wold wish, I doubt not yet but you may find some other which may supplie the defects thereof. As thus, he which wold have good morall lessons clerkly handled, let him smell to the Tragedie translated out of Euripides. He that wold laugh at a prety conceit closely conveyed, let him peruse the comedie translated out of Ariosto. He that would take example by the unlawfull affections of a lover bestowed uppon an unconstant dame, let them reade the report in verse, made by Dan Barthol-mew of Bathe, or the discourse in prose of the adventures passed by master F. J. whome the reader may name Freeman Jones, for the better understanding of the same: he that would see any particuler pang of love lively displayed, may here approve every Pamphlet by the title, and so remaine contented. As also divers godly himnes and Psalmes may in like manner be founde in this recorde. To conclude, the worke is so universall, as either in one place or other, any mans mind may therewith be satisfied. The which I adventure (under pretext of this promise) to present unto all indifferent eyes as followeth.

A list of *Faultes escaped correction* follows in Q 1. Most of them are obvious printers' errors, and are duly corrected in Q 2. Those which seem worthy of record are noted under the lines in which they occur.

Two commas (not inverted) are used in Qq at the beginning of each line to mark not only quotations, but "sentences" thought worthy of special attention. Cf. 77. 7—8 *et passim.*

3. 4. *the.* Q 3 *omits.* 28. *myne.* Q 3 my.

4. 22. *the.* Q 3 *omits.*

7. 32. *that it was.* Q 3 it to be. 34. *and maner.* Q 3 *omits.*

8. 17—18. *From my...1574.* Q 3 *omits.*

10. 2. *at.* Q 3 *omits.* 8. *generally.* Q 3 greatly. 17. permitted Q 3. Q 1, *by an obvious printer's error*, permitmitted.

11. 11. *of.* Q 3 *omits.* 18. *that.* Q 3 *omits.* 29. *do.* Q 3 *omits.* 31—32. (*because...cheese*). Q 3 *omits.*

12. 4. *inquired* Q 3. Q 2 iuquired. 32. *you.* Q 3 *omits.*

13. 13. *pleasant nor yet.* Q 3 yet pleasant nor. 22. *amongst.* Q 3 among.

14. 23. *them from.* Q 3 *omits.* 31. *Januarie.* Q 3 Februarie.

15. 12. *hee might thereby.* Q 3 therby he might.

16. 38. *betweene.* Q 3 betwixt.

17. 25. *good.* Q 3 *omits.*

18—34. *The commendatory verses are not found in* Q 1.

18. 1—2. *Gascoignes* Q 3. Q 2 Gascogines.

19. 28. Q 2 *and* Q 3 *have a comma after* hand.

21. 18. *their odor.* Q 3 the odor. 24. *out.* Q 3 how.

22. 14. *May* Q 3. Q 2 My.

23. 5. *ryme.* Q 3 time.

24. 6. *By.* Q 3 Be. *reportes.* Q 3 report. 11. *might.* Q 3 do. *Full stop at end of line in* Q 3, *not in* Q 2. 25. *to mitch.* Q 3 too much. 26. Q 3 Such filthy thoughts oft times mens hearts inflame.

25. 14. *blossoms.* Q 3 blossome. 21. *wanton rage* Q 3. *Printed as one word in* Q 2.

29. 1. *The Printer.* Q 3 Richard Smith. 13. *niente di* Q 3. *Printed as one word in* Q 2. 17. *Inglese. Some copies of* Q 2 *read* Inghese, *others* Inghlese. Q 3 Ingelese. 21. *Inchiostro.* Q 2 Q 3 Iuchiostro. *There are commas in* Q 2 *after* meno (13), piene (15), voiront (26).

30. 18. *linguae.* Q 2 Q 3 linguis. *Full stop after* fructus (11). *Commas after* sororum (6), amænos (10), viros (15), germanas (20), suos (28). Q 3 *and some copies of* Q 2 *have a comma after* solet (27).

31. 2. *F.* Q 2 Q 3 ef. 3. *dicere* Q 3 *and some copies of* Q 2. *Others have* dicire. 6. *Amore.* Q 2 Q 3 amore. 19. *celeberrima.* Q 2 Q 3 celiberrima. *Only comma in* 6 *after* socio, *in* 11 *after* lætabar. *No comma after* Pallas (12), adytis (22), Poeta (27). *Commas after* potuit (3), æternos (15), Nata (21), inter (23), mentes *and* tenebræ (25), pateat (28). *There is a comma at the end of* 10 *in some copies of* Q 2, *not in others.*

32. 3. *cautus.* Q 2 Q 3 cantus. 11. *delituêre.* Q 2 Q 3 dilituêre. 14. *meruêre.* Q 2 Q 3 mœruêre. *Commas after* titulum (6), variis (9), re (20), præstans (21), forsan *and* abuti (24).

33—4. *Not found in* Q 3.

33. 6. Q 2 *comma at end of line.*

36. 27. *261.* Q 2 361.

37. 1. *Instead of this title* Q 1 *has the following*:—
I will now deliver unto you so many more of Master Gascoignes Poems as have come to my hands, who hath never beene dayntie of h[i]s doings, and therfore I conceale not his name: but his word or posie he hath often changed and therfore I will deliver his verses with such sundrie posies as I received thē. And first I will begin with Gascoigns Anatomie.

14. *quite braunfalne are* Q 2 Q 3. Q 1 are braunfalne now. 17. *this* Q 2 Q 3. Q 1 his. 24. *sustaine* Q 2 Q 3. Q 1 can beare.

38. 1. *arraignment.* Q 2 arraigment. Q 3 araigment. *In* Q 1 *the title runs* Gacoignes araignement. 6. *thou wylt* Q 1 Q 2. Q 3 wylt thou. 7. *Full stop at end of line in* Q 2, *note of interrogation in* Q 1 *and* Q 3. 14. *The side-notes are omitted in* Q 1 *except in a few cases, to which special attention is drawn.* 16. *Wyll* Q 2 Q 3. Q 1 Here.

39. 26. Q 1 Gacoignes passion.

40. 9—10. *Commas after* I *and* why *are given in* Q 3 *and some copies of* Q 2; *in others, and in* Q 1 *they are omitted.*

41. 3. *boosoms.* Q 3 bosome. 8. *All wayes.* Q 1 Alwaies. Q 3 Alwayes. 12. *relieve.* Q 1 renue. Q 3 release. 13. Q 1 *has this side-note.* 18. *my straunge.* Q 1 Gascoignes. Q 2 *comma at end of line.* 20. Q 1 A straunge passion of another Author. 27. *sometimes.* Q 3 sometime.

42. 7. Q 2 *full stop at end of line.* 25. *Ferendo.* Q 1 Ferenda. 26. Q 1 Gascoignes libell of Divorce.

43. 1. *loe.* Q 1 to. 7. *of.* Q 1 Q 3 off. 15 (*side-note*). *whiles.* Q 3 whilest. 22. *would.* Q 2 wouid.

44. 1. Q 1 Gascoignes Lullabie. 8. *wanton babes.* Q 3 a wanton babe. 13. *within* Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 with in.

45. 1. *Lullaby.* Q 2 *misprints* Lullady. 12. *then this.* Q 1 Gascoignes. 14. Q 1 The careful lover combred with pleasure, thus complayneth. 22. *heard.* Q 2 *misprints* beard. 24. *pheares.* Q 1 peeres. 29. *sing for.* Q 1 for sing.

46. 1—6. *In* Q 1 *this title begins* From this I will skip to certeine verses *and ends with* foloweth.

47. 12 *and* 24. *the Aucthour.* Q 1 G. G.

48. 3. *jelousie.* Q 1 jelouse love. 6. *not one.* Q 1 none. 33. *them.* Q 1 then.

49. 9. *The lookes...by.* Q 1 He began to write by. 27. *bondes.* Q 3 boundes. 33. *the.* Q 1 thy.

50. 4. *reffuse.* Q 1 refusd. *Some copies of* Q 2 *have commas after* lookt (11) *and* late (21). 30. *to.* Q 1 in. 35. *fortunatus.* Q 3 infortunatus. *infœlix.* Q 2 infœlex.

51. 1—3. Q 1 To a Dame which challenged the aucthor bycause he held his head alwayes downe, and looked not uppon hir in his wonted wise. 10. *lyes.* Q 1 lieth. 18. *Si...infœlix.* Q 1 *Sprœta tamen vivunt.* 25. *which.* Q 3 that.

52. 8. *loves* Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 lovers. 21. *Ladies.* Q 3 Ladie. 26. *In.* Q 1 Gascoignes.

53. 30. *In.* Q 1 Gascoignes. *Omits words after* Wilton.

54. 28. Q 2 *puts first bracket after* if.

55. 5. *not hir.* Q 1 hir not. 11. *poorest.* Q 1 purest.

56. 3. *acceptable* Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 exceptable. 5. *darkesomnesse.* Q 1 darkesome stormes *changed to* darksomnesse *in Faultes escaped correction.* 9. *you.* Q 1 we. 23. *and.* Q 1 all. *worldly* Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 wordly.

57. 17. *byrdes* Q 1. Q 2 byrde. Q 3 birds. 23. *muste* Q 1. Q 2 Q 3 much.

58. 24. *stretching.* Q 1 streking.

59. 14. *Instead of this short title* Q 1 *has the following:—*

These good Morowe and good nyght, together with his Passion, his Libell of divorce, his Lullabye, his Recantation, his De profundis, and his farewell, have verie sweete notes adapted unto them: the which I would you should also enjoy as well as my selfe. For I knowe you will delight to heare them. As also other verie good notes whyche I have for dyvers other Ditties of other mens devyse whiche I have before rehersed.

Gascoignes *De profundis.*

The occasion of the wrighting hereof (as I have herde Master Gascoigne say) was this, riding alone betwene Chelmisforde and London, his minde mused uppon the dayes past, and therewithall he gan accuse his owne conscience of muche time misspent, when a great shoure of rayne did overtake him, and he beeing unprepared for the same, as in a Jerken without a cloake, the wether beeing very faire and unlikely to have changed so: he began to accuse him selfe of his carelesnesse, and thereuppon in his good disposition compiled firste this sonet, and afterwardes, the translated Psalme of *Deprofundis* as here followeth.

De profundis *is printed as one word here, in the next title, and in the contents of Flowers in* Q 2. *In* Q 3 *it is spelt as two.*

60. 1—62. 18. *Not in* Q 1.

60. 14. *how.* Q 3 now.

61. 2. *delyghtst.* Q 2 delyghst. Q 3 delightst. 22. *confidence continuallye.* Q 2 coufidence continnallye. Q 2 *has full stops at end of lines* 21 *and* 30.

62. 5. Q 2 *full stop after* call. 19. *Gascoignes Memories.* Q 1 I have herde Master Gascoignes memorie commended by these verses following, which were.

63. 23. *sterves.* Q 1 strives. 24. *povertye.* Q 1 povert.

64. 19. *prove* Q 1. Q 2 Q 3 poore.

65. 8. *Hobbe* Q 1. Q 2 hobbe. Q 3 Hob. 11. *take.* Q 1 tooke. 13. *put.* Q 3 puts. 30. *weeke.* Q 2 *full stop,* Q 1 Q 3 *comma.* 34. *were.* Q 1 Q 3 weare.

66. 1. *one.* Q 3 owne. 12. *sequence.* Q 2 *misprints* seqnence. 35. *soyle.* Q 3 sayle.

67. 3. Q 1 *repeats* and. 33. *They bought.* Q 1 The bough. 37. *this.* Q 3 hys.

68. 26. *behold.* Q 1 wee see. *simple.* Q 1 silly. 28. *assayle.* Q 2 *full stop.* 35. *over.* Q 1 ever.

69. *Full stops at end of lines* 5, 11, 12 *in* Q 2; *commas in* Q 1. 24. *pulpit.* Q 3 pulpits.

70. 2. *says* Q 1. Q 2 say. Q 3 saith. 7. *pence.* Q 1 pens. 8. *weare.* Q 3 were.

70. 14—21. Q 1 *has the following:*—And thus an end of these five theames, wherein hath bene noted, that as the theames were sundrie and altogither divers, so Master Gascoigne did accomplishe them in five sundrie sortes of metre, yea and that seemeth most strange, he devised all these admounting to the number of CCL VIII. verses, riding by the way, writing none of them untill he came at the end of his Journey, the which was no longer than one day in riding, one day in tarying with his friend, and the third in returning to Greys Inne: a small time for suche a taske, neyther wolde I willingly undertake the like. The meetres are but rough in many places, and yet are they true (*cum licentia poetica*) and I must needes confesse, that he hath more commonly bene over curious in delectation, then of haughtie stile in his dilatations. And therefore let us passe to the rest of his works.

Gascoignes gloze uppon this text,
Dominus iis opus habet.

70. 21—73. 22. By a curious oversight this poem is printed for a second time in both Q 2 and Q 3 at p. 145 of *Hearbes*. Of the variants noted below, *For, lease, & a,* are found in both these repeated versions.

71. 10. *For.* Q 2 Fo. Q 1 *has the following additional lines. After* 12 :—

He is not fedde with calves, as in the dayes of old,
He cares but litle for their copes, that glister all of gold.

After 14 :—

He likes no numbred prayers, to purchase popishe meede,
He askes no more but penitence, thereof *Our Lorde hath neede*:

After 18 :—

They shrinke into the cloudes, and there they serve our neede,
As planets and signes moveable, by destenies decreede.

35. *leafe.* Q 3 lease.

72. 14. *neate.* Q 3 meat. 28. *a.* Q 1 & a.

73. 15. *himselfe at rest.* Q 1 his tackling best. 23. *An.* Q 1 Gascoignes.

74. 4. *Doth.* Q 1 Do. 20. *his.* Q 1 Gods.

75. 1. *A.* Q 1 Gascoignes. 2. *written.* Q 1 *adds* (as I have heard Master Gascoigne him selfe declare). 16, 19. *the Aucthour.* Q 1 Master Gascoigne.

76. 23. *blewe.* Q 3 blowes. 26. *like.* Q 2 *misprints* liks. 33. *tall* Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 tale.

77. 2 (*margin*). *A peece.* Q 2 *prints as one word.* 12. kinne. Q 3 kinde. 14. *phearce.* Q 1 pheares. Q 3 phearse. 26. *yille rest.* Q 1 idlenesse.

78. 12. *so.* Q 2 *full stop.* 24. *wilfully* Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 wifully. 37. *God.* Q 3 death.

79. 6. *For him.* Q 2 For, him. 13. *styll upon.* Q 1 first uppon. Q 3 on. 29. *amide.* Q 2 a mide. 32. *amongest.* Q 3 among.

80. 6. *kyst.* Q 1 kisse. 18. *traine.* Q 1 tirannie. 19. *With.* Q 1 *omits.* Q 3 Which.

81. 4. *fume.* Q 1 sunne. 9. *halberts* Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 halbert. 25. *of.* Q 1 for.

82. 28. *landes* Q 1. Q 2 Q 3 his lands. 31—2. Q 1 *has this side-note.* 35. *fame.* Q 2 Q 3 *full stop; none in* Q 1.

83. 3. *hand of.* Q 1 *omits.* 7—9. Q 1 *has this side-note.* 7. *dyd.* Q 1 do. *for that.* Q 2 *full stop; none in* Q 1 Q 3. 15. *whõ.* Q 3 who. 25—7. *This side-note is in* Q 1. 28, 29. Q 2 *full stop at end of each line.*

84. 11. *our.* Q 3 your. 14. *my.* Q 3 *omits. strand.* Q 3 stand. 22. *mouth* Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 month. 28. *the.* Q 1 our. 23, 37. Q 2 *full stop at end of line.*

85. 4, 6. Q 2 *full stop at end of line.* 22. *and.* Q 2 an. 32. *advante.* Q 1 advance.

86. Q 2 *no full stop at end of* 5, *one at* 6. 13. *words* Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 workes. 16. *a boone. One word in* Q 2. 21. *names* Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 nams. 24. *vi bascio.* Qq *print as one word.* 25. *Full stop in* Q 1 Q 3, *not in* Q 2.

87. 1. *The refusal of a lover.* Q 1 *omits.* 11. *yet.* Q 1 it. 14. *lust.* Q 3 lost. 18—19. Q 2 *has a full stop after* most, *a comma after* mind. Q 1 *as in text.* 20. *he.* Q 1 *omits.*

88. 9. *Harding.* Q 3 Hardning. 15. *Pride in Court.* Q 1 *omits.*

89. 17. *Aucthour.* Q 1 writer therof.

90. 13. *trust.* Q 3 thus. 22—23. Q 1 The Lover leaning onely to his Ladies promises, and finding them to fayle, doth thus lament.

91. 2. *the.* Q 3 to. 19. *wordes.* Q 2 wodres. Q 1 Q 3 words.

92. 13. *such.* Q 2 *full stop.* 18. *The fruite of foes written.* Q 1 *omits.*

93. 4. *brought* Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 brought. 5. *recured.* Q 1 cured. 19. *woon.* Q 2 *full stop.* 22. *sorowes.* Q 3 sorrow.

95. 35. *I* Q 1. Q 2 Q 3 to.

96. 1—2. Q 1 And nowe to recomfort you and to ende this worke, receyve the delectable historie of sundry adventures passed by Dan Bartholmew of Bathe, reade it and judge of it. Q 2 *comma after* Bathe. 11. *far.* Q 1 for. 20. *cheife.* Q 1 childe. 28. (*neare*). Q 1 now.

97. 17. *taught* Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 taugh.

99. 4. Q 1 *and* Q 2 *have a parenthesis at the end of this line and of* 5 *also;* Q 3 *of* 4 *only.* 24. *Full stop at end of line in* Q 2, *comma in* Q 1 Q 3.

100. 7. *No side-note in* Q 1, *which has* lacke *instead of* sport *in the text.* 29. *first Triumphe.* Q 1 Triumphes.

101. 5. Q 2 *has interrogation mark at end of line,* Q 1 *nothing,* Q 3 *a comma.* 20. *No full stop at end of line in* Q 2 Q 3; *colon in* Q 1. 21. *of* Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 of of. 24. *selfe* Q 2 Q 3. Q 1 seeke. 28. *Gresside* Q 2. Q 1 Q 3 Cresside. *fede* Q 2. Q 1 fed. Q 3 feede.

102. 8. *hir.* Q 3 *omits.* 19. *heart.* Q 3 hap. 31. *were.* Q 1 was.

103. 12—104. 25. Q 1 *omits.* Q 2 *has full stop at end of* 103. 21; 104. 10; 105. 5, 10; 106. 27, 35; 107. 19, 27; 108. 15; 109. 31; 110. 3, 36; 111. 12, 15, 23; 112. 8; 115. 9, 18.

104. 3. *Lady.* Q 2 Ladys. Q 3 ladie. 14. *his.* Q 3 *omits.*

104. 26—106. 14. *These stanzas are given in* Q 1 *immediately before "The reporters conclusion unfinished," with the preliminary note* This should have bin placed in the dolorous discourse, before the Supplication to Care in Folio .430. *The "Dolorous discourses" end on p.* 430 *in* Q 1, *and "His libell of request exhibited to Care" begins on p.* 433.

105. 32. Q 1 *puts parenthesis at end of following line.*

106. 30. *paine dyd pleasure.* Q 3 pleasure paine did.

107. 19. *had I.* Q 1 I had. 23. *those.* Q 3 these. 28. *The.* Q 1 Thy. 34. *I lye.* Q 2 *one word.*

108. 23. Q 1 Q 3 *omit side-note.* 25. *this.* Q 1 them.

109. 2. *a fond.* Q 2 *one word.* 29. *the.* Q 1 that.

110. 5. *the.* Q 1 that. 24. *thou.* Q 1 yu. 28. *there to.* Q 2 *one word.* 38. Qq *comma at end of line.*

111. 4. *on.* Q 3 of. 14. *ghostly.* Q 1 ghostlike. 20. *doe.* Q 1 doth.

112. 29. *feele* Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 teele. 35. *fancyes.* Q 1 Q 2 facyes. Q 3 fancies.

113. 1. *or.* Q 1 our. *drives* Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 drievs. 3. *paines.* Q 1 payne. 39—40. Q 2 *full stop at end of each line.* Q 1 Q 3 *of* 40 *only.*

114. 3. *so.* Q 3 up.

116. 13. *swelt.* Q 1 swell. 18. *breache.* Q 1 breath̃. 34. *yt.* Q 1 it. Q 3 yet.

117. 4. *warmes.* Q 3 harmes.

119. 19. *When* Q 1. Q 2 Q 3 Then.

120. 15. Q 2 Q 3 *have a superfluous parenthesis at beginning of this line.*

121. 4. *my.* Q 1 mine. 30. Q 2 *full stop at end of line, as in text, but sense evidently requires a comma, as in* Q 3.

122. 16. *might* Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 migh. 29. *rest.* Q 1 best.

125. 1. Q 1 The reporters conclusion unfinished. 18. *proved.* Q 1 prove. 16, 18, 20, 22. *I was.* Q 1 I am. Q 2 *full stop at end of* 126. 3, 24, 26, 33; 128. 24; 131. 12; 132. 19; 133. 26; 134. 19; 136. 6, 15, 17, 33; 137. 13.

126. 8. *at first.* Q 1 long since. 25. Q 2 *comma at end,* Q 3 *note of interrogation.* 26. *jollitye.* Q 1 jealosie. 32. *feares.* Q 1 feare. 33. Q 1 *breaks off here* And that his part. &c. *continuing* :—I have not (hitherto) recovered a full ende of this discourse, the author thereof being more curious in deliverie of the same, than he hath bene heretofore in any other of his doings. But since my trust is that you will use that and the rest but for your owne private commoditie, I am the bolder to present you with a copie therof unperfect as it is, and nowe having finished this written regyster, it amounteth to a good rounde vollume, the which some woulde judge worthy the Imprinting, but hoping of your curtesie (ut supra) I ceasse wyshing you no less profyte than pleasure in readyng and perusyng these tryfles. (˙.˙) *Finis.*

Imprinted at London for Richard Smith.

127—184. Q 1 *omits.*

127. 3. *and.* Q 3 *omits.* 4. *give.* Q 3 gin. 28. *syked.* Q 3 sighed.

128. 7. Q 2 Q 3 *parenthesis after* earst. 15. *decrees.* Q 2 Q 3 degrees. 25. *Some copies of* Q 2 *omit full stop at end of line.* 33. *hearye.* Q 3 weary.

129. 2. *sorrowne.* Q 3 sowne.

130. 9. *hold.* Q 3 minde.

131. 7. *road.* Q 3 rod. 27. *to* Q 3. Q 2 to to.

132. 17. *of.* Q 3 oft.

135. 17—18. Q 2 *transposes comma and full stop.* 34. *pranckes.* Q 3 parts.

139. 7—12. *and...following.* Q 3 *omits.*

140. Q 3 *omits.*

141. 3. *ever.* Q 3 never. 17. *Of* Q 3. Q 2 Oh.

142. 4. *debate* Q 3. Q 2 bebate. 27. *to.* Q 2 Q 3 so.

145. 17. *title.* Q 3 little.

146. 26. Q 3 *comma at end of line.*

147. 7. Q 3 *full stop at end,* Q 2 *comma.* 20. *strife and.* Q 3 *omits.*

150. 2. Q 2 Q 3 *note of interrogation at end of line.*

151. 30. *possit* Q 3. Q 2 possis.

152. 5. *our.* Q 3 your.

155. 27. *staylesse.* Q 3 haples.

156. 5. *hoppe.* Q 3 hope. 15. *that* Q 3. Q 2 that that.

158. 19—20. Q 2 *transposes full stop and comma.* 25—6. Q 3 *puts side-note to foregoing stanza.* 34. *where* Q 3. Q 2 were.

159. 17. *Me.* Q 2 Q 3 One.

160. 1. *Flushyng.* Q 3 Hushing.

161. 15. Q 2 *no full stop.*

162. 3—4. Q 2 *transposes comma and full stop.* 5. *wright.* Q 2 wrihgt.

163. 32. *excellence.* Q 3 excellencie.

164. 6. *then.* Q 3 them.

166. 11. *Camepomaster.* Q 3 Camepostmaster. 17. *did.* Q 3 doe. 23—4. Q 2 *transposes final comma.*

167. 16. Middleburgh Q 3. Q 2 Middlehurgh.

168. 3. *my Cronell.* Q 3 me.

171. 34. *An* Q 3. Q 2 And.

174. 23. *our.* Q 3 of.

181. 10. Q 3 *omits side-note.* 15. *202* Q 3. Q 2 203.

183. 4. *commest.* Q 3 commes. 12. *shewes.* Q 3 shines. 13. *treade.* Q 3 treads. 25. *without* Q 3. Q 2 withont.

187. 4. *Englished.* Q 1 and Englished. 8. *1566.* Q 1 *omits date.* 24. *olde.* Q 2 olda. 28. *as it were.* Q 1 *omits.*

188. 5. *peradventure.* Q 2 peradnenture.

189. 4. *heare.* Q 3 do heare.

190. 4. *Nourse.* Q 1 *omits.*

191. 9 (*margin*). Q 3 *omits this side-note.*

192. 8. *these.* Q 1 there. 9. *Nourse.* Q 2 Nonrse. 17. *perfit.* Q 3 perfect.

193. 4. *mounte.* Q 3 month. 16. *this.* Q 1 the. 29. *and.* Q 2 aud.

194. 4. *have.* Q 1 *omits.* 6. *gayson.* Q 3 geason.

195. 27. *with.* Q 3 *omits.*

196. 22. *joyly.* Q 3 jolly.

197. 6. Q 1 *no stage-direction.* 9. *affects.* Q 1 effectes. 32. *loveth.* Q 3 loves.

198. 16. *Jack pack.* Q 1 Jack heark.

201. 4. *continually.* Q 2 (*some copies*) continnally. 17. Q 2 *puts the first parenthesis before the comma.* 38—9. *Counte Hercules.* Q 1 Countie Hercule. Q 3 County Hercules.

202. 7. *appertaine.* Q 1 appertaineth.

203. 39. *men.* Q 3 man.

204. 13. *Paquetto and Petrucio his servants.* Q 1 Faumlus his servaunt. Fa. *instead of* Pa. *throughout this scene.* 27. *but.* Q 1 than.

205. 32. *dare.* Q 3 dares.

207. 37. *on.* Q 3 upon.

208. 25. *villany.* Q 1 Q 3 villaine.

209. 8. *bursten.* Q 1 bursen.

210. 11. *with.* Q 3 with a. 28. *&c.* Q 1 arse.

211 (*margin*). Q 1 *has both these side-notes.* 40. *geast.* Q 3 guest.

212. 14. *some.* Q 3 *omits.*

213. 25. *Well.* Q 1 Well, sir.

214. 1. *I utterly.* Q 1 *omits* I. 8. *pitifull.* Q 1 to pitifull. 29. *cut.* Q 3 cull.

215. 16. *Damon goeth out.* Q 1 *omits.* 17. *Ne.* Qq *omit.* 24. *in* Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 *omits.* 28 (*margin*). Q 1 *has this side-note.*

216. 18. *stale.* Q 1 stal. 20. *do it.* Q 1 *adds* you. 21. *CORNE.* Q 2 Q 3 *capitals, but not* Q 1. "

218. 8. *fellowe.* Q 1 servaunt *in the text, and* fellowe *in the* "*Faultes escaped correction.*" 14. *a* Q 1. Q 2 Q 3 *omit.*

219. 20. *comming.* Q 2 commming. 35. *Ancona.* Q 2 Aneona.

220. 35. *refused stil.* Q 3 *puts the comma before* stil.

221. 23. Q 2 *comma at end of line.* Q 1 Q 3 *full stop.*

222. 23. *sporte* Q 1. Q 2 sporet. Q 3 sport.

223. 13. *at.* Q 3 us at. 17. *Philogano.* Q 2 Phllogano.

225. 23. *Erostrato.* Q 2 Erostraro.

228. 16. *lawe.* Q 1 civill lawe. 17. *advocate.* Q 1 doctor.

229. 27. *Fayned Erostrato.* Q 3 Erostrato fained.

230. 8. *my* Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 me.

APPENDIX

231. 4. *alwayes* Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 awayes. 21. *sowre* Q 1. Q 2 sorowe. Q 3 sorow. 33. *of.* Q 1 *omits.*

232. 22. *master.* Q 3 M.

233. 21 (*margin*). *This side-note is in* Q 1.

235. 30. *S.* Q 1 Saint.

236. 24. *Children.* Q 2 Childrен. 26. *it is my.* Q 3 he is mine. 30. *nourished him.* Q 3 *omits* him.

237. 1. *fellow.* Q 2 follow. 36. Q 2 *comma at end of line.* 37. *Since.* Q 3 Sith. *neither* Q 1. Q 2 Q 3 never.

238. 35. *dolorous.* Q 2 dolorons.

239. 12. *house.* Qq towne, *but the change is noted in* Q 1 "*Faultes escaped correction.*" 14. *Pasiphilo* Q 1. Q 2 Q 3 Philogano.

241. 20. *Pasiphilo* Q 1. Q 2 Philogona. Q 3 Philogano. 26. *proceeded.* Q 2 proceedee. 34. *cōmeth.* Q 3 coms.

242. 5. *your.* Q 2 you. 11. *able.* Q 1 hable.

243. 7. *intention* Q 1. Q 2 Q 3 invention.

The MS. referred to below is in the British Museum, and bears the title :— "Jocasta A tragedie written in Greke by Euripides, translated and digested into Acte by George Gascoign and ffraunces Kynwelmershe of Grays ynne. 1566." Above this is written "Durum pati 68," and across it the autograph of Roger, second baron North, to whom the manuscript belonged.

244. 8. *1566.* Q 3 An. 1566. 12. *theyr.* MS. his. 13. *blades.* MS. blade. 14. *the...the...the.* MS. his...his...his. 22. *is King, the.* MS. the king ys. *Margin.* **Fygure.* MS. *and* Q 1 *omit this and all subsequent side-notes in* Jocasta. 24. *Fortunatus infelix.* MS. *omits.*

245. 17, 18. MS. *and* Q 1 The tragedie represented in Thebes.

246. 7. *righte.* MS. *omits.* 21. *Gentlemen.* MS. *and* Q 1 *add* very bravely appareled.

249. 21. *fraight.* Q 3 fraught.

250. 3. *flouring.* Q 3 flourishing. 4. *I.* Q 3 *omits.* 14. *As.* MS. That. 30. *outrageous.* MS. outraging. Q 2 *full stop at end of line.*

251. 2. *stayne* Q 1. MS. stain. Q 2 strayne. Q 3 straine. 5. Q 2 *comma at end of line.* 17. *Etеocles.* MS. *and* Q 2 Etocles. 29. *besiegde* Q 3. MS. beseedgde. Q 1 besedge. Q 2 besiedge.

252. 6. *god wot* MS. Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 good wot.

253. 3. *chambers huge.* MS. Q 1 huge chambers. 5. *faces sweete.* MS. Q 1 sweete faces. 9. *The.* Q 3 *omits.*

254. 6. *governour.* Q 2 govenour. 31. *content.* MS. Q 1 consent.

255. 11. *harebrainde.* MS. herbrayn. 33. MS. *adds* —— *at the end of this half-line.*

256. 7. MS. *full stop instead of comma at end of line.*

257. 8. *Whether.* *Marked* "read if" *in* "*Faultes escaped correction*" Q 1, *but* Q 2 Q 3 *leave it unchanged.* 13. *unskillfull* MS. Q 1. Q 2 Q 3 unskill.

258. 15. *standes.* MS. standith. 19. *vertues.* MS. vertuous. 22. *reporte.* Q 2 reportc.

259. 14. *Where.* MS. When. 17. *must.* MS. Q 1 most. 25. *fickle.* MS. ficklie.

261. 6. *weed.* Q 3 weeds. 10. *two.* MS. the two.

262 (*margin*). Q 2 *reverses the order of the two side-notes; the mistake is corrected in* Q 3. 12. *within.* Q 2 wthin. 16. *Baccus.* Q 2 Baccns. 31. *the.* MS. Q 1 this. 33. *ye.* MS. you.

263. 15. *they...thee* Qq. MS. *puts* they *in both cases, but the* y *was afterwards marked out.* 20. *for* Q 2 Q 3. MS. Q 1 that for. 24. *waymenting.* MS. lamentyng. 25. *to.* MS. *omits.*

264. 2. *appoyntes.* MS. appoint.

265. 34. *That* MS. Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 This.

266. 28. *our.* Q 3 your.

267. 11. *ycought* Q 2 Q 3. MS. Q 1 ycoucht. 24. *Poli.* Q 2 Pyli.

268. 14. *noble.* Q 2 uoble. 18. Q 2 *full stop at end of line.* 27. *my.* MS. myne. 35. *the.* MS. thie. 36. *fayne pronounce.* MS. faynest tell. *the minde.* MS. thy minde. 35—7. Q 1 *omits these three lines. Instead of* 37 MS. *has*

> Thie swelling hart puſt up with wicked ire,
> Can scarce procure one inward loving thought.

269. 21 (*margin*). *reconciliation.* Q 2 reconcilition. 26. *wrongs.* MS. *and* Q 3 wrong.

270. 29. *my.* Q 3 may.

271. 14. *take.* MS. *and* Q 1 make. 16. *give.* MS. *and* Q 1 yelde. 32. *do.* MS. *and* Q 1 *omit.* 39. *flames.* MS. flame.

272. *No full stop in* Q 2 *at end of line* 24, *comma at end of* 29, *parenthesis at end of line* 37 *instead of* 38; *in* 30 *the comma is after* man *instead of before it. The Italian text reads* "Questa è propria dell' uomo."

274. 7. MS. Is it that most of all offends thy thought. Q 1 Is it that most offendes thy thought.

275. 13. MS. *adds in margin* they draw theyr swordes. 16. *worde.* MS. wordes. 18. MS. *adds in margin* theyr mother steppes betwene them. 29. *assureth.* MS. *and* Q 1 assured. 39. *withholdst.* Q 1 with-holds.

276. 9. *camst me for to drive.* MS. comest me to dryve. Q 1 camest me to drive. 25. *will.* MS. voice. 31. *shall.* MS. Q 1 Q 3 shalt. 32. *remaine.* MS. remaynes. 35. *n' am I.* MS. ne I *corrected later to* I nam.

277. 20. *lingring.* Q 2 lingriug. 36. *wofull.* MS. wery.

278. 6. *no.* Q 1 nor. 7. *those.* MS. these. 32. *capacitie.* Q 2 caparitie. 34. *his.* MS. Q 1 this.

279. 12. *be* MS. Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 by. 32. *Ete.* Q 2 Eto. 39. *Cre.* Q 2 Crc. 40. *Let.* Q 3 Lets.

280. 2. *to.* MS. *omits.*

282. 2. *Mars.* MS. Q 1 God. 20. *they wake* MS. Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 the weake.

283. 4. *can* MS. Q 1. Q 2 Q 3 cause.

284. MS. *stage-direction after line* 17. 21. *elde eche.* Q 3 olde age.

285. 1. *victories.* MS. victory. 16. *trustie.* Q 3 *omits.*

286. 5. *hart.* MS. harty. 40. *something.* MS. somewhat.

287. 8. MS. *no comma after* purple. 13. MS. *and* Q 1 Who understandith all, and seith secret things. 14. *Betoken.* MS. *and* Q 1 Betokenith. *great.* MS. *omits.* 24. *secresies.* Q 1 secretnesse.

289. 14. *alonely.* MS. all only. 28. *talkt.* MS. talk. 31. *what.* MS. *and* Q 1 what a.

290. Q 2 *full stop at end of line* 12.

291. 7. *lumpishe.* MS. lymping. 17. *Ne* MS. *and* Q 1. Q 2 Nay. Q 3 Not. 20. Q 2 *full stop at end of line.* 33. *evill it were.* MS. well were not. Q 1 evil were not. *in this to.* Q 1 to this. 34. *thy.* Q 1 this. 36. *a.* MS. *and* Q 1 *omit.* 37. *an.* MS. some. 38. Q 2 *no stop at end of line.*

292. 27. *Thesbeoita.* MS. *and* Q 1 Thesbrotia. *Hazlitt*, Thesprotia. 40. MS. *stage-direction a line later.*

293. 16. *gaulde.* Q 1 galde. Q 3 gall. 21. *life* Q 1 Q 2 Q 3. MS. lefe. Q 1 (*"Faultes escaped correction"*) leafe. 22. *not.* MS. *and* Q 1 no. 29. *farre.* Q 2 faree.

294. 11. *heaven.* MS. *and* Q 1 haven. 20. *ill.* MS. *and* Q 1 evill. 34. *done by G. Gascoygne.* Q 1 *omits.*

295. 3—4. MS. *and* Q 1 the Trompetts sounded, the droomes and fyfes. 22. *holde.* Q 3 doo holde.

296. 20. *you.* MS. ye. 29. *no stop at end of line.* 30. *his.* MS *and* Q 1 this.

297. 1. *mightie.* MS. Q 1 Q 2 might. Q 3 mighty. 21. *thousande.* MS. thousandes.

298. 37. *do.* MS. doth. 39. *you.* MS. *and* Q 1 ye.

300. 31. MS. *adds* Nuntius exit.

301. 7. *you.* MS. ye. 16. *Antig.* Q 1 *omits.*

302. 16. *hath.* MS. hath ever. *faith and.* MS. *and* Q 1 *omit.* 22. *might.* MS. may. 32. *geltie.* MS. Q 1 Q 3 gilty.

303. 8. chargde Q 1. Q 2 Q 3 charge. MS. chardgde. 9. *flee.* MS. Q 1 flie.

304. 8. *Unto.* MS. To my. 13. *plainyng.* MS. playnyng. Q 1 fauning. Q 2 Q 3 faining.

306. 21. *raine* Q 2. MS. raigne. 25. *then.* Q 2 Q 3 the. 29, 33, 34. Q q Me thinke. MS. Me thinks.

308. 5. *on.* Q 3 and on. 19. *dothe.* Q 2 dofhe.

309. 1. *v.* MS. *and* Q 1. Q 2 Q 3 iii. 25. MS. Your sister is, my lord. 26. *with hir Antigone.* MS. Antigone with her.

310. 16. *brust.* MS. *and* Q 1 burst. 34 (*margin*). Q 2 som-timee.

311. 1. *sire. In the* MS. *a later hand has crossed out* sire *and substituted* father. 5. *foemen* MS. *and* Q 1. Q 2 fotemen. 7. *brethren both.* Q 1 bretheren. 8. *chalenge.* MS. challendge. 17. *this.* MS. the. 38. *sende.* Q 3 sounde.

312. 5. *flowne.* MS. flewe. 6. *sworde.* Q 3 swords. 10. *Least.* Q 3 Lest. 18. *nothing.* MS. not too. 20. *why?* MS. *and* Q 1 he. 23. *bare.* MS. *and* Q 1 thinne. 32. *desired.* MS. gan mynde the.

313. 9. *and.* Q 1 had. 10. *That one still.* MS. *and* Q 1 Th one. 12. *hir.* MS. *and* Q 1 her, her. 15. *She dymmde.* MS. *and* Q 1 Sore dymmed. 19. *shriched.* MS. shriked. 26. *themselves.* Q 2 themselnes. 28. *you.* MS. ye. 35. *the* MS. *and* Q 1. Q 2 Q 3 *omit.*

314. 2. *haven* MS. Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 heaven. 21. *Pollinice.* Q 1 Pollinices. 22. *therewyth her.* MS. their mothers. 24. *enfolde* MS. *and* Q 1. Q 2 Q 3 unfolde.

315. 18. *be battered.* MS. to-battered.

316. 7. *livedst.* MS. lived. 29. *that.* MS. *and* Q 1 this. 38. MS. Oedipus intrat.

317. 4. Q 2 lustleste. 40. MS. Creon intrat.

318. 9. *shall be.* MS. shall *altered in a later hand to* to be. Q 1 shall. 28. *of.* *Altered in* MS. *to* and.

319. 22. *ever.* Q 1 even.

320. 22, 23. *In spite of.* MS. *and* Q 1 Perforce to. 39. Q 2 worongfull.

321. 15. *his.* MS. my. 19. *pointing to Oedipus.* MS. *omits.* 25. *Creon exit.* MS. *omits.* 27. *not live.* MS. *and* Q 1 never come. Q 3 *omits marginal note.* 33. *Ood.* MS. *omits.*

322. 31. *in a.* MS. of our. 33. *all onely.* Q 3 alonly.

323. 18. *your* MS. Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 you. 27. Q 2 *note of interrogation at end of line.*

324. 21. *tis.* MS. *and* Q 1 is. 30. *Done by G. Gascoigne.* Q 1 *omits.*

325. 12. *To yll.* MS. *and* Q 1 The evill. *doth.* MS. *and* Q 1 do. 21. *brede.* Q 3 yelde. 26. *tickle.* MS. fickle. 32. *night* MS. *and* Q 3. Q 1 Q 2 might. 33. *traine.* MS. *and* Q 1 reigne.

326. 5. *by.* Q 2 hy. 6—14. MS. *and* Q 1 *omit.* 8. *called.* Q 3 *omits. have.* Q 3 *omits.*

327. 1. Q 1 *omits.* 7. *verse.* Q 1 verses. 23. Qq *full stop at end of line.*

328. 5. *that.* Q 1 so that. 6. *in.* Q 1 in his. 12. *By.* Q 1 With.

330. 32. *buffet.* Q 1 buffets.

331. 30. Qq *parenthesis before* dames.

332. Q 1 *puts this sonnet after "An other Sonet written by the same Gentlewoman," to be found on p. 50 of this edition, and instead of the short title* (1—2) *has the following:* -Enough of this Dame. And let us peruse his other doings which have come to my hands, in such disordred order, as I can best set them down. I will now then present you with a Sonet written in prayse of the brown beautie, which he compyled for the love of Mistresse E. P. as foloweth. 8. *flowes.* Q 1 floweth.

333. 11. *thy.* Q 1 the. 23. *And.* Q 2 Aud. 30. *Dame* Qq. *Hazlitt corrects to* Dan. 32. Qq *full stop at end of line.*

334. 30. *comforts.* Q 1 comfort. 34. *barke.* Q 3 back.

APPENDIX

336. 16—17. Q 1 Now I must desire you with patience to hearken unto the works of another writer, who though he may not compare with the rest passed, yit such things as he wrote upon sundrie occasions, I will rehearse, beginning with this prayse of a Countesse.

338. 24. *blind.* Q 1 bind.

339. 24. *rends.* Q 3 rents. 27. *sortes.* Q 3 sores.

340. 13. Q 1 The absent lover (in ciphers) disciphering his name, doth crave some spedie relief as followeth.

341. 20. Q 2 Q 3 *give next "A Gloze upon this text Dominus iis opus habet," already printed in this edition at p.* 70. *For variants see p.* 480. 21. *Councell.* Q 1 Gascoignes councell.

342. 18. *On.* Q 1 A.

343. 26. *muze.* Q 1 money. *Changed to* muze *in "Faultes escaped correction."*

344. 7. *jape.* Q 1 gape.

345. 30. *bayte.* Q 3 baytes.

346. 18. *bloud and leaves the.* Q 1 onely bloud and. 35. Q 2 *full stop at end of line.* Q 1 *comma.*

347. 1. *stayde.* Q 1 stande. 3. *bones.* Q 1 soule. 4. *blots.* Q 1 faultes. 5. *this P, can beare no blockes.* Q 1 this is a double *P.* 6. *me.* Q 1 Q 3 my. 7. *piles and pockes.* Q 1 Papistrie. 11. *such Spanish buttons.* Q 1 the polshorne Prelates. 13. *those sunnes do mellowe men so fast.* Q 1 theyr brazen heaven beares suche a glosse. 14. *very ripe.* Q 1 ꝑ Papist. 15—16. Q 1

Or else muche woorse (whyche is a heavie losse)
Drowned in errours lyke an *Atheist:*

348. 4, 7. *the Aucthor.* Q 1 master Gascoigne. 17. *And.* Q 3 Or.

349. 23. Q 2 *full stop at end of line.*

350. 3. *Flushyng.* Q 1 flussing. 15. *pray.* Q 3 pay.

351. 10. *life.* Q 3 lives. 24. *standings.* Q 3 standing.

352. 32. *life.* Q 3 lefe life.

353. 1. *grace.* Q 1 grasse.

355. 5. *wide.* Q 3 winde.

355—6. Q 3 *no side-notes.*

357. 29. *full.* Q 3 *omits.* 36. *he.* Q 1 we.

361. 28. *be.* Q 1 by. Q 3 *no side-note.*

362. 13. *drunk.* Q 1 dronk. Q 3 drinke.

365—82. Q 1 *omits.*

365. 7. *folio.* Q 3 *omits.* 11. *289.* Q 3 *omits.*

367. 19. *it self.* Q 3 *omits.*

369. 23. *harte.* Q 2 hartie. Q 3 hartte. 28. *and.* Q 2 aud.

372. 4. *hold.* Q 2 Q 3 holds. 14. *coltish.* Q 3 *omits.*

374. 12. *it* Q 3. Q 2 it it.

375. 2. *unto.* Q 3 *omits.* 34. *knewe.* Q 3 knowes.

379. 4. *faith.* Q 3 *omits.*

381. 18. *quite.* Q 3 quits. 29. *fell.* Q 3 fall.

383. 1—384. 14. Q 1

A discourse of the adventures
passed by Master F. J.
H. W. to the Reader.

IN *August last* passed my familiar friend Master *G. T.* bestowed uppon me ye reading of a written Booke, wherin he had collected divers discourses & verses, invented uppon sundrie occasions, by sundrie gentlemē (in mine opinion) right commendable for their capacitie. And herewithal my said friend charged me, that I should use them onely for mine owne particuler commoditie, and eftsones safely deliver the originall copie to him againe, wherein I must confesse my selfe but halfe a marchant, for the copie unto him I have safely redelivered. But the worke (for I thought it worthy to be published) I have entreated my friend *A. B.* to emprint: as one that thought better to please a number by common commoditie then to feede the humor of any private parson by nedelesse singularitie. This I have adventured, for thy contentation (learned Reader.) And further have presumed of my selfe to christen it by the name of *A hundreth sundrie Flowers:* In which poeticall posie are setforth manie trifling fantasies, humorall passions, and straunge affects of a Lover. And therin (although the wiser sort wold turne over the leafe as a thing altogether fruitlesse) yet I my selfe have reaped this commoditie, to sit and smile at the fond devises of such as have enchayned them selves in the golden fetters of fantasie, and having bewrayed them selves to the whole world, do yet conjecture y^t^ they walke unseene in a net. Some other things you may also finde in this Booke, which are as voyde of vanitie, as the first are lame for governement. And I must confesse that (what to laugh at the one, & what to learne by the other) I have contrary to the chardge of my said friend *G. T.* procured for these trifles this day of publication. Wherat if the aucthors onely repyne, and the number of other learned mindes be thankfull: I may then boast to have gained a bushell of good will, in exchange for one pynt of peevish choler. But if it fal out contrary to expectatiō that the readers judgements agree not with myne opinion in their commendacions, I may then (unlesse their curtesies supplie my want of discretion) with losse of some labour, accompt also the losse of my familier friendes, in doubt whereof, I cover all our names, and referre you to the well written letter of my friende *G. T.* next following, whereby you may more at large consider of these occasions. And so I cōmend the prāise of other mens travailes together with the pardon of mine owne rashnes, unto the well willing minds of discrete readers. From my lodging nere the Strande the xx. of January. 1572.

H. W.

The letter of G. T. to his very friend
H. W. concerning this worke.

REmembring the late conference passed betwene us in my lodging, and how you seemed to esteeme some Pamphlets, which I did there shew unto you farre above their worth in skill, I did straightwaye conclude the same your judgment to procede of two especiall causes, one (and principall) the stedfast good will, which you have ever hitherto sithens our first familiaritie borne towardes mee. An other (of no lesse weight) the exceding zeale and favour that you beare to good letters. The which (I agree with you) do no lesse bloome and appeare in pleasaunt ditties or compendious Sonets, devised by green youthful capacities, than they do fruitefully florish unto perfection in the ryper workes of grave and grayheared writers. For as in the last, the yonger sort maye make a mirror of perfecte life: so in the first, the most frosty bearded *Philosopher*, maye take just occasion of honest recreation, not altogether without holsome

lessons, tending to the reformation of manners. For who doubteth but that Poets in their most feyned fables and imaginations, have metaphorically set forth unto us the right rewardes of vertues, and the due punishments for vices? Marie in deede I may not compare Pamphlets unto Poems, neither yet may justly advant for our native countrimen, that they have in their verses hitherto (translations excepted) delivered unto us any such notable volume, as have bene by Poets of antiquitie, left unto the posteritie. And the more pitie, that amongst so many toward wittes ne one hath bene hitherto encouraged to followe the trace of that worthy and famous knight *Sir Geffrey Chaucer*, and after many pretie devises spent in youth, for the obtayning a worthles victorie, might consume and consummate his age in discribing the right pathway to perfect felicitie, with the due preservation of the same. The which although some may judge over grave a subject to be handled in stile metrical, yet for that I have found in the verses of eloquent Latinists, learned Greeks, & pleasant *Italians*, sundrie directions, whereby a man may be guided toward thattayning of that unspeakeable treasure, I have thus farre lamented, that our countreymen, have chosen rather to winne a passover praise by the wanton penning of a few loving layes, than to gayne immortall fame, by the Clarkely handlinge of so profitable a Theame. For if quicknes of invencion, proper vocables, apt Epythetes, and store of monasillables may help a pleasant brayne to be crowned with Lawrell. I doubt not but both our countreymen & countrie language might be entronised amonge the olde foreleaders unto the mount *Helicon*. But nowe let mee returne to my first purpose, for I have wandred somwhat beside the path, and yet not cleane out of the way. I have thought good (I say) to present you with this writtẽ booke, wherein you shall find a number of *Sonets*, layes, letters, Ballades, Rondlets, verlayes and verses, the workes of your friend and myne Master *F. J.* and divers others, the which when I had with long travayle confusedly gathered together, I thought it then *Opere precium* to reduce them into some good order. The which I have done according to my barreyne skill in this written Booke, commending it unto you to read and to peruse, and desiring you as I onely do adventure thus to participate the sight therof unto your former good will, even so that you will by no meanes make the same common: but after your owne recreation taken therin y^{t} you wil safely redeliver unto me the originall copie. For otherwise I shall not onely provoke all the aucthors to be offended with mee, but further shall leese the opertunitie of a greater matter, halfe and more graunted unto mee alreadie, by the willing consent of one of them. And to be playne (with you my friend) he hath written (which as farre as I can learne) did never yet come to the reading or perusinge of any man but himselfe: two notable workes. The one called, the *Sundry lots of love*. The other of his owne invencion entituled. *The clyming of an Eagles neast*. These thinges (and especially the later) doth seeme by the name to be a work worthy the reading. And the rather I judge so because his fantasie is so occupied in the same, as that contrary to his wonted use, he hath hitherto withholde it from sight of any his familiers, untill it be finished, you may gesse him by his *Nature*. And therfore I requier your secresie herein, least if he hear the contrary, we shall not be able by any meanes to procure these other at his handes. So fare you wel, from my Chamber this tenth of August. 1572.

Youres or not his owne.
G. T.

WHen I had with no small entreatie obteyned of Master *F. J.* and sundry other toward young gentlemen, the sundry copies of these sundry matters, then aswell for that the number of them was great, as also for that I found none of them, so barreyne, but that (in my judgmẽt) had in it *Aliquid Salis*, and

especially being considered by the very proper occasion whereuppon it was written (as they them selves did alwayes with the verse reherse unto me the cause y^t^ then moved them to write) I did with more labour gather them into some order, and so placed them in this register. Wherein as neare as I could gesse, I have set in the first places those which Master *F. J.* did compyle. And to begin with this his history that ensueth, it was (as he declared unto me) written uppon this occasiõ. The said *F. J.* chaunced once in the north partes of this Realme to fall in company of a very fayre gentlewoman whose name was Mistresse *Elinor*, unto whom bearinge a hotte affection, he first adventured to write this letter following.

G. T.

383. 2. *Jeronimi* Q 3. Q 2 Jeronomi. 14. *active.* Q 3 toward.

384. 15. *Fayre Lady.* Q 1 mistresse. 16. *this Countrie.* Q 1 these parties. 27. *beseche.* Q 1 beseeke.

385. 1. *receyved.* Q 1 *adds* (as I have hard him say). 5. *unto.* Q 3 *omits.* 9. *though.* Q 3 thought. 11. Q 1 *adds at end of this paragraph* G. T. 21—2. Q 3 *prints as four lines.* 22. humors feede. Q 3 humor feedes. 24—5. *Before...Elinor.* Q 1 I Have heard the Aucthor saye, that these were the first verses that ever he wrote uppon like occasion. The which cõsidering ye matter precedent, may in my judgement be well allowed, and to judge his doings by the effectes he declared unto me, that before he coulde put the same in legible writinge, it pleased the sayd Mystresse *Elinor.* 32. *Ferdinando.* Q 1 F. J. *and so throughout unless otherwise indicated.* 38. *perceived.* Q 3 *repeats* it was not of his owne hande wryting, and therewithall abashed, upon better regard he perceived.

386. 1, 20. *Colei...SHE.* Q 1 SHE. 4. Q 1 *adds* G. T. 21. *Ferdinando.* Q 1 My friend *F. J.* hath tolde me divers times, that. *grew.* Q 1 he grew. 33. *yet.* Q 3 *omits.*

387. 8. *much as.* Q 3 *omits* as. 23. *where.* Q 1 *adds* (as I have heard him declare). 26. *Ambassade.* Q 3 ambassage. 28. *Ferdinando Jeronimi.* Q 1 my friend *F. J.*

388. 8. *Ferdinando.* Q 1 as my friend *F. J.* 17. *the Venetian.* Q 1 my friend *F. J.* 18. *For.* Q 1 And though it stood not with duty of a friend that I should therin require to know his secrets, yet of him self he declared thus much, that." 21—2. *or...unworthy.* Q 3 *omits.* 28. *the.* Q 3 *omits.* 31. Q 1 *adds* G. T.

389. 17. *her.* Q 3 his. 32. *limed.* Q 3 limie.

390. 15. *Venetian.* Q 1 F. J. 20. *of.* Q 1 of one other Gentlewomã in the house, whose name was.

391. 19. *quod.* Q 3 quoth *et passim.* 28. *and Ferdinando.* Q 1 Well, it were long to tell, what sundry opinions were pronounced upon this acte, and I doe dwell overlong in the discourses of this *F. J.* especially having taken in hand only to copie out his verses, but for the circumstãce doth better declare the effect, I will returne to my former tale. *F. J.*

392. 6. Q 1 *adds* G. T. 18. *was doubtles.* Q 1 I have seene. 24. (*by...useth*). Q 1 (by report of my very good friend *F. J.*). 35. *Florence.* Q 1 London. 37. *Jeronimi.* Q 2 Jeromini. Q 3 Jeronomi. Q 1 F. J.

393. 13. allegiance Q 1. Q 2 allgiance. *See p.* 36. 17. *Ferdinando Jeronimi.* Q 1 F. J. *et passim.* 28. *remembraunce.* Q 1 *adds* therof. 36. *Bartello.* Q 1 he. 38. *his.* Q 1 my friendes.

394. 23. Q 1 *adds* G. T.

395. 2. *lesse.* Q 1 *inserts* I have heard *F. J.* saye, that he borowed th' invention of an *Italian*: but were it a translation or invention (if I be judge) it is both prety and pithy. 5. *neare.* Q 3 *omits.* 14. *I.* Q 1 *omits.* 21. *Valasco.* Q 1 the Castel. 25. *hath.* Q 3 had. 35. *greater.* Q 3 *omits.*

396. 29. *a.* Q 3 in a. 36. *reasons.* Q 1 reason shall. 40. *braule sayde.* Q 3 said braule.

397. 3. Q 3 *omits this line.* 20. *had.* Q 3 have. 24. *conjecture.* Q 1 *full stop,* Q 2 Q 3 *comma.* 26. *ende.* Q 3 the ende. 34. *the* Q 3. Q 1 Q 2 he.

398. 7. *clappe to.* Q 1 clappe. 8. *Ferdinando.* Q 3 Ferdinando Jeronimi. Q 1 F. J. 22. *Tynternall.* Q 1 Tyntarnell. 24. Q 1 *adds* G. T.

398. 25—400. 5. Q 3 *prints these stanzas in half lines.*

398. 33. *that.* Q 3 thy.

399. 14. *Shoulde.* Q 2 Soulde. Q 1 Q 3 Should. 16. *worthie* Q 3. Q 2 wotthie. Q 1 worthy. 19. Q 2 *full stop at end of line.* Q 1 Q 3 *comma.* 23. *I like* Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 like I. *See p.* 36.

400. 7. *By these verses.* Q 1 THese verses are more in number than do stand with contentation of some judgements, and yit the occasiõ throughly considered, I can commend them with the rest, for it is (as may be well termed) *continua oratio,* declaring a full discourse of his first love: wherin (over and besides that the Epythetes are aptly applied, & the verse of it self pleasant enough) I note that. 19. *where.* Q 1 *adds* (as I have heard him saye). 25. *compiled* Q 3. Q 2 copiled. Q 1 compyled. 26. Q 1 *adds* G. T.

401. 5. *proppes.* Q 1 droppes. 11—12. Q 3 *prints as four lines.* 15. *rage.* Q 1 *inserts* yet have I seene much worse passe the musters, yea and where both the Lieutenant and Provost Marshall were men of rype judgement: and as it is, I pray you let it passe here, for the truth is that *F. J.* himselfe had so slender liking thereof, or at least of one worde escaped therin, that he never presented it. 19. *Fraunces* Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 Faunces. 28. *foulded.* Q 1 unfolded. 34. *He being.* Q 1 F. J.

402. 5. *hee.* Q 1 F. J. 14. Q 3 *begins new paragraph after* contentation. 17. *contentation* Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 contation. *See p.* 36. 36. *you shall finde mee.* Q 3 *omits.* 37. *it.* Q 2 Q 3 if. Q 1 *omits.*

403. 5. *be so.* Q 1 so be. 19. *him.* Q 1 F. J. 20. *long.* Q 1 of long. 26—7. *Hercule...Cosmis.* Q 1 *H. D.* and that other *H. K.* Q 2 *full stops after* Donaty *and* Cosmis. 28. *countries.* Q 1 parties. 29. Qq *comma instead of colon.* 30. *his.* Q 1 F. J. 33. *Bartelloes.* Q 1 hir. 38. *hym.* Q 1 F. J.

404. 2. *was.* Q 1 *adds* unto *F. J.* a kinswoman. 5. *married* Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 mery. *See p.* 36. 8. *flitting* Q 1. Q 2 flattring. *See p.* 36. 10. *he.* Q 1 F. J. 16. Q 3 *paragraph at* Thus much. 18. *Ferdenando.* Q 1 my friend *F. J.* 21. *he.* Q 1 F. J.

405. 3. *note.* Q 3 tune. 7. *he.* Q 1 F. J. 7—8. *not, at end wherof* Q 1. Q 2 refused not at that ende, wherof. Q 3 refused not at that end, whereof. 8. *had.* Q 3 had too playnly. *See p.* 36. 9. *to earnest* Q 1. Q 2 Q 3 *omit.* 10. *and.* Q 1 Q 3 *omit.* 11. *walked.*

Q 1 walking. *the.* Q 3 *omits.* *calling* Q 3. Q 1 Q 2 called. *See p.* 36. 14. *he.* Q 1 F. J. Q 2 *no full stop.* 17. *you.* Q 1 you here. 19. *creature.* Q 2 *misprints* ceature. 22. *except.* Q 1 Q 3 accept. *back* Q 1. Q 2 *misprints* bark. 24. Qq *no colon.* 25. *without* Q 1. Q 2 with out. 28. *for.* Q 1 and for. 33. *distained* Q 1. Q 2 disdained. *See p.* 36. Q 3 distayned. 38. Q 1 *note of interrogation after* what. 39. Q 2 *transposes note of interrogation and parenthesis.* 40. *he.* Q 1 F. J.

406. 4. *nativety.* Q 1 *comma.* Q 2 Q 3 *full stop.* 5. *conclusion.* Q 1 conclusions. 6. Q 2 *transposes note of interrogation and parenthesis.* 13. *hee.* Q 1 F. J. 16. *him.* Q 1 F. J. 23. *quoth.* Q 2 qnoth. *I.* Q 1 *omits.* 20, 30. Q 3 Ferdinando Jeronimi.

407. 2. *and* Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 had. *See p.* 36. 17. *to.* Q 3 *omits.* 21. *full.* Q 1 *here inserts* Were it not that I knowe to whom I write, I would the more beware what I write. *F. J.* was a man, and neither of us are sencelesse, and therfore I shold slaunder him, (over and besides a greater obloquie to the whole genealogie of *Eneas*) if I should imagine that of tender hart he would forbeare to expresse hir more tender limbes against the hard floore. Suffised that of hir curteouse nature she was content to accept bords for a bead of downe, mattes for Camerike sheetes, and the night gowne of *F. J.* for a counterpoynt to cover them, and thus with calme cõtent, in steede of quiet sleepe, they beguiled the night, untill the proudest sterre began to abandon the fyrmament, when *F. J.* and his Mistresse, were constrayned also to abandon their delightes, and with ten thousand sweet kisses and straight embracings, did frame themselves to play loth to depart. 22, 28. *he.* Q 1 F. J. 28. *willing.* Q 3 walking. 33. *there.* Q 1 & there. 34. *the.* Q 1 that. 39. *though* Q 1. Q 2 Q 3 thought.

408. 11. *with.* Q 1 *omits.* 14. *with.* Q 3 with the. *well.* Q 1 Q 3 also. 15. *the Brides.* Q 1 the Byrdes. Q 3 Brids. 18. *following.* Q 1 *here inserts* ¶ The occasion (as I have heard him rehearse) was by encoũter that he had with his Lady by light of the moone: and forasmuch, as the moone in middes of their delights did vanish away, or was overspred with a cloud, thereuppon he toke the subject of his theame. And thus it ensueth, called a Moonshine Banquet. *G. T.* 27. *Into.* Q 3 In. 34. *to gaze.* Qq to gare. 36. *Cynthia.* Q 2 Cythia. Q 1 Q 3 Cinthia.

409. 5. *of yore* Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 in yore. *See p.* 36. 13. Q 2 *full stop at end of line.* 14. Q 2 *begins with small letter.* 15. *So that* Q 3. Q 1 And thus. Q 2 And that. *See p.* 36. 18. *that.* Q 1 the. 26, 29, 32 *in* Q 2 *begin with small letters.* 31. Q 2 *full stop.*

410. 8. *Yet.* Q 3 That. 11. *place.* Q 3 light. 13. Q 1 *begins this paragraph* THis Ballade, or howsoever I shall terme it, percase you will not like, and yet in my judgement it hath great good store of deepe invention, and for the order of the verse, it is not common, I have not heard many of like proporcion, some will accompt it but a dyddeldome: but who so had heard *F. J.* sing it to the lute, by a note of his owne devise, I suppose he would esteme it to bee a pleasaunt diddeldome, and for my part, if I were not parciall, I woulde saye more in commendacion of it than nowe I meane to do, leaving it to your and like judgementes. *hee.* Q 1 F. J. 20. *cappe.* Q 1 cap. Q 3 Cappe. Q 2 cape. *See p.* 36. *crowne* Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 crowe. *See p.* 36. *bandes.* Q 1 bends. 27. *without* Q 1. Q 2 *prints as two words.* 28. *partye.* Q 1 made. 29. *grudge* Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 grudged.

31. *Ferdinandos.* Q 1 F. J. 33. *day.* 36. *ayre.* Q 1 *colon,* Q 2 Q 3 *comma.* 37. Q 3 Ferdinando Jeronimi.

411. 5. *the.* Q 1 *omits.* 6. *hee.* Q 1 F. J. 7. *Madame.* Q 1 Madames. 9. *but.* Q 2 bnt. 20. *he.* Q 1 F. J. 23. Q 3 Ferdinando Jeronimi. 26. *Jeronimy.* Q 2 Jeronomy. Q 1 J. *sober.* Q 1 soberer. 29. Q 2 *comma after* with.

412. 2. *as to.* Q 3 as. 3. *by my* Q 1. Q 2 my by. 20. Qq *note of interrogation before second parenthesis, no colon.* 22. *Jeronimii.* Q 2 Jeronomii. Q 1 F. J. 24. *no lesse* Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 nolese. 28. *him.* Q 1 F. J. 30. *he.* Q 1 F. J. 31. *of.* Q 1 with.

413. 1. *Jeronimy.* Q 1 F. J. 6—7. *hir servaunt.* Q 1 F. J. 8. *afterward.* Q 1 well I dwell too long uppon these particular poynts in discoursing this trifling history, but that the same is the more apte meane of introduction to ye verses, which I meane to reherse unto you, and I think you wil not disdaine to read my conceipt with his invention about declaration of his commedie. The next that ever *F. J.* wrote thē, upon any advēture hapned betwene him and this fayre Lady, was this as I have heard him say, and uppon this occasion. After. 12. Q 1 *adds* G. T. 18. Q 1 Q 2 *colon at end of line.* 26. *my Frydaies.* Q 2 myr Fydaies. 28. Q 1 *inserts* This Sonet is short and sweete, reasonably well. according to the occasion &c. 30. *it should seeme.* Q 1 I have heard *F. J.* affirme. 34. *he* Q 1. Q 2 be. 35. Q 1 *adds* G. T.

414. Q 3 *prints in half lines.* 5. *painted.* Q 3 pointed. 8. Q 2 *comma after* thy *as well as after* caules. 30. *foyle* Q 3. Q 1 foyl. Q 2 stil. *See p.* 36.

415. 12. *Bartello writeth.* Q 1 I have heard him declare. 15. *among the Venetians.* Q 1 *omits.* 17. *world.* Q 1 *adds* although altogether w^t^out his cōsent. 18. *this.* Q 3 *omits.* 19. *deserve.* Q 1 *adds* by the relation of *F. J.* 21. *sayeth Bartello.* Q 1 and is. *conditions.* Q 1 condicion. 22—3. *he thinketh.* Q 1 I will excuse my friend *F. J.* and adventure my penne in his behalfe. 24. *knowing also that he.* Q 1 being also acquainted (better then I) that *F. J.* 26. *argument.* Q 1 with mee. 27. *mine aucthor affirmeth.* Q 1 *F. J.* tolde me himselfe. 29. *of any.* Q 3 anye of. 31. *all circumstaunces of histories, and.* Q 1 that it was in the first beginning of his writings, as then he was no writer of any long continuaunce. 35. *him.* Q 1 F. J. 36. *afterwardes.* Q 1 *adds* (the which I dare not confesse). *adapt.* Q 3 adopt. 38. *ende.* Q 1 end. *Amen.* 39. *not.* Q 1 *inserts* but once I am sure that he wrote it, for he is no borrower of inventiōs, and this is al that I meane to prove, as one that sende you his verses by stealth, and do him double wrong, to disclose unto any man the secrete causes why they were devised, but this for your delight I do adventure.

416. 6. *shewe.* Q 1 shewes. 18. *Sonet.* Q 1 *inserts* I am assured that it is but a translation, for I my selfe have seene the invention of an Italian, and Master *J.* hath a little dylated the same, but not much besides the sence of the first, and the addicion very aptly applied: wherfore I cannot condempne his doing therin, and for the Sonet. 20. *the more* Q 1. Q 2 Q 3 no more. 21. Q 1 *comma after* dedicated. Q 2 Q 3 *colon.* 25. *and.* Q 1 whereof I have not obteyned the most at his handes, and the reason that he denied me the same, was that (as he alleged).

417. 18. *a man.* Q 2 *one word.* 27. *sight of ye world.* Q 1 mee. 29. *y^t.* Q 3 *omits.* 30. *fortunate. And.* Q 1 fortunate, amongst other I remembred one hapned uppon this occasion. The husband of the Lady *Elynor* being all this while absent from hir, gan now retorne, & kept Cut at home, with whom *F. J.* found meanes so to ensignuate himselfe, that familiaritie tooke deepe roote betwene them, and seldome but by stelth you could finde the one out of the others company. On a tyme the knight ryding on hunting desired *F. J.* to accompany him, the which he could not refuse to do, but like a lusty younker, readie at all assayes, apparrelled him selfe in greene, and about his neck a Bugle, pricking & gallowping amongst the formost, according to the mannor of that countrie. And it chaũced that the maried Knight thus gallowping lost his horn, which some devines might have interpreted to be but moulting, & that by Gods grace, he might have a newe come up againe shortly in steede of that. Wel, he came to *F. J.* requiring him to lend him his Beugle, for (sayd the Knight) I hard you not blowe this daye, and I would fayne encourage the houndes, if I had a horne. Quod *F. J.* although I have not ben over lavishe of my comming hitherto, I woulde you shoulde not doubt but that I can tell howe to use a horne well enough, and yet I may little do if I maye not lende you a horne, and therewithall tooke his Beugle from his necke, and lent it to the Knight, who making it unto the houndes, gan assaye to rechate: but the horne was to hard for him to wynde, whereat *F. J.* tooke pleasure, and sayde to him selfe, blowe tyll thou breake that: I made thee one with in these fewe dayes, that thou wilt never cracke whiles thou livest. And hereupon (before the fal of the Buck) devised this Sonet following, which at his home comming he presented unto his mistresse.

G. T.

As some men say there is a kind of seed
Will grow to hornes if it be sowed thick:
Wherwith I thought to trye if I could breed
A brood of buddes, well sharped on the prick:
And by good proofe of learned skill I found,
(*As on some speciall soyle all seedes best frame*)
So jelouse braynes doe breed the battle ground,
That best of all might serve to beare the same.
Then sought I foorth to find such supple soyle,
And cald to mynd thy husband had a brayne,
So that percase, by travayll and by toyle,
His fruitfull front might turne my seed to gayne:
And as I groped in that ground to sowe it,
Start up a horne, thy husband could not blow it.

F. J.

THis Sonet treateth of a straung seede, but it tasteth most of *Rye*, which is more cõmon amongst mẽ nowadays: wel let it passe amõgst ye rest, & he that liketh it not, turn over ye leaf to another, I dout not but in this register he may find some to content him, unlesse he be to curious: and. 31. *being.* Q 1 *adds* now. 34. *Florence.* Q 1 London.

418. 23. *braunche* Q 3. Q 2 braunce. *See p.* 36. 40. *be.* Q 3 *omits.*

419. 9. *recomfort.* Q 3 comfort. 23. *accepted* Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 excepted.

420. 1. *mee.* Q 2 *comma.* Q 1 *full stop.* 26. *professed* Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 possessed. *See p.* 36. 30. *is.* Q 3 it is.

421. 2. *restore* Q 1. Q 2 Q 3 restorte. 3. *Mythrydate.* Q 2 (*some copies*) Nythrydate, *him.* Q 1 F. J. 4. *the.* Q 3 *omits.* 7. *gan.*

Q 3 beegan. 8. *received.* Q 1 conceyved. 14. *braunche.* Q 1 braunce. 17. *A wonderfull.* Q 2 *one word.* 18. *as I finde it in* Bartello the beginning. Q 1 (for I think you have not red it in *Ariosto*) the beginning. Q 3 as I finde it in *Bartello* the beginning. 19. *being.* Q 1 bying. 28. *entrie* Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 entire. 31. *y^e.* Q 3 that. 39. *this.* Q 3 his. 40. *quadrible* Q 2 Q 3. Q 1 quadriple.

422. 4. *then* Q 1. Q 2 that. Q 3 other. *See p.* 36. 5. *opened.* Q 1 open. 37. *this.* Q 3 his. 39. *of.* Q 3 *omits.*

423. 4. *over.* Q 1 on. 10. *Imagine.* Q 3 I meane. 18. *this.* Q 1 his. Q 3 the. 23. *Flaminia* Q 1. Q 3 Elaminik. Q 2 Elaminia. *See p.* 36. 24. *abandoned.* Q 3 abounded. 29. *strayghts.* Q 1 straight. 40. *straung.* Q 1 straunge. Q 3 strong.

424. 1. *VII.* Q 3 seventh. 2. Q 1 *comma before* therein. 3. *contynually.* Q 2 comtynually. 13. *now keyes, now lockes.* Q 1 new keyes, new lockes. 35. *this.* Q 1 this translation of *Ariostoes* xxxi. song.

425. 15. *An* Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 and. *See p.* 36. Q 2 *full stop at end of line.* 34. *Zoroactes.* Q 1 Zoroastes. *See p.* 36.

426. 8. Q 1 Q 3 *full stop at end of line.* 10. *Thus Ferdinando.* Q 1 THis is the translation of *Ariosto* his xxxi. song, all but the last staffe, which seemeth as an allegory applied to the rest. It will please none but learned eares, hee was tyed to the invention, troubled in mynd &c. So I leave it to your judgment, and returne to *F. J.* who. 14. *on* Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 one. *he.* Q 1 F. J. 19. *endevoyre.* Q 1 devoyre. Q 3 endevoure. 29. *of.* Q 1 *omits.*

427. 14. *to* Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 to to. 26. *good.* Q 3 my. 27. *for.* Q 3 *omits.* 30. *hee.* Q 1 F. J. 38. *named.* Q 1 *adds* and that for good respects, least hir name might altogether disclose the rest.

428. 3. *over large a.* Q 3 you a large. 22. *named Pergo.* Q 1 whome for this discourse I will name *Pergo* least hir name natural were to brode before, and might not drinke of all waters. 29. Q 1 *colon.* Q 2 Q 3 *no stop.*

429. 14. *tryed.* Q 1 Q 3 tyred. 28. *thought* Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 thoughe. 29. *one.* Q 1 Q 3 on. 30. *did* Q 1. Q 2 Q 3 doe. *But see p.* 36, *where* Ibid. (23) *should be* 247. 31. *repayre* Q 1. Q 2 repraye. Q 3 repaire. 34. *wythin.* Q 3 in. 40. *not only he.* Q 3 he onelie not.

430. 40. *to.* Q 3 the.

431. 2. *hath.* Q 3 have. 8. *blinded* Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 builded. *See p.* 36. 9. *VII.* Q 3 seven yeres. 13. *about* Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 obout. 17. *without* Q 1. Q 2 with out. 28. *a present.* Q 2 *one word.* 34. *Jeronimy.* Q 1 F. J. 39. *worthines.* Q 1 unworthines.

432. 35. *him.* Q 1 F. J. Q 1 *colon at end of line.*

433. 1. *him in.* Q 1 F. J. in. 7. *his.* Q 1 F. J. 12. *the.* Q 1 thy. 18. *conjoyned.* Q 3 enjoyned. 23. *in.* Q 3 into. 24. *delectable.* Q 1 delectably. 27. *for, the* Q 1. Q 2 for-the. Q 3 for the. Q 1 *comma at end of line.* 28. *here.* Q 1 hereat. 34. *feares.* Q 3 teares. *hir.* Q 1 *continues* But I have heard my friend *F. J.* confesse, that he was in a happy traunce, and thought himself for divers causes unhappely revived. For surely I have heard him affirme, that to dye in such a passion, had ben rather pleasant, than like to panges of death. 35. *And.* Q 2 *omits and has no paragraph.* *And It.* Q 3 And it. 36. *were.*

Q 3 was. 38. *mine aucthor dreameth y^t Ferdenando.* Q 1 my friēd *F. J.* hath to me emported, that.

434. 17. Q 1 *colon at end of line.* Q 2 Q 3 *note of interrogation.* 31. Q 2 Q 3 *no concluding parenthesis.* 37. *of such.* Q 1 of you and such other.

435. 5. *hir.* Q 3 *omits.* 11. *blowe.* Q 1 pusshe of the pike. 15. *having.* Q 1 *adds* now. 16—17. *he...last.* Q 1 he drewe uppon his new professed enimie, and bare hir up with such a violence against the bolster, that before shee could prepare the warde, he thrust hir through both hands, and &c. wherby the Dame swoning for feare, was constreyned (for a time) to abandon hir body to the enemies curtesie. At last when shee came to hir selfe. 18. *him in bedde.* Q 1 F. J. 27. *forepast.* Q 3 *new paragraph.* 29. *Florence.* Q 1 London. 31. *Jeronimy.* Q 1 F. J.

436. 3. *XI.* article. Q 3 eleven articles. Q 2 *full stop at* beleefe. 9. *such* Q 1. Q 2 Q 3 *omit. See p.* 36. 11. *Ferdinandoes.* Q 1 F. J. 13. *such.* Q 3 such a. 14. Q 1 *full stop instead of comma at* musicke. 17. *Jeronimies.* Q 1 F. J. 18. *could.* Q 1 would. 24. Q 1 *no paragraph.* 27. *him.* Q 1 F. J. 32. *altogether.* Q 3 together. *in.* Q 1 of. 39. *espyed.* Q 1 *colon.*

437. 6. *Jeroniny.* Q 1 F. J. 11. *Pergo.* Q 1 *colon.* 14. *him.* Q 1 Master J. 25. *Ferdinandoes.* Q 1 F. J. Q 3 Ferdinando Jeronimies. 27, 31, 33. *he.* 30. *Jeronemy.* Q 1 F. J. 34. Q 2 Q 3 *no second parenthesis.* 35. *here.* Q 3 there.

438. 6. *master Jeronemy.* Q 1 F. J. 8. Q 2 *no parenthesis.* 11. Q 2 *comma instead of full stop.* 16. *ambassege.* Q 1 ambassade. Q 3 ambassage. 17. *gentlewoman* Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 gentleman. *See p.* 36. 19. *Jeronimy of.* Q 1 J. of. Q 2 *Jeronimy.* Of. Q 3 Jeronimi, of. 28. *vouchsafe.* Q 2 *misprints* vouchsafee. 29—30. Q 1 (*no paragraph*), and. 35. Q 4 *no parenthesis.* Q 1 *colon at end of* 39.

439. 5. my Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 me. 16. *signor Jeronemy.* Q 1 F. J. 17. *the.* Q 1 *adds* cause of his. 23. *kissed.* Q 1 kissing. 31. *him.* Q 1 F. J. *rise.* Q 1 arise.

440. 7. Q 2 *no parenthesis.* 8. *meete.* Q 1 meetest. 12. *Well.* Q 3 *new paragraph. I.* Q 3 I doe. 27. *Jeronimies.* Q 1 F. J. 37. *quippes* Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 quibbes. *See p.* 36.

441. 39. *the.* Q 1 that.

442. 5, 8. *Lamia.* Q 1 Besse. 15. *Amongst.* Q 3 *new paragraph.* 17. *the.* Q 1 a. *lockte.* Q 1 locke. 32. *hir.* Q 3 her her.

443. 1. *time.* Q 1 times. Q 2 tims. Q 3 tyme. 5. *agayn.* Q 2 a gayn. 10. *in...Caroline.* Q 1 fallen to three halfpence: and I remember they called thē Slippes. 17. *smal.* Q 1 three half peny. 31. *in to* Q 1. Q 2 Q 3 into. 35. *dissimuled.* Q 3 dissembled. 39. *made.* Q 3 have made.

444. 5. *have.* Q 3 *omits.* 7. *I.* Q 1 I do. 8. *Caroline.* Q 1 slip. 9—10. Q 1 *no paragraph.* 25. *resemblaunt.* Q 1 semblant. 40. *she.* Q 3 he.

445. 5. *had ever.* Q 1 *omits.* 7. *The.* Q 3 *new paragraph.*

446. 8. *Carolines.* Q 1 slippes. 14. *it* Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 is. 25. *it.* Q 1 it, but I may not rehearse the cause why, unlesse I shuld tell all. 27. *ye Venetiane.* Q 1 F. J.

447. 3. *Jeronimy.* Q 1 F. J. 17. *And.* Q 1 Here (least you shuld grow in some wrong cõceit of *F. J.*) I must put you out of dout, that. Q 3 *new paragraph.* 28. Q 1 *colon.* Q 2 Q 3 *note of interrogation.* 29. *And thus.* Q 1 thus.

448. 7. *him.* Q 1 F. J. 15. *he.* Q 1 F. J. 21. *you.* Q 1 you, unlesse you would have me fill up a whole volume only with his matters, and I have dilated thē over largely already. 23. *pleasure* Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 pleasoure. 24. *he.* Q 1 F. J. 31, 40. Q 1 *adds* G. T.

449. 1—20. Q 3 *prints in half lines.* 10. *to.* Q 3 so. 30. *Bezo las manos* Q 1. Q 2 Bezo la, mano. *See p.* 36. 37. *arme* Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 harme.

450. 6. Q 1 *adds* G. T.

451. 14. *he.* Q 1 F. J. 27. *Poore Jeronimy.* Q 1 F. J. Q 3 Ferdinando Jeronimi. 40. Q 1 *adds* G. T.

452. 26—453. 22. Q 1 *has instead this ending:*—IT is time now to make an end of this thriftlesse Historie, wherein although I could wade much further, as to declare his departure, what thankes he gave to his *Hope* &c. Yet I will cease, as one that had rather leave it unperfect than make it to plaine. I have past it over with quod he, and quod she, after my homely manner of writing, using sundry names for one person, as the Dame, the Lady, Mistresse, &c. The Lorde of the Castle, the Master of the house, and the hoste: neverthelesse for that I have seene good aucthors terme every gentlewoman a Lady, and every gentleman *domine*, I have thought it no greater faulte then pettie treason thus to entermyngle them, nothing doubting but you will easely, understand my meaning, and that is asmuch as I desire. Now henceforwardes I will trouble you no more with such a barbarous style in prose, but will onely recite unto you sundry verses written by sundry gentlemen, adding nothing of myne owne, but onely a tytle to every Poeme, wherby the cause of writinge the same maye the more evidently appeare: Neyther can I declare unto you who wrote the greatest part of them, for they are unto me but a posie presented out of sundry gardens, neither have I any other names of the flowers, but such short notes as the aucthors themselves have delivered therby if you can gesse them, it shall no waye offende mee. I will begin with this translation as followeth.

G. T.

[*A translation of Ariosto allegorized* follows. *See p.* 500.]

452. 27. *aswell.* Q 3 as wel. Q 2 swell. *See p.* 36.

453. 3. *dissolute.* Q 3 desolate. 4. *Frauncischina* Q 3. Q 2 Fraunces Chima. *See p.* 36. 8. *occurrentes* Q 3. Q 2 occurements. *See p.* 36.

454. 16. Q 1 Q 3 *no side-note.* 23. *his.* Q 1 this. 32. *I that* Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 that I. *See p.* 36.

455. 17. Q 1 *He wrote* (*at his friends request*) *in prayse of a Gentlewoman, whose name was Phillip, as followeth.* 24. *merrily* Q 3. Q 1 Q 2 merely.

456. 21. *the.* Q 3 *omits.* 24. *yit.* Q 3 yet.

457. 1. *Farewell...by a.* Q 1 The. 3. *&c.* Q 1 doth. 4. *he determined.* Q 1 determine. 20. *alwayes able.* Q 3 able alwayes.

458. 1. *for.* Q 3 because. 6. *princke.* Q 3 pranke. 20. *The...a.* Q 1 The. 21. Q 1 *continues* thus complayneth. 26. *these* Q 3. Q 1 theis. Q 2 this.

459. 32. *That* Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 But. *See p.* 36.

460. 1. *Mars...an.* Q 1 An. 2. Q 1 *continues* thus complayneth. 24. *might* Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 mighe. 32. *those* Q 1. Q 3 that. Q 2 this. *See p.* 36.

461. 9. *Patience...an.* Q 1 An. 21. Q 2 *full stop at end of line.*

462. 5. *fryse.* Q 3 freese. 6. *I.* Q 3 *omits.* 14. *for.* Q 3 by. 29. *it.* Q 3 *omits.*

463. 1. *Davids...three.* Q 1 Three.

464. 15. *delight.* Q 1 delights. 19—20. *Soone...an.* Q 1 An.

465—73. *Not in* Q 1.

465. 3—15. Q 3 *omits all after* English. 27. *yet.* Q 3 *omits.* 32. *tubbe.* Q 3 *omits to end of paragraph* (466. 19).

467. 5. *levis.* Qq lenis. 36. *hath.* Q 3 hath in it. *in it.* Q 3 *omits.* 37. *and...syllables.* Q 3 *omits.*

468. 7. *Verse.* Q 3 *new paragraph.* 24. *very.* Q 3 *omits.* 28. *falleth.* Q 3 passeth. 36. *that you.* Q 3 you.

470. 8. *be.* Q 3 is. 38. *you.* Q 3 you to.

471. 22. *discourses.* Q 3 *new paragraph.*

472. 2. *whole.* Q 3 *new paragraph.* 13. *termination.* Q 2 *comma.*

ADDITIONAL POEMS.

The following poems are printed in Q 1 but not included in Q 2 or Q 3:—

A translation of Ariosto allegorized.

WHen worthy *Bradamant*, had looked long in vain,
To see hir absent love and Lord, *Ruggier*: returne againe:
Uppon hir lothed bed hir lustlesse limbes did cast,
And in deceitfull dreames she thought, she saw him come at last.
But when with open armes, she ran him to embrace,
With open eyes she foũd it false, & thus cõplain'd hir case.
That which me pleasd (qd she) was dreames which fancy drewe,
But that which me torments (alas) by sight I find it true.
My joye was but a dreame, and soone did fade away,
But my tormenting cruell cares, cannot so soone decaye.
Why heare I not and see, since now I have my sences?
That which in fained fading dreames, appered by p̃tẽces.
Or whereto serve mine eyes, if sights they so mistake,
As seeme to see ech joy in sleepe, and woo whẽ they awake.
The sweete & slumbring sleape, did promise joye and peace,
But these unpleasaunt sights do rayse, such warres as never cease.
The sleape I felt was false, and seem'd to ease my grief,
But that I see is all to true, and yeeldes me no relief.
If truth anoy me then, and fayned fancyes please me,
God graunt I never heare nor see, true thing for to disease me.
If sleaping yeeld me joy, and waking worke me woe,
God graunt I sleape, & never wake, to ease my tormẽt so.

O happy slumbring soules, whom one dead drowsy sleepe
Six monethes (of yore) in silence shutte, with closed eyes did keepe.
Yet can I not compare, such sleepe to be like death,
Nor yet such waking, as I wake, to be like vitall breath.
For why my let doth fall, contrary to the rest,
I deeme it death when I awake, & life while I do rest.
Yet if such sleepe be like to death in any wise,
O gentle death come quick at call, & close my drery eyes.
Thus sayd the worthy dame, whereby I gather this,
No care can be cõpared to that, where true love parted is.

Lenvoie.

Lo Lady if you had but halfe like care for mee,
That worthy *Bradamant* had then hir own *Ruggier* to see:
My readie will should be so prest to come at call,
You should have no such sight or dreame to trouble you withall.
Then when you list commaund, & I wil come in hast,
There is no hap shal hold me backe, good will shal roon so fast.
Si fortunatus infœlix.

This Sonet of his shall passe (for me) without any preface.

WHen stedfast friendship (bound by holy othe)
Did parte perforce my presence from thy sight,
In dreames I might behold how thou wert loth
With troubled thoughts to parte from thy delight.
When Popler walles enclos'd thy pensive mind,
My painted shadow did thy woes revive:
Thine evening walks by Thames in open wind,
Did long to see my sayling boate arive.
But when the dismold day did seeke to part
From London walles thy longing mind for me,
The sugred kisses (sent to thy deare hart)
With secret smart in broken sleepes I see.
Wherfore in teares I drenche a thousand fold,
Till these moist eyes thy beauty may behold.
Si fortunatus infœlix.

Another shorter discourse to the same effecte.

[This follows *The lover declareth his affection*, p. 337 of this edition.]

IF ever man yit found the Bath of perfect blisse,
Then swim I now amid the Sea where nought but pleasure is.
I love and am beloved (without vaunt be it told)
Of one more fayre than shee of *Grece* for whõ proud Troy was sold.
As bountifull and good as *Cleopatra* Queene:
As constant as *Penelope* unto hir make was seene.
What would you more? my pen unable is to write
The least desart that seemes to shine within this worthy wight.
So that for now I cease, with hands held up on hye,
And crave of God that when I chaunge, I may be forst to dye.
Meritum petere, grave.

APPENDIX

Eyther a needelesse or a bootelesse comparison betwene two letters.

OF all the letters in the christs crosse rowe,
I feare (my sweete) thou lovest *B.* the best,
And though there be good letters many mo
As *A. O. G. N. C. S.* and the rest,
Yet such a liking bearest thou to *B.*
That fewe or none thou thinckest like it to be.

And much I muse what madnesse should thee move,
To set the Cart before the comely horse:
Must *A.* give place, to *B.* for his behove?
Are letters now so changed from their course?
Then must I learne (though much unto my paine,)
To read (a new) my christ crosse rowe againe.

When I first learnd, *A.* was in high degree,
A captaine letter, and a vowell too:
Such one as was alwayes a helpe to *B*,
And lent him sound and taught him what to doo,
For take away the vowels from their place,
And how can then the consonants have grace?

Yet if thou like a consonant so well,
Why should not *G.* seeme better farre than *B*?
G. spelleth God, that high in heaven doth dwell,
So spell we Gold and all good thinges with *G.*
B. serves to spell bold, bawdy, braynsicke, bolde,
Blacke, browne, and bad, yea worse than may be tolde.

In song, the *G.* cliffe keepes the highest place,
Where *B.* sounds alwayes (or too sharpe or) flat:
In *G. sol, re, ut*: trebles have trimme grace,
B. serves the base and is content with that.
Beleve me (sweete) *G.* giveth sound full sweete,
When *B.* cries buzze, as is for bases meete.

But now percase thou wilt one *G.* permit,
And with that *G.* thou meanest *B.* to joyne:
Alas, alas, me thinkes it were not fit,
(To cloke thy faulte) such fine excuse to coyne.
Take dooble *G.* for thy most loving letter,
And cast of *B.* for it deserves no better.

Thus have I played a little with thy *B.*
Wherof the brand is thine, and mine the blame
The wight which woundes thy wandring will is he,
And I the man that seeke to salve thy name:
The which to thinke, doth make me sigh sometime,
Though thus I strive to jest it out in ryme.
Meritum petere, grave.

INDEX OF TITLES

Absent Dame thus complayneth, An 335
Anatomye of a Lover, The 37
Ariosto allegorized, A translation of 500
Arraignment of a Lover, The 38

Certaine verses written to a Gentlewoman 46
Certayne notes of Instruction 465
Constancie of a lover, The 92
Councell given to Master *Bartholmew Withipoll* 344
Councell to *Duglasse Dive* 341

Dan Bartholmew of Bathe 96
Davids salutacions to Berzabe 463
Delectable history of sundry adventures, The 96
Devise of a Maske, A 75
Divorce of a Lover, The 42
Doale of disdaine, The 458
Dulce bellum inexpertis 141

Epitaph upon Captaine *Bourcher*, An 73
Eyther a needelesse or a bootelesse comparison 502

Farewell with a mischeife 457
Ferdinando Jeronimi, The pleasant Fable of 383
Fruite of Fetters, The 367
Fruite of foes, The 92
Frute of reconciliation, The 327

Gascoignes De profundis 60
Gascoignes gardnings 352
Gascoignes good morrow 55
Gascoignes Memories 62
Gascoignes praise of his mistres 54
Gascoignes voyage into *Hollande* 354
Gascoignes woodmanship 348
Gascoygnes good night 58
Gloze upon this text, *Dominus iis opus habet*, A 70

He wrote to the same friend from Excester 330
He wrote to the same friend from Founteine belle eaü 331
He wrote unto a Skotish Dame 331

Introduction to the Psalme of De profundis, The 59
In trust is Treason 90

Jocasta 244

Lady being both wronged by false suspect, A 338
Lamentation of a lover, The 45
Letter devised for a yong lover, A 462
Lookes of a lover forsaken, The 49
Lover declareth his affection, The 337
Lover encouraged by former examples, The 94
Lover often warned, A 93
Loving Lady being wounded in the spring time, A 333
Lullabie of a Lover, The 44

Mars in despite of Vulcane 460

Not long after the writing 329

Now to begin with another man 332

Passion of a Lover, The 39
Patience perforce 461
Phillip Sparrowe, The praise of 455
Pleasant Fable of Ferdinando Jeronimi, The 383
Praise of a gentlewoman, In 454
Prayse of a Countesse, In 336
Prayse of *Bridges*, In 52
Prayse of *Zouche*, In 53
Pride in Court 88

Question being propounded by a Dame, This 89
Question, Hir 48

Recantacion of a Lover, The 51
Refusal of a lover, The 87
Riddle, A 340
Ryddle, His 47

Shield of Love, The 340
Sonet, An other 50
Sonet written in prayse of the browne beautie, A 332
Soone acquainted, soone forgotten 464
Straunge passion of a Lover, A 41
Supposes 187

To the same gentlewoman 51
Two gentlemen did run three courses 328

Ultimum vale to Amorous verse, His 34

INDEX OF FIRST LINES OF POEMS

A hundreth sonnes (in course but not in kind) 330
A Lady once did aske of me 340
A Lymone (but no Lemmane) Syr you found 49
A Straunge conceyte, a vayne of newe delight 354
Amid my Bale I bathe in blisse 41
At Beautyes barre as I dyd stande 38

Both deepe and dreadfull were the Seas 460

Content thy selfe with patience perforce 461

Desire of Fame would force my feeble skill 336
Despysed Things may live, although they pine in payne 89
Divorce me nowe good death, from love and lingring life 42

From depth of doole wherein my soule doth dwell 60
Fye Captaines fie, your tongues are tyed to close 73

Give me my Lute in bed now as I lie 338
Great be the greefes which bruze the boldest brests 367

Howe long she lookt that lookt at me of late 50

I cannot wish thy griefe, although thou worke my wooe 87
I cast mine eye and sawe ten eyes at once 47
I grooped in thy pocket pretty peate 48
I lookt of late and sawe thee loke askance 50
I smyle sometimes although my griefe be great 39
I that my race of youthfull yeeres had roon 93
If ever man yit found the Bath of perfect blisse 501
If men may credite give, to true reported fames 354
If what you want, you (wanton) had at will 464
If yelding feare, or cancred villanie 62
In Court who so demaundes what Dame doth most excell 52
In haste poste haste, when first my wandring minde 66

Kinde *Erato*, and wanton *Thalia* 34

Lady receyve, receive in gracious wise 331
L'escü d'amour, the shield of perfect love 340

Mine owne good *Bat*, before thou hoyse up saile 344
Much like the seely Byrd, which close in Cage is pent 335
My recklesse race is runne, greene youth and pride be past 70
My woorthy Lord, I pray you wonder not 348

Not stately *Troye* though *Priam* yet did live 331

INDEX OF FIRST LINES OF POEMS

Now have I found the waie, to weepe & wayle my fill 45
Now must I needes recant the wordes which once I spoke 51

Of all the byrdes that I doe know 455
Of all the letters in the christs crosse rowe 502

Receive you worthy Dame, this rude & ragged verse 462

Sing lullaby, as women doe 44

That self same tonge which first did thee entreat 92
The common speech is, spend and God will send 64
The cruell hate which boyles within thy burning brest 92
The deadly dropes of darke disdayne 458
The feeble thred which *Lachesis* hath sponne 329
The figure of this world I can compare 352
The hap which *Paris* had, as due for his desert 54
The hatefull man that heapeth in his mynde 327
The Partridge in the pretie Merlines foote 332
The Skies gan scowle, orecast with misty clowdes 59
The straightest Tree that growes upon one onely roote 90
The thriftles thred which pampred beauty spinnes 332
The vaine excesse of flattering fortunes giftes 63
These rustie walles whome cankred yeares deface 53
This *Apuleius* was in Affricke borne 463
This tenth of March when *Aries* receyvd 333
This vaine availe which thou by *Mars* hast woonne 328
Thou with thy lookes on whom I loke full ofte 46
Thy byrth, thy beautie, nor thy brave attyre 457
To binde a bushe of thornes amongst sweete smelling floures 341
To make a Lover knowne, by plaine Anatomie 37
To tell a tale without authoritye 96
To write of Warre and wote not what it is 141

Were my hart set on hoygh as thine is bent 49
What thing is that which swimmes in blisse 48
What wõder you my Lords? why gaze you gentlemen? 75
When daunger keepes the doore, of Ladye bewties bowre 88
When first I thee beheld in colours black and white 337
When I record with in my musing mind 94
When peerelesse Princes courtes were free from flatterie 69
When stedfast friendship (bound by holy othe) 501
When thou hast spent the lingring day in pleasure and delight 58
When worthy *Bradamant*, had looked long in vain 500

You must not wonder though you thinke it straunge 51
You that have spent the silent night 55

DATE DUE

WITHDRAWN
from the
Alma College Library

HIGHSMITH 45-220

PR2277.A25 1969
The complete works
3 3190 00100 6287

Gascoigne, George
The complete works. Vol. 1:
The posies.

PR
2277
.A25
1969
v. 1